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AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL
OF CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST.

PRICE TEN CENTS. JANUARY, 1899. SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE TRAVELER, S.F.

From a photographic study by Coover & Rasmussen for The Traveler

With careless hand gay YOUTH turns o'er the page,
While solemn retrospection waits on AGE.

31 DAYS

There are thirty-one days in this month, and during that time only, we shall offer an unusual inducement to our readers. We expect to add to our subscription list during 1899 not less than ***5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS,*** and we are going to commence by organizing what we shall term a

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SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

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Between Montgomery and Kearny, SAN FRANCISCO.

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Cable cars pass the house for all parts of the city. Floors carpeted with the best body brussels and velvet. Electric bells, and heated by steam. The only house in the city running a FREE 'BUS both ways and independent of the Transfer Company. Watch for the Natick House 'bus. Rates, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 per day.

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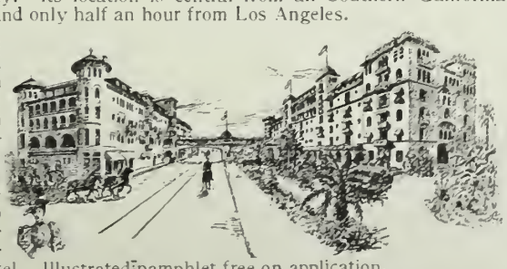
Being a few steps from the center of Pasadena and two overland railways; an electric line at its door, connecting Pasadena with the mountains, Los Angeles and the ocean, with every internal convenience and an experienced management, the hotel has no rival in the section. Finest Golf Links in California in connection with hotel. Illustrated pamphlet free on application.



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Rates Reasonable *M. M. POTTER, Proprietor.*

COMING TO CALIFORNIA without going to Santa Barbara you will miss seeing the Garden Spot of California, where roses bloom and strawberries grow every day in the year.

Fashionable Winter and Summer Resort.

THE FAMOUS

Arlington

NEVER CLOSES.

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The largest in America nearly ONE HUNDRED BIRDS of all ages. Ostrich nests, chicks, yearlings, and old pairs in their breeding pens. An immense assortment of feather boas, capes, tips and plumes in all styles, the finest grades at reasonable prices.

Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

Send for price list.

Edwin Cawston & Co.

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That it has the largest and most elegant corridors and parlors

That it has been rebuilt and refurnished

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Send for illustrated booklet of hotel and surrounding country

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PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

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VOLUME XIII. SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY, 1899. NUMBER 1.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17 RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

D. M. FOLTZ, 34 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY, EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE.

Entered at the Postoffice, San Francisco, as Second-class matter.

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THE TRAVELER'S BUREAU,

conducted in connection with THE TRAVELER, will furnish *without charge*, reliable information about any hotel, summer or winter resort, railway or steamship line, country lands, guides, etc. Call upon or write to us at any time.

Special Notice. No employee or representative of THE TRAVELER is empowered to request transportation or contract any debts on account of this journal. The publisher invariably furnishes letters over his own signature where any favor or concession may be desired, so that those granting them without such letters do so at their own risk.

WITH this number of THE TRAVELER we commence our seventh year, and in some respects we shall modify the policy heretofore adopted in that we propose to make the journal more than ever a representative of the interests, both scenic and commercial, of California and the West, as the change on our title page will indicate. We wish to call the attention of our readers to the announcement on the second page of the cover. All who are interested in THE TRAVELER as a journal, or in assisting us in the outlined policy of aiding in the development of California, are earnestly requested to give this proposition their consideration and substantial support. We want to add not less than 5,000 names to our subscription list this year. Individually and collectively it can be done, and we have made this liberal offer as an advertisement only, hoping you will take advantage of it within the time limit.

FROM a scenic standpoint California and the Pacific Coast rank among the foremost territories of America. It would be difficult to find on the whole American Continent a prettier ride than that over the Siskiyou Mountains on the route between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. The north-bound train, leaving San Francisco at 8 P. M., passes through the comparatively uninteresting section of the Sacramento Valley, striking the elevation at Redding about 7 o'clock the next morning, and for an entire day the journey takes the traveler through some of the grandest mountain scenery in the West until Ashland, Oregon, is reached at 5:30 P. M. Over the Southern route from San Francisco to El Paso there are many points of interest, especially so on the ride over Tehachapi, around the "Loop," across the Mojave Desert, through the orange belt and the quaint settlement at Yuma, Arizona. Now, we have a suggestion to make to the railroad company that we believe will be received with approbation by all travelers and tourists. Why not erect at intervals between San Francisco and Portland and San Francisco and El Paso conspicuous sign boards on either side of the track designating any special points of interest through which the traveler may be passing? Such signs might be placed within easy visual range, noting only such points and sections as are ordinarily listed in guide books, and would certainly answer the purpose more satisfactorily, and add greatly to the interest of the journey. The names of rivers crossed, waterfalls en route, mountains, well known peaks, marvels of engineering skill, etc., should be noted, and would certainly aid in the relief of the monotony of railway journeys. These sign boards would be inexpensive, and could easily be gradually erected by track-walkers or section hands at their designated points, and would not only prove a boon to the tourist but would redound to the enterprise of the Southern Pacific Railroad in fostering passenger traffic over its lines. It would be a point worth advertising, and one that would enjoy the flavor of novelty at least.

THE INFLUENCE of the daily press in some directions is a disputed point, to say the least, but the average editor of a successful and well established newspaper is inclined to over-estimate the power and effect of his journal when he inaugurates an aggressive campaign against some one who has had the temerity to earn his enmity or displeasure. No doubt a reputation may be blasted or an enterprise paralyzed by a few columns of abuse or exposure in an established publication, but when a powerful corporation is attacked from purely personal reasons, patent to every man of intelligence familiar with the facts, the motive is too palpable to bear any great weight in the community. For several years past the San Francisco "Chronicle" has been at peace with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Incidents, accidents, and financial schemes with which the road has been connected have been noted as a matter of news and shorn of any adverse comment. Even while the "Examiner," its hated rival, has published column after column of railway affairs, and so vigorously fought the passage of the Funding Bill, the "Chronicle" remained silent. Through a triangular disagreement among De Young, Herrin, and Spreckels, unfortunate, no doubt, to all concerned, the former saw slipping from his grasp, the well matured ambition of his life, a seat in the United States Senate.

The day following the meeting of the triumvirate the "Chronicle" let loose the dogs of war, and they are still barking furiously.

After four years of flattering success, the "Chronicle" has just discovered that the celebrated Sunset Limited train of the Southern Pacific Company runs through the "most desolate regions of the earth," that its service and equipment are as perfunctory as the handsome literature describing it is captivating and alluring, and that patrons of this palace on wheels are figuratively refused accident policies because of the extreme dangers of the route and the carelessness of the employes in charge.

We are inclined to think that this style of free advertising will be more beneficial than harmful, for the notice would have cost one dollar per line if paid for. It brings the Sunset Limited into prominence, and all who read it cannot but sift the wheat from the chaff. True, as the "Chronicle" has stated, the Sunset Limited is the special pride of Mr. Jas. Horsburgh, Jr., Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company, but the splendid literature concerning it that has emanated under his direction is artistic, original, conservative, and convincing, and no doubt the success of this Western palace on wheels is due largely to his enthusiastic and untiring efforts.

THE total railway mileage of the United States on June 30, 1897 was 184,428.47 miles, there being an increase of 1,651.84 miles, or 0.90 per cent during the year. In round numbers, Alabama shows an increase of 117 miles, Arkansas 192 miles, California 219 miles, Louisiana 161 miles, and Michigan 123 miles. The increase in mileage in the other states and territories in which an increase occurred was less than 100 miles. In a few states, as usual, a decrease in mileage is shown. The aggregate length of railway mileage, including all tracks, on June 30, 1897, was 243,444.41, the increase being 3,315.29 miles.

Notwithstanding the increase in trackage it is singular that a comparison of the two fiscal years of '96 and '97 show a decrease in the latter year in both passenger and freight traffic, there being over 22,000,000 fewer passengers carried in '97 than in '96.

Courtesy of the Vice Co.

"THREE OF A KIND BEATS TWO PAIR."

IT IS singular how a man, even an attorney, can go upon the rostrum and talk earnestly for a client who he really feels is guilty. Faith is defined as a "belief in something you know is not true." There must be lots of it among our criminal lawyers. Who that has followed the Botkin trial cannot but feel that the woman is guilty? The chain of circumstantial evidence woven about her has been stronger if anything than that which convicted Durrant. And yet the attorneys of this woman would make the public and the jury believe that Mrs. Botkin is a mild-mannered lady who never even harmed a fly. We only hope that the jury will render a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and we then need have no concern for the result.

SCHOOL SCANDAL.

For more than a quarter of a century the School Department of this city has been under the control of a class of men whose qualifications were totally unfit for the honorable position of guiding the affairs of a branch of the Government, whose sole object is to cultivate and shape the minds of our youth for good citizenship.

When the politicians took possession of the nominating conventions then came the trickery in the selection of men who were to manage that portion of our municipal affairs in which the whole people feel a keen and liberal interest. Rarely was a dissenting voice raised in opposition to generous appropriations; the universal feeling has always been: supply with a bountiful hand. The wants of the School Department, the great and paramount object of our citizens, is, and has been, the education of our children, and because of that high and burning desire they have quietly permitted a system of waste, peculation and shameful scandal to grow into alarming proportions. We now behold the fall of the curtain on the act of a Board whose shameful and disgraceful administration will go down into history as evidence of the low depths to which the average politician can fall, and of his unblushing effrontery in defiance of public opinion. They will carry with them in their obscurity the maledictions and contempt of an outraged public. Some years ago it was published broadcast (and asserted with truth) that to obtain a situation as a teacher in the public schools the applicant should present his or her petition to a *dishwasher*, who, for a consideration (usually about $300), would cause the applicant to be elected by the Board of Education.

The exposure of such rottenness in the management of the School Department produced an upheaval of public indignation that for a time checked the operations of the boodlers, but again the people relapsed into a slumbering and quiet apathy which, as the years rolled by, afforded the schemers an opportunity of renewing their disreputable acts that have continued with increased indecency, culminating in a series of unblushing and colossal frauds, ending only with the exit off the stage of their wickedness the last and worst Board of Education that has ever cursed this city. Will the good people of San Francisco continue to sleep on and permit their children to receive instructions beneath the shadow of such corrupt and baneful guidance? If so, then let us suffer on in silence and merit the condemnation of the civilized world.

Morse photo.
MISS GERTRUDE CARROLL
A belle of San Francisco's Four Hundred.

We find the department in the person of their directors always calling for more money, in face of the evidence of a total unfitness to honestly handle the funds. We listen each year to the plausible appeals, while within can be heard the hollow chuckling of these men from the slums, who by the grace of the boss have been elected to an office for which by education, instinct and character they are disqualified. The people should put a stop to this methodical bad administration of public affairs, and it would be good policy to follow the lesson given by Chicago, and if necessary emphasize it with more forcible arguments. Men who accept the responsibility of office should be held to a strict accountability for the honest performance of their whole duty. The courts are not to be relied upon to punish political violators of law and decency. They do not seem to favor the prosecution of office-holders, and, whenever any of these gentry may be brought before them to answer, the technical mill is at once set in motion, the statute overruled, a law enacted by the bench, or the mantle of procrastination thrown over the betrayer of public trust, taxing the patience of the people and finally ending in the dim future of forgetfulness.

And thus waste and dishonest management is the rule in our municipal affairs, involving heavy drafts upon the resources of an overburdened community which to the tax-eater is of no moment. But the ways and means are always at hand. The willing Assessor is equal to the occasion; he comes to the front with his magic wand, and by his enchantment has a method of increasing the value of small holdings in the face of a depressed and stagnant condition of the whole business world. The small 25-foot lots are numerous and belong to the many; they can stand an advance on the Assessor's books. Even though rents are falling sales are few, and values in the market shrinking. If the owners protest, they are not considered. They come singly; there is no unity, and therefore need not be feared. It is the powerful—the owners of large properties—whose influence is mighty, and easily melts the "sensibility" of this astute Assessor, whose eagle eye can detect the gradual advance in values of these small parcels, while the owners are frantically struggling to raise sufficient funds to pay his taxes.

But when this argus-eyed Assessor meanders through the solidly built portion of the city, with its expensive and towering structures well filled with good paying tenants, or toward the beautiful residence districts where wealth and comfort prevail, or in the direction of the headquarters of corporations, between whose capital stock and assessment there is such a wide gulf, he becomes a little near-sighted. He dons the colored goggles, and finds that property in any of these districts has not felt the same advancing influence that has put the fictitious values on the holdings of the poor man at a time of unparalleled business depression. But the contrary condition prevails in the mind of our shrewd judge of values; he finds that business stagnation has had a material effect, and that these high-priced properties are within the sphere of universal dullness, and therefor entitled to lower assessment. And thus he wins the friendship of the rich, who will help to retain him in office, and at the same time the per cent of advance on the thousands of small properties will afford the necessary funds to satisfy the greed of his coadjutors in the City Hall. The small holders do and have protested, but what cares this wise man of values? These protestants are not banded together, and cannot injure him at the polls, and feeling thus secure he has year by year continued the same process of placing upon the shoulders of the poor and middle-class holders of property an unfair portion of the burden of taxation. But these overtaxed people, whose protests were ignored by the department of ways and means, found a way to make their complaints effectively heard. On the 8th of last November they registered their objection to the prevailing methods in such forcible language that it resulted in seating a man in whom the whole public hopes to find an honest and fair-minded assessor of values.

And now that a change has taken place in the personnel of the city government, it is to be hoped that our new Governor, in the selection of members of the Board of Health for this city, will appoint men of experience and standing in the community—men who will remember that it is not necessary to appoint an army of attaches whose sole purpose is to cause expense and annoyance to its citizens without corresponding benefit; under the cry of sanitation this corps of well-paid officials has paraded the poorer sections of this city and compelled the expenditure of large sums at a time when owners could illy afford it. The medical gentlemen at the head of the health dealing board have been prolific in predicting epidemics unless certain reforms were carried out. They have frightened the timid by their continual discovery of bacilli in this section and bacteria in another part of the city; they have pronounced dyphtheria epidemic in school districts which has been successfully contradicted; they have racked their young and active brains for so-called modern methods that would frighten the ill-paid owners of property to dive deeper into their slender purse; they have discovered the death-dealing germs of consumption, cholera and yellow fever permeating the whole atmosphere. The deadly microbe, according to this wise board, is present everywhere, and we are confronted with what *might* happen if liberal appropriations of money are withheld; but there is a good deal of common sense in the minds of our people, and many of them know that doctors disagree, and they do not always cure; they are further aware that the practice of medicine is not such a mystery as was formerly supposed; they are conscious of the wonderful progress in surgery, but are also mindful that every patient does not require to be under the surgeon's knife. The high-sounding scientific utterances as to the presence of death-dealing germs has a very profound ring, but the average citizen does not feel appalled, and there is a good deal of intelligence in the average citizen, who knows that there is considerable humbug in the predictions of would-be scientists. Therefore let us have experienced men in our Board of Health—men who are practical, and who do not believe that all the knowledge in the community is passed out through the door of a medical college.

And now it has come to pass that another link in the governmental chain of our municipal management has been found defective and absolutely useless.

For months the Grand Jury has been engaged in investigating the official conduct of the various departments that exercise authority over our local affairs, and at the end of their term present themselves before the court for dismissal. And at the same time the alarming intelligence is laid before the people that there is no remedy for extravagance and outrageous squandering of the public money.

The press of this city has been prolific in its accounts of wild and reckless expenditures, of waste and peculation, by the late School Board. The lumber frauds, the huge labor payrolls, the enormous increase in the already large army of teachers, the lavish outlay for unneeded furniture at prices that would stagger the wildest spendthrift, have all been published broadcast and the evidence furnished. And we are told that there is no punishment, there is no restraint, no check upon villainy or embezzlement. The taxpayer must submit. The office-holder has no fear of protests, and he flaunts his defiance before the public gaze with the assurance of protection from the tribunals whose rule it is to shield them. And all this has been brought about by the decisions of courts that seems to invite and encourage infractions of the common-sense laws,

THE NATIVES OF WESTERN SONORA.

IRA E. BENNETT.

IN Western Sonora, on the coast of the Gulf of California, the native Mexicans live a life like Abraham of old, surrounded by herds. They are beset, too, with savages, at least on one side—the ferocious and treacherous Seris of Tiburon Island. These are the last Indians on the American continent to remain wholly uncivilized and unconquered. They resist the Mexican authorities to the bitter end, and when overpowered they flee into the interior of the island and hide, where the troops cannot pursue them. Bestial in their habits, heathenish in their tribal rites, they present a curious study to the anthropologist.

The people on the Sonora coast consist only of Mexican rancheros and their families and cowboys. There are two great ranches, owned by Don Pascual Encinas—the San Francisco de Costa Rica, fifteen miles inland, and the Santa Ana, to the northwest, and lying near the Embaracadero, or crossing-place of the Indians of Tiburon.

The Mexicans have been forced to protect themselves from the attacks of the Indians. This they did in two ways: First, by building adobe structures into a combination of fort, dwelling and corral, and second, by importing Papago Indians to work as vaqueros. The buildings on the Santa Ana ranch are about two acres in extent, with an interior court. The walls serve as houses, with the doors opening into the inside court. A wall three feet in height surmounts the fortress wall, with loopholes, wherein the Mexicans have more than once retreated to stand off marauding bands of ferocious Seris.

The Seris are in mortal fear of the Papagoes, who are better shots, more intelligent and more persistent in following a trail. The Papagoes follow a murderer or horse thief to his death, whether it takes days or months. The Seris are aware of this by sad experience, and the result is that the Encinas family are left comparatively free from molestation. It is only when a steer or colt wanders too far from the herd that the Seris pounce upon and eat it. The Indians eat horse-flesh as quickly as that of cows, but prefer burro meat to either. They eat meat raw or cooked, as circumstances permit.

MEXICAN OX CART IN HERMOSILLO.

About 1,500 horses and 4,000 head of cattle are now on the Costa Rica ranch, and as many more on the Santa Ana. A small army of vaqueros looks after this stock. The country is waterless, and all the supply is secured from deep wells, by steam pumps. The water is pumped into a huge tank, or pila, and is thence drawn into cemented troughs, called bebederos, inside the large corral, or manga. On the Santa Ana ranch one well is utilized by means of an old-fashioned Mexican horse-power pump, consisting of a huge drum, upon which is wound a rope that draws up one bucket while it lowers the other.

There are no male Seris to be seen now, as they have refrained from visiting the mainland since a series of murders committed by them two years ago. Their women cross the Embarcadero, however, and pick up pieces of iron and brass for arrow points, matches for rifle cartridges, and cast-off clothing.

The country is level, covered with ironwood and palo verde, mesquite and a tree called garambullo, from which the Indians make their bows. The arrows are made from the carriso, and tipped with poison secured from polluted meat. Occasionally a giant saguaro lifts its long arms toward the brassy heavens, as if for rain. The rainfall in western Sonora is very little, except in summer, when a "Sonora thunderstorm" is not unusual. The State is a large one having an area of 81,022 square miles.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A COYOTE.

L. F.

Zip's career was brief, but eventful. Although only a year old at the time of his demise, within that brief period he had made himself cordially hated by the community in which he lived, had well-nigh exterminated the chicken industry and almost succeeded in landing his owner in jail. Surely such energy deserves some form of recognition.

That Zip had a bad disposition, even for a coyote, I do not deny, but he also had one redeeming trait, and that was his devotion to his master. He would follow him around like a dog, and in his presence became as docile as a family cat, but away from the young man's restraining influence he was about as vicious and irrepressible a specimen of his race as ever walked on four very lively legs.

Zip's origin is shrouded in obscurity. A gentleman riding along a quiet, unfrequented road in Los Angeles County found him sunning himself in a cactus bed, and as the little fellow was no more than a fortnight old he was captured without much difficulty. He was taken into town and given into the keeping of a young man with a fondness for pet animals.

Zip grew with astonishing rapidity and at a remarkably early age developed the most thievish instincts. At first he was kept on a diet of milk, which was changed to raw meat as he grew older. But he was by no means contented with so plain a cuisine, and varied his bill of fare by repeated surreptitious raids upon the neighboring hen roosts, where he created sad havoc in satisfying his voracious appetite. He had more lives than a cat, and always managed to elude vengeance. His method of securing his victims was as simple as it was deadly. He would run a chicken down, fasten his sharp teeth in the poor thing's neck, and proceed to make a meal without further ceremony.

GIANT SAGUARO.

Zip's evil propensities were indulged in abroad. His conduct at home, where he had very comfortable quarters in the woodshed, was quite exemplary, but his master thought best to chain him to the fence one day when he went away on a short vacation. Accordingly, Zip was supplied with an abundance of food and left to the enjoyment of his own society. But he did not relish solitary confinement any the more because he happened to have four legs instead of two, and in some mysterious manner known only to himself, managed to get free. He made such good—or rather bad—use of his time that, when his owner returned, the whole community had been terrorized by his depredations, and the nerves of every one were on edge by the prolonged howls with which he made night hideous. Not a hen roost had escaped him, and his exploits were the talk of the town. The young man came in for a large share of the blame. He had hitherto been quite popular, but was now accused of maintaining a nuisance.

The matter became one of continued and excited comment, in which Zip was alluded to in terms that THE TRAVELER would not care to print. In fact, he gained as much notoriety as the man who was candidate for mayor, or the pretty girl who had eloped the week before with her father's coachman.

Meanwhile Zip evinced no encouraging tendencies toward reformation. He continued to make his escape at frequent intervals, and to devastate the haunts of feathered tribes far and near. One day a wild-eyed man rushed into the store where Zip's owner was employed and demanded that animal's speedy extermination. His choicest fowls, an especially valuable breed, had been dealt with in Zip's usual summary manner the night before, and he not only threatened the young man with a suit for damages, but declared with blood in his eye that he would have him arrested if he allowed his abominable pet even so much as one more day of life. Zip's owner hesitated; but realizing that public feeling was against him, that his reputation—to say nothing of personal safety—depended upon prompt action, he came to the sorrowful conclusion that the troublesome creature which he harbored to the great indignation of the town, would have to pay the death penalty for his unfortunate proclivities.

But Zip, who had that morning been taking a constitutional in the back yard, unconscious that he had eaten his last chicken dinner and howled his last howl, was not visible when searched for. He was found, however, lying rigidly behind the woodpile. His voracity had got him into trouble for the final time. There was evidence of foul play in the poisoned meat beside him.

Zip was the only pet coyote I ever heard of. He came to a tragic end, after a stormy existence, "unwept, unhonored," but not "unsung." Witness this tribute to his memory.

CHAMPIONS OF FOOTBALL.

The majority of college presidents favor football. President Eliot of Harvard discusses the game in the following statement over his signature:

The grounds on which arguments are based for the legal prohibition of inter-collegiate football do not seem sufficient, in my mind, to warrant favor. I understand that a bill has been passed in the Georgia Legislature making the playing of football a crime, simply on the ground that serious and sometimes fatal accidents are liable to occur in hard-fought contests. The direct cause for the passing of the bill was, I believe, the death of a footboll player who was injured in the game between the Georgia University and the University of Virginia. But, if we stop to consider other sports, we find that there are, every year, serious accidents in baseball, boxing, fencing, and other gymnasium games. Rowing and sailing are enjoyable pastimes, yet one reads of many drowning every year. This does not seem to lessen the interest in rowing or sailing. Everybody cannot play football. It is only the strong and well-built men who can expect to play the game with any degree of success. Therefore I do not favor football for everybody. It is, of course, a valuable exercise to those who, as I say, are able to play it. So I think football should not be prohibited without just cause. I have never heard of any city or State ordinance prohibiting the playing of the game before the bill in Georgia was passed. And, I repeat, the grounds on which the passing of that bill was effected are not sufficient to attract my favor.

Rossini, on being asked how he liked Paganini's playing, said he had only wept three times in his life: First, on the failure of his earliest opera; secondly, when in a boat with some friends a turkey stuffed with truffles, which had been provided for their dinner, fell overboard and was lost; thirdly, on hearing for the first time Paganini's divine performance on his beloved violin.

A TRAMP RAILROADER.

BOURDON WILSON.

THE first time I saw Baker he was swaggering along the main street of El Paso, jingling a handful of gold coins, and looking as though he felt that the town belonged to him. His shoes screaked noisily, and his flashy suit of clothes was so new you could still see the imprint of a Jew's hand in the back of his coat. The gilded brake chain hanging to his vest was suggestive of a watch as large as a car wheel, and its brightness testified to its recent purchase. He was a new comer, I was told, and was in luck, having the night before broken one of the numerous faro games then flourishing in the town. He passed on down the street and turned into a gambling house. The next day he came into my office. The new clothes had been replaced by a greasy suit that had seen many days, if not better ones; the glaring watch chain was not visible, but the swagger was, and he entered the office with the air of a man who wanted to buy the railroad and had called in merely to ask the price.

"Are you the superintendent?" he asked, tilting his hat on the back of his head.

"Yes," I replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Need any men?"

"What can you do?" I asked in reply.

"Jerk lightning, I reckon. Give me a key, an' I'll show you," he replied, walking around behind the railing and taking off his coat.

I seated him at a table and gave him a file of messages to send. He opened the key and began calling with a practiced hand. "I. I.," Chihuahua replied, and then he began sending. With never an error, faster and faster he went until the man in Chihuahua, who was reputed the best operator on the road, "broke," and asked him to go slower.

He finished the messages and turned to me. "That style suit you?" he asked.

"Yes; you are a good operator," I replied. "Where did you come from?"

"What's that got to do with my getting a job? My pedigree won't make my work any better, will it?" he asked.

Good men were scarce along the Rio Grande in those days, so we were not over particular about hunting up their previous records, and as I needed an operator I engaged Baker without further question. A few days later, however, I won his confidence bythe proffered loan of ten dollars to enable him to make himself more presentable, and by indirect questions I drew from him the secret of the cause of his coming to Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY, FROM SAUSALITO.

"Yes, of course, I've had some good jobs," he said between puffs, as he lit an ancient corncob pipe. "Job I had up in New Mexico was better'n this one."

"Quit it to come down to Mexico for your health?" I asked carelessly.

"Not exactly," he replied. "Fact is, I got hit in the neck with a time check."

"Too bad," I remarked sympathetically. "How did it happen?"

"Oh, it was because I got lonesome," he replied. "You see, I was agent up there at a place called Isleta, an Indian pueblo, you know, and I was fired for having a little fun with the Indians."

"Did they report you?"

"No. You see, it was this way: There were lots of Indians hanging round all the time, but they're no more company than a herd of burros, and as white men were mighty scarce some days I'd get so mortal lonesome I'd feel like committing suicide. One day, when I was so blue I was thinking about taking my time and going back to God's country, I happened to notice a bunch of Indians standing around the water pipe. I watched 'em awhile, and then I saw an opening for a little fun that would liven things up a bit.

"I rustled around the station and fished up a piece of insulated wire, and a piece of sheet iron about three by four; then I walked up the track and got a four-foot piece of brake rod. I waited till the Indians had all pulled their freight for home, and then I got to work. The water pipe came from the tank, ran along under ground and came up through the platform close to the edge. Mighty handy arrangement for anybody that wanted a drink of water, and the company even provided an iron dipper; but they had to chain it to the end of the pipe, for Indians will steal anything loose that isn't too hot or too heavy. I went out and turned the water on, and let it run until the ground where the Indians always stood while they were drinking was soft enough for me to drive in the piece of brake rod. I drove it down level with the ground, and then put the piece of sheet iron on top of it, making a good connexion. I took the wire, and, passing one end of it out through my window, carried it through a crack in the platform down to the ground and on to the water pipe. I had plenty of wire, so carried it on up the pipe and made connection with the dipper chain. I had a spare instrument in the office, and fixed it to the wire so I could cut the current in or out handy like, and then I made connection with my battery.

"The Indians began to come back in the afternoon; they always flocked in to see Number Six go by, and it wasn't long before they were gathered around the water pipe thick as brakies around the pay car. I waited until a solemn-looking old buck got a good stream of water running down his throat, then I opened the key and shot him full of electric lights. You should have seen him jump. The dipper flew out of his hand and he went three feet straight up, the most surprised Indian in New Mexico. When he hit the ground he wheeled around, belted his squaw in the face, and then took up the dipper again. Of course I'd shut off the current. He carefully looked the dipper over, inside and out, and seeing nothing wrong about it he filled it up again and went to drinking. I waited until he got under good headway, and then pulled the key wide open. He went into the air again, and when he hit the ground he hit it running.

"The other Indians looked at him like they thought he'd been locoed, and then they gathered around the pipe and powwowed awhile. They'd pick up the dipper and turn it over and over, but handling it mighty gingerly, like they thought it was loaded. Pretty soon all of them stepped back, and one of them that looked like a chief took a try at the water. I waited till he'd almost emptied the dipper, and then I gave him an electric bath that made him howl like a coyote. 'El Demonio!' he hollered soon as he got his tongue straight. Then the Indians struck for the pueblo."

"And were you discharged for that?" I asked after the laughter had subsided.

"Well, not for that just exactly," Baker replied. "You see, it wasn't long before every Indian in the pueblo had heard the devil was in that water pipe, and they quit coming about the station. It was only when a stranger would come along that I could have any fun. I'd almost forgotten about having the pipe wired, when one day a special carrying the general manager came along and stopped at my station. The manager got off and brought in a bundle of messages for me to send, and while I was just tearing my shirt to get 'em off the devil put it into his head to see what water tasted like. I must have brushed the key with my coat sleeve and pulled it open; anyhow it was open when I looked to see, for the general manager dropped the dipper and did some expert cussing. 'El Demonio' didn't go with him, though, and he mighty soon had that wire located. He came into the office looking like he'd just sat down in a bunch of cactus, and wanted to know what in hello I'd wired that water pipe for. I tried to explain and make him see the fun I'd been having, but it didn't go, and Number Five the next morning brought a man to take my place."

Baker did not work long with me. As soon as the road was completed to Mexico City he concluded to try his luck on the south end. He went to work firing an engine, and was soon afterward made engineer. The next I heard of him he was in jail accused of murder. He ran into Silao early one morning with a dead Mexican on his pilot, killed by the engine, and although both he and his fireman swore that they knew nothing of the dead man being there they were locked in a filthy, vermin-haunted barrack. They were never given a trial, but the road's officials succeeded in getting them released after they had been in jail about six weeks. I met Baker in El Paso a few days after his release; he was reticent at first, and would say but little about his experience in the south, but after taking a long, earnest look at the Stars and Stripes floating over the Custom House he seemed to breathe freer.

"A fellow don't know all that flag means to him until he's done time down in one of these juzgados," he remarked, again gazing at the flag, "and if Uncle Sam ever needs a man to carry that flag into Mexico again, or into any other heathen greaser country, he can put my name at the head of the pay roll."

Ten years passed before I saw Baker again. I was standing at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles, watching the passengers leaving the overland which had just pulled in, when a man whose face was familiar stepped from the Pullman. It was Baker, and he at once recognized me.

"Just in from Needles," he said, replying to my question. "Been running a train down there on the A. P., across the desert, but it got so hot I had to quit."

"Another open key, or was it another juzgado?" I asked chaffingly.

"Oh, no; nothing like that," he replied, grinning; "it was the weather. I'm on my way to Montana to get cool again. Got to hurry to catch my train, so adios."

He sprang aboard a streetcar, and I had seen my last of Baker.

* * * * * * *

The flag was again in a "greaser" country. La Guasima had been fought. San Juan and El Caney belonged to history. A list of the killed and wounded American soldiers lay before me, and I read:

"R. R. Baker, private, First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, killed."

The innovation of having women serve as jurors has, according to Judge Howe, of Wyoming, had a beneficial effect. Wyoming was the first State to recognize women, and in giving them the right of suffrage and the responsibility of performing the duties of a citizen, which before that time had been wholly exercised by the men of the community. Judge Howe says the female jurors are much in favor of enforcing the laws and punishing crime, and tells how the keepers of dance halls and gambling houses fled the city when a grand jury was in session which was composed largely of women, and how efficient their services were in this department of the duties of citizens.

PASSING OF THE GHOST DANCE.

F. M. MERRITT.

VISITORS to Indian Territory will hereafter miss one of the principal sights of this wild section. The Indians have skipped their annual ghost dance, and it will be seen no more by paleface travelers. They have become sufficiently civilized, as a rule, to do away with this, their former religious rite. This is the view of it taken by the younger generation; but the old warriors, those past the age of fifty years, still cling to their tribal traditions, and think that the ghost dance should be celebrated. They are largely in the minority, however, and have been practically superceded by the newer generation, who have adopted the ways of civilization.

The older generation hold to the customs and traditions of their ancestors, and refuse even to wear the clothing of civilization. They still worship their own Great Father in their own peculiar way, and while they permit their children to go to school they refuse to learn the "white man's talk." They say, "Indian too old, now; no want to learn new tricks!" All, however, old and young, cling to the national vice of eating the mescal bean. It is to them something like what the maguey plant is to the Mexican, or opium to the Chinese. It makes the Indian as drunk as he could reasonably wish to be, and does not have the head-ache effects produced by chain-lightning whisky sold to him by the white man. It has a soothing effect, and makes the noble red man forget his manifold troubles for a time, while dreaming of the Indians' heaven in the "happy hunting grounds."

The mescal bean grows wild, and is also cultivated by the Indians on their ranches. Those who live in the villages, and work at other vocations, buy their solace from others. Sometimes a number of Indians meet at a designated farm and indulge in a mescal dance, during which, of course, all of them are intoxicated. It does not take the shape of a paleface jollification, but the Indian spirit often asserts itself, and the dance is made livelier by a few fights. The white settlers in the vicinity become alarmed when a mescal dance is on the boards, and the Indian agents have forbidden it. But the practice of eating the intoxicating mescal bean cannot be stopped. It is the Indian's solace—as deeply rooted in him as the whisky habit is in the paleface.

A drunken Indian is seldom seen. The mescal bean does not produce drunkenness in reality, but only a stupor, sometimes rising to a frenzy, and when they resort to this relaxation they keep within their reservations and in their own homes. If a white man trespasses upon them he may find trouble. The Indians are peaceable, and very few crimes are committed by them. It is only when a white man invades an agency and sells whisky to them that they become criminals. It is a crime to sell whisky to Indians, but there are one hundred offences to one conviction. They marry according to the "white man's law," and while the old Indians look on at the strange ceremony, grunt and shake their heads, they say, "Let it be so—the white man says so; the Indian talks no more!"

There are about 15,000 Indians in Oklahoma Territory, and, contrary to general expectation, the number is increasing instead of decreasing, as on other reservations in the far West. The Indians of this territory are advancing more rapidly in civilization than elsewhere. The school children learn as rapidly as the white children do, which fact is shown by the large number of Indian school-teachers employed in the Indian schools. Only the older generation live in wigwams and cling to the red blanket, and most of these prefer to live on reservations and as far away from white people as they can get.

These Indians, who are now on the high road to civilization, cultivate from ten to 160 acres of land. Each one has an allotment of 160 acres; many of them cultivate only a portion, and rent the remainder to a white man. And this is often the cause of trouble. The white man refuses to pay, or to move away, and sometimes swindles the Indian out of the proceeds of his little "patch." As a rule, however, the Indians are industrious and thrifty, live in comfort and educate their children. Though entitled to suffrage, very few of them seem to care for that great American privilege.

The following tribes are found upon the twenty-five reservations of the territory: Southern Arapaho, Northern and Southern Cheyenne, Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw (Chahta), Creek, Iowa, Kansas or Kaw, Mexican Kickapoo, Apache, Comanche (Komantsu), Delaware, Kiowa, Modoc, Tonkawa, Great and Little Osage, Quapaw, Otoe, Missouria, Ottawa of Blanchard's Fort, Roche de Boeuf, Pawnee (Pani), Kaskaskia, Miami, Peoria, Piankasha, Wea, Ponca, Absentee Shawnee (Shawano), Pottawatomie, Kwapa, Ottawa, Sac, Fox, Seminole, Seneca, Delaware, Ion-ie, Kaddo, Kichai, Tawakanay, Wako, Wichita and Wyandotte.

The climate of the territory is dry and pleasant; the rainfall is about twenty-five inches, and the soil fitted for the production of tobacco, cotton, wheat and fruits.

OFFICERS OF THE FIRST CALIFORNIA REGIMENT, COLONEL JAMES F. SMITH COMMANDING, NOW AT MANILA

From a recent photograph, taken in front of the Governor's Palace, and reproduced exclusively in THE TRAVELER. The California boys were the first to offer their services to their country; theirs was the first regiment mustered in and the first transport to sail through the Golden Gate last May. The regiment acquitted itself nobly in action at Manila, and being first in that foreign field will be the first to return when regulars shall have replaced the volunteers now in the Philippines.

SPAIN as a nation furnishes an admirable text for a sermon on the divine law of retribution. As an operative power retribution does not move with the celerity that impatient humanity desires when it wants to see wickedness punished and virtue rewarded in its own day and generation. Humanity is ill content to go to its tomb with the belief that there's a hot time coming for the transgressors it precedes. The good boy in the class always feels a natural thrill of pride, and more or less mental exaltation, on his way home from school, when he knows that the bad boy's anatomy and the unruly spirit encased therein are being whacked into a state of stinging and deserved misery. And the same principle prevails with him when he has grown to patriotic citizenhood. He always wants the other fellow's punishment to be swift and sure.

But the mills of the gods have their own unalterable way of grinding. They have kept us waiting three centuries to see the wicked Dons dethroned in their Western colonies. And we experience the thrill and the mental exaltation that a good and law-abiding nation naturally feels when a bad one is being humbled to the dust. We are so glad that Spain has been spanked!

The whole Western hemisphere was granted to Spain in 1493, and immediately thereafter her troubles commenced. As a colonizer she has been a brilliantly conspicuous failure, and the reasons are plain. Religious intolerance and bigotry, indolence, hypocrisy, insatiate greed and cruelty are not ideal bulwarks for any nation. Neglect of California is a notable example of indolence in Spain's history. With a magnificent area upon which to build for the future, Alta and Baja California were left undeveloped, their possibilities unrealized. Instances of cruelty are too numerous and too familiar to be dwelt upon at length, but nothing in all Spain's record is any blacker than the wretched fate of the Florida colony, with Narvaez at its head, condemned to death by starvation because its efforts had not proven successful. The unfortunate colony could send to the royal treasure-box neither money nor jewels in exchange for the privilege of living in slavish devotion to the crown, therefore its usefulness was not worth the price of food and raiment. It was cheaper to let its people die than keep them alive. Narvaez was guilty of a sin of omission—he failed to locate any gold, silver or diamond mines in Florida.

The policy followed by Spain has been identical with the disposition of the dog in the manger. She refused to improve her possessions, yet quarreled with those who formed advance guards in the march of civilization. She was ever exacting and unreasonable with her people, unwilling to foster for their use the building up of industries, the manufacture of native products, the extension of commerce and the development of agricultural resources. To do this would have made them too independent. Subjugation and repression were her watchwords. The colonists were compelled to buy from the mother country across the seas such supplies as the royal hand chose to deal out to them at extortionate prices. It was only in the natural order of things that rebellion should ensue, and that one by one Spain's colonies should slip through her fingers.

In 1640 Portugal secured independence of Spanish rule. This was the beginning of the end with this imperious and despotic conqueror, though more than a century went by before her power weakened and her territory diminished. At the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763 England by treaty gave Cuba and the Philippines to Spain, taking Florida, and Spain receiving as indemnity for her losses from France New Orleans and all the territory lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River. Two decades later Florida again came under Spanish rule.

SPAIN'S WESTERN COLONIES.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

The dawning of the present century was ill-omened for Spain. In 1800 she lost the immense territory comprising Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Indian Territory, Utah, Oregon, Dakota, Montana, Washington, Wyoming and Idaho. Meanwhile trouble was brewing for her nearer home. In 1811 Paraguay was lost to her, in 1816 Argentina, in 1817 Chili. The landslide after this was a rapid making of history. In 1821 went Mexico, Florida, Upper and Lower California and Texas; in 1822 Ecuador; in 1823 Guiana, New Grenada, Guatemala and Venezuela; in 1824 Peru; in 1825 Bolivia; in 1828 Uruguay.

The story of Spain's gains and conquests in the Western world makes most interesting reading. The daring of her pirates; the picturesqueness of her people, their loves, their hates, and their ambitions, these are themes that fascinate, and for them we owe to the country by the Mediterranean something of literary gratitude.

Turning to South America one finds the field of romance a rich one, notwithstanding the cruelties recorded, and it is with keen interest that one follows the adventures of such brigands of the high seas as Ojeda, Nicuesa, Enciso, Vasco Nunez, and Francisco Pizarro. It is Nunez who appears upon the scene in a novel manner, having smuggled himself aboard ship in a barrel to escape the payment of his debts on the island of Hispaniola, indebted people not being allowed to depart therefrom. And it was Enciso, a lawyer, in command of the vessel, who against his will refrained from putting Nunez ashore on a desert island, and who lived to bitterly repent his kind act. Intrigue and treachery are not lacking in these early conquests and discoveries. One learns to take it for granted that so adventurous a character as Nunez should have his stormy career abruptly concluded, while still a young man, by being beheaded; yet we cannot but think that he deserved a less tragic fate, for he had one quality rare among his countrymen—he was famed for the humane treatment of the men under his command and personally relieved all illness and suffering which resulted from active service. He was otherwise a statesman and warrior after Spain's own heart. Nearly all of her great navigators came to a wretched or untimely end. Nicuesa, tyrannical and cruel to his men, is a notable example. Not allowed to land at Darien, Nunez being the chief conspirator against him, he was set adrift in a crazy vessel which had been secretly calked with iron. With the mocking laughter of his victorious enemies in his ears, the unhappy man set sail with a few faithful companions, upon his lips the prayer: "Show Thy face, oh Lord, and we shall be saved."

OFF SAN DIEGO.

A photographic study by Oliver Lippincott.

Whether he perished from hunger or shipwreck is not definitely known. On an island on the coast of Veragua were found these words, cut in the bark of a tree:

"Aqui anduvo perdido el desdichado Diego de Nicuesa." (Here went lost the unfortunate Diego de Nicuesa.)

Ojeda died in extreme poverty, after narrowly escaping death by assassination. He became a Franciscan monk a few hours previous to his demise, an odd closing of a life chapter in which recklessness, bravery, devoutness, and cruelty were curiously intermingled.

From the time of the discovery of the Philippines by Magellan there was much wrangling between the Portuguese and the Spaniards as to which had just claim to the archipelago. The former insisted that the islands belonged to their half of the world; the latter fought bitterly to establish evidence to the contrary. A convention of Spanish and Portuguese lawyers, meeting on the borders of their respective countries in 1854, broke up in a very decided row among those dignitaries. The bone of contention was not confined to possession alone—it included the right of navigation. By decision of the Pope the line of demarcation had been drawn north and south a hundred leagues west of the Cape de Verde and Azores Islands, giving all that lay east of it to Portugal, and all that lay west to Spain, but this was later changed by treaty one hundred and seventy leagues further west. To the fact that the Spaniards were excluded from the Indian Ocean and Cape of Good Hope, and their East Indies commerce directed across the Pacific, historian Hittell ascribes three results of great importance to California, namely: the attraction thither of English privateers who were always awaiting opportunity to seize Spanish trade; renewed search for the straits; and the occupation of the Californian coast as well as its defense, for the heavily freighted galleons from the Philippines were obliged to cross in about Cape Mendocino latitude and traverse this coast's line.

It was in March of 1521 that Magellan discovered the fertile Philippines. They were first called the St. Lazarus Islands, and afterward named for King Philip, the Portuguese, however, referring to them as Isles of the Orient. This important discovery was the last act of an eventful career, Magellan losing his life in April in conflict with the inhabitants of the Island of Mactan, off the coast of Zebu.

Misdirected energy has always been manifested by Spain's colonizers in the Western world. Their objects were ignoble, their courage invincible, their methods dishonorable, their conception of success deplorable. And if Indians may leave their happy hunting grounds to meet these their persecutors in ghostly combat, what a scene for the mind's eye to witness!

The story of the Yncas has never been fully told, and perhaps never will be, but enough of it is recorded to make the blood of the reader tingle with indignation at the downfall, through Spanish conquest, of so noble and industrious a people. After five centuries of steady progress, during which they established great industries, built magnificent roads, cultivated the soil of Peru until it verily blossomed as the rose, perfected a splendid system of waterworks, erected superb edifices with marvelous skill and developed a literature of their own, the unhappy Yncas found themselves at war with a nation whose cupidity led invading armies into a land of such wealth and peaceful civilization as the Spaniards were incapable of appreciating save as spoil for their crown. To seize upon the accumulated results of ages of thrift and honest toil, to reap the benefit of the patient sowing of a superior race, caused no protesting twinges in the royal breast, Spain's throne not having been burdened with a conscience. Murder and bloodshed have left many a blot on the pages in which Peru and other countries are written down, but the story of the Yncas is the saddest of them all. Rapacity and slothfulness were the chief characteristics of the new form of government, and it was inevitable that ruin and desolation and extinction of the Yncas should finally follow.

THE MONARCH OF THE MOUNTAIN.

JACOB WRIGHT HARLAN.

IN THE early days of California I had several experiences with the grizzly—G. B., Esq., we used to call him. The California Indian, as a general thing, was a very insignificant being, and when we Americans settled here the Spaniards had so cowed him that we seldom took him into account. With G. B., Esq., it was very different. He was the real monarch of the mountain and plain, and contact with him was a very serious business. The native Californians were not very well skilled in the use of firearms. When they hunted the bear it was usually on horseback with the lasso, but a full grown grizzly is as strong as a horse, and one horseman was but a poor match for him. When lassoed by one man he would either strip the lasso from his neck or leg, or he could lay hold of the riata and haul horse and rider up to him, and then it was a hard case for the hunter. Major Reading was once very nearly killed in some such way, his horse being killed and his own heel nearly taken off by a wounded bear.

Early in the '50's the Coast Range and interior valleys were the haunts of the grizzly. In hunting our cattle we hardly ever failed to encounter them. Sometimes they would be cowardly and run, but more often would stand their ground and offer lively battle. A priest of the church of Santa Cruz, having to pass over the Coast Range to Santa Clara and San Francisco, took a boy to care for the horses. They were on horseback and went by a trail. On the top of the mountain was a tasajera or meat-drying place where some Californians were making dried beef from the meat of wild cattle then found in the mountain, and, having no brand, belonged to him who could capture them. This tasajera was a log house with no window and only a low door. The meat was hung on strips of rawhide stretched across a fire which smouldered on the middle of the floor.

Arriving at the cabin, the boy unsaddled the two horses and led them off to drink and be staked out for the night. The padre put his saddle blanket on the floor on the side of the fire farthest from the door, shut the latter with an ox yoke, and sat down on his blanket to read his evening service. While thus engaged he observed that the door was pushed open, the yoke falling on the floor. Thinking that the boy was coming in, he was on the point of bidding him to go out until the service was over, when, raising his eyes, he saw that his visitor was a very large grizzly, reared up on his hind legs in order to reach the meat hanging over the fire. Just then their eyes met, and the padre afterward said that the bear's eyes were like sparks of fire.

Obeying an impulse—or inspiration—the padre seized a burning brand from the fire and thrust it into the bear's face, crying: "Ay! Gran picaro tu!" (Oh, you great rascal!) The bear was frightened out of his ferocity. He turned and made a dive for the door, but missed it and took out a whole corner of the cabin.

The padre did not spend the night, as he had planned, on the mountain. Calling the boy he told him to saddle their horses again, and they continued their journey.

SHE KNOWS A LOT.

The really popular girl always knows a lot. She knows enough not to gossip about people who have done her favors. She knows enough to dress appropriately at all times and never to be overdressed. She knows enough not to wear diamonds, discuss religion or politics, boast about her ancient lineage, or tell long-winded tales. She knows enough to keep silence and she knows enough to talk well.

She knows how to dance, swim, row, sail a boat, play the piano and banjo, sing negro melodies and college songs. She knows enough not to "give away" all the funny confidences that the boys give her when in the blues or feeling particularly good, and she knows how to cook when they are stranded on an island, becalmed and without oars or a stick with which to pole home, so the Cincinnati "Enquirer" says. She knows just how to catch a fish and then to cook it, and she knows enough not to growl and whine and complain until they are safely home.

A GIANT ROSEBUSH.

S. M. KENNEDY.

It has been said that the farmers of Southern California "irrigate, cultivate and exaggerate," and to the casual reader or observer who has heard some of the proverbial Californian stories it would seem that this statement were true in every particular. But on closer inspection it will be found that the residents here do not draw on their imagination any more than other people, but that it is Dame Nature who delights in exaggeration. In a land like this,

"Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee labors on through a whole year of flowers,"

Nature seems to have no period when vegetation lies dormant, and if a plant or tree grows for twelve months of the year, instead of six, it must grow large. Thus it is, when a stranger to California, who perhaps has spent much time and labor nursing diminutive palms and sickly flowers through an Eastern winter, first hears of large, thick and impenetrable hedges, made of geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias and even calla lillies, he is liable to declare that it is incredible.

But even in the land of exaggerations there are some things whose growth is really phenomenal, and the accompanying picture illustrates one of them. This rose tree is flourishing on a ranch in the San Gabriel

HOW ROSES GROW IN THE GOLDEN STATE

Valley, not far from Pasadena, and is wonderful in dimensions, and when in full bloom still more wonderful in beauty. It is of the La Marque variety, and about twenty-three years old. The trunk as it leaves the ground is 43 inches in circumference. It has put forth a perfect maze of branches, climbing to within twenty feet of the top of a cypress tree that is 100 feet high. There are flowers on it every week of the year, but full bloom is in February or March, at which time the tree is enveloped in a cloud of whiteness, reaching the extraordinary height of eighty feet from the ground.

Once when Madame Nordica was singing at a concert in Texas she forgot her warm overshoes. A cowboy, whom she had utterly fascinated, offered to bring them to her, and did so, but he brought only one at a time. When Madame Nordica thanked him, and in her gracious way regretted to have given him so much trouble, he said to her, "Don't name it, ma'am. I wish you were a centipede."

NEW AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS.

Final details for the construction of the three new battleships Maine, Ohio and Missouri, recently provided for by Congress, have been settled and the plans have been made public. As originally called for by the advertisement of the Naval Bureau, the ships were to be duplications of the Illinois, but owing to popular appeal it was finally decided to alter the construction in a manner to increase the speed to eighteen knots. In order to do this the length of the ship is increased twenty feet to give additional room for more boilers, all (twenty-four in three rows) of which will be of the water-tube type. In the construction of these vessels wood will be used sparingly, and wood not exposed to weather will be treated to a fire-proofing process. Linoleum, rubber tiling, wire matting and cement will be substituted for decking plank, and the partitions between living spaces will be thin bulkheads of corrugated steel. The hull protection of armor will be distributed practically the same as that of the Illinois, with some variation in thickness, owing to the greater depth of hardening by the Krupp process. The water-line belt, 7½ feet wide, extends from the bow back to a point abreast the after turret. From turret to turret this armor will have a maximum thickness of 12 inches to a depth of four feet, whence it will taper to 8½ inches at the lower edge on the armor shelf below the water line. From the forward turret to the stem it will be graduated to 2 inches where it merges into the ram. Diagonal bulkheads of 10-inch armor will extend from the ends of the thickest portion of the side belt and terminate against the barbettes of the two turrets, effectually blocking a raking fore-and-aft fire. The armament will consist of four 12-inch rifles, a secondary battery of sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire rifles, and an auxiliary battery of twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four gatling and one 12-pounder field piece. These 12-inch guns are to be of the newest pattern of modern high-powdered guns designed for the use of smokeless powder. Each piece will weigh nine tons less than the 13-inch guns now in service, but they will have a muzzle energy somewhat greater. The contract price of hull and machinery for the Maine and the Missouri, building respectively at Cramps and at Newport News, is $2,885,000, and that for the Ohio, awarded to the Union Iron Works, $2,890,000.

One evening John Scott (Lord Eldon) had been sipping rather too freely of the convivial bowl with a friend in Edinburgh, and upon emerging into the air his intellect became considerably confused. Not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty, he felt himself quite capable of losing his way to his own home. While in this perplexity he saw some one coming toward him whom he asked "D'ye ken whaur John Scott bides?" "Whaur's the use of your speering that question? You're John Scott, himsel'." "I ken that," answered John indignantly, "but it's no himsel' that's wanted—it's his house."

One afternoon little King Alfonso, on returning home from a walk, ascended the staircase and looked in vain for the officer who should have been in command of the royal guard on duty. The King called for an adjutant, and asked him the name of the officer on duty that day. "It is Captain X., your majesty." "Will you kindly remember me to Captain X., then, and tell him I often think of him, though I have not had the pleasure of seeing him for quite a long time."

The origin of the term "silver wedding" is said to date from the time of one of the very early French kings, who, in settling up the affairs of an uncle, made a match between two of his faithful servants. He had known the woman for twenty-five years, and, in endeavoring to provide for her, gave her as a dower the farm on which she had always worked, and as a husband the steward who had managed it with her aid. "But, sire," said she, "we both have silver hairs." "Then it is a silver wedding," quoth the king, and from that time a union of twenty-five years has been called a "silver wedding."

OUR THEATERS.

SAN FRANCISCO begins the new year minus her finest theater—the Baldwin, destroyed by fire in November. But there are others—several of them. With the Columbia, Alcazar, Tivoli, California, Orpheum and Comedy left to us, there is no need to repine over ashes cast to the four winds of heaven. And the theatrical prospect is a good one. Excellent attractions are in store for the music and drama loving element. That California will not suffer a dearth of theatrical bargains at box-office rates is an assured fact. With the rain has come a corresponding amount of cheerfulness into the citizen's heart, and it is safe to predict that the dry goods branch of his family will have its customary amount of theater money to spend. A San Francisco girl can do without a bicycle or an imported hat, but cut down her matinee money and there's tragedy on the family hearthstone right away.

Well, we need the theater. It is not a luxury—it is a positive necessity. It takes us out of ourselves—which, heaven knows, is a blessing to weary brain

JULIA MARLOWE.
A star of the footlight world who will play in San Francisco the coming season. From her latest photo

and rasped nerves. After working all day it is positively restful to drop into a comfortably cushioned chair for a few careless hours and watch other people work.

Glancing over the local theatrical calendar for '98, one is reminded that there was a time when the Alcazar was a white, white elephant. That time is now tradition. The elephant has changed its color and its luck, and the closing year shows an astonishing advance in business at the O'Farrell-street playhouse. Since the era of the old California no stock company has done better work and no management has provided better entertainment on a minimum scale of admission. Classic play and successful comedy have thus been brought within reach of the masses. There is no more practical way than this of educating the general public.

In summing up the plays of the year at the Alcazar one recalls with pleasure "The Nominee," followed by "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which ran three weeks to crowded houses. "Charley's Aunt" did a big business. "The District Attorney," "Jane" and "The Gay Parisians" were excellently put on. Lewis Morrison and Miss Florence Roberts opened their season in May, their six weeks' engagement extending to sixteen, during which the Alcazar's patronage was an unprecedented one at popular prices. The Morrison engagement would have lasted longer had it not been for bookings that could not be canceled. Next May this accomplished couple will open at the Alcazar for a three months' season, playing all of the Shakespearean and other classic plays. This will be welcome news to San Franciscans. Manager Thall has put on with much success "The First Born," "In Mizzoura," "May Blossoms," "Ambitions," "The Private Secretary" and "Alabama," in addition to sparkling farces and standard dramas. The holiday week has a strong bill in Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell." Society approves of the Moorish temple, and applauds two of its especial favorites—George Osborne and Frank Denithorne. The former has long since made his mark. The latter is gaining the goal by the sometimes slow but always sure route of hard work intelligently undertaken.

The Tivoli promised much in "The Yellow Dwarf," but that ochre celebrity is packing the house as predicted. It is a dream of ballets, choruses, marches, melody and spectacular effects at two-bits and four-bits per dream. The Dwarf will be a long-lived one, the hit being sufficiently pronounced to keep the piece on the boards for a month to come. The make-up of the Queen (played by Mr. Pruette) is extremely funny. Annie Myers is a chic Robin Goodfellow, Elvia Crox a dashing Prince Orlando, and Anna Lichter a fetching Princess. Messrs. Stevens, Branson and West get no end of fun out of their respective roles. The march is led by beauty lightly caparisoned; her name on the bills is Iris Maynard. Oscar L. Fest's transformation, "The Five Senses," has scored a hit, and is worth a round quarter by itself, being a fine picture of military and naval heroes. The plot—but why try to disentangle it on paper? Let it work out its own salvation when you see the opera.

The enterprising firm of Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. brought out some notable successes last year. In the musical line the record was broken by the Bostonians; in comedy by Willie Collier in "The Man From Mexico;" in tragedy by Nance O'Neil and Modjeska, and in the drama by Gillette's "Secret Service." Under the management of Messrs. Gottlob and Marx the new year will be equally satisfactory in a theatrical way. Early in the season we shall have Julia Marlowe at the head of her own company; Melbourne Macdowell and Blanche Walsh; the famous original Bostonians; Modjeska, Olga Nethersole, the Lyceum Theater Company, and Henry Miller; the triumvirate, Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, and Fred'k Ward, in classical plays, and the New York Comedy success "On and Off."

The Baldwin bookings are transferred to the Columbia at Baldwin prices; the Columbia plays will appear at the California. To the former house on January 2nd will come Willie Collier in "The Man From Mexico," followed in a fortnight by the Frank Daniels Comic Opera Company in "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye," and Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross." Minstrelsy will be at the California January 2nd, followed by "Pudd'nhead Wilson," the Swedish play "Yon Yonson," Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," with Belle Archer in the title role, then "Why Smith Left Home," and the Black Patti Troubadours.

Throughout the year the Orpheum has given its patrons the best vaudeville obtainable on this and other continents. It will do as well by them in the next twelve months as it has in those just past.

At the Comedy Theater the new year opens with a matinee on Monday, the 2d instant, in "All Aboard." The piece will continue throughout the week, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. It is announced as a "laughing festival"—a new name for farce comedy of the screaming order. Presumably, "All Aboard" is a bunch of novelties with plot subordinated to fun. The Ott Brothers are the bright particular stars who head the organization. Last week closed with a good performance of "A Romance of Coon Hollow." Coming to the Comedy are Weber and Field's burlesque, "Poussee Cafe," seventy people in the cast; Vaudevilles and "Olympia," the former with forty-five, the latter with sixty people, also brought out by Weber and Field. There are other attractions in the farce-comedy line. Cole and Johnson are coming with their successful operatic extravaganza, "A Trip to Coon Town." These well-known colored comedians need no introduction.

Admirers of the classical in music have had considerable to say of late concerning the "lower forms" of music, under which head they class such popular airs as "Honolulu Lady" and other ragtime melodies—which they claim are not melodies at all but vulgar

EDWIN STEVENS
Comedian at the Tivoli Opera House Company

travesties, desecrations as it were of a noble art. The public taste, say these authorities, is depraved when it is satisfied with these unmusical atrocities, and should be educated to a higher plane.

From their point of view the lovers of the classical are right, but they lose sight of the fact that human understanding cannot be brought to a common height in the realm of music, any more than in other matters which appeal to the masses. The under crust of the pie is not the triumph of the pastry cook's art, as is the crust which tops the confection. The common people must have their common music. It makes them happy. Why disturb them? And why, indeed, should the jolly, rollicking, negro melody, with its catchy tune and its frightful grammar, be denied place on this troubled old earth because it chances to jar the supersensitive nerves of the highly educated? Must I eat truffles because my neighbor says that corned beef and cabbage betray a vulgar appetite?

WILLIE COLLIER
At the Columbia in "The Man From Mexico"

Let us have Chopin, Wagner and Gounod, but give the ragtime composers a chance to make the world forget its woe. Burnt cork, a vociferous singer and bad grammar may not be ultra-refining, but they are jolly good fun just the same. THE BOHEMIAN.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

J. M. SCANLAND.

CLOSE by the old Mission of San Luis Rey, in the gloomy solitude of a glen, lived the "Hermit of the Valley." After visiting the mission ruin, I called at his hut, and with true Spanish courtesy was invited to a seat on a rustic bench beneath the shade of a large willow tree. He was dressed in the costume of the past generation, and seemed to live in the past. I found him to be a man of gentle birth and good education, and it was with keenest interest that I listened to the story of his life.

"My father," said he, "was Don Hernando Grijalva, a grandee of Spain, privileged to stand in the presence of the king without removing his hat. The king gave him all the lands of this valley, and he had hundreds of Indian slaves. I was his only son, and he named me for himself, that our family name might be preserved for generations. But this was not to be. I am the last of our race.

"We lived in our casa on that hill—you can see the walls; the house was burned by Indians, consuming all that was dear to me in life—my wife, Erminie, and our darling babe.

"I must explain to you that gambling is a ruling passion with the Spaniard, and those who do not gamble are often ruined by their worthless relatives. With us, a relative may contract a debt, and draw a draft upon another. To refuse to pay, if one has the money, is a dishonor. My cousin, Jose Alvarado, was an inveterate gamester. During the fiesta at the Pueblo of Los Angeles, he lost all he had, and drew drafts upon my father. One day Pio Coutts came to our ranch with a libranza for one thousand head of cattle won from my cousin, which was honored. Soon another, and another libranza, until cattle, horses, ranch, and all we had was taken by Pio Coutts. He permitted us to live in the casa until we could find another.

"One day a number of the rancheros, armed with lariats and lances, went out to the Indian village to capture more slaves. You can see the mound where the village stood before they burned it. They were peaceful Indians, and as they were not members of the church, were called 'Gentiles.' The Spaniard does not like to work, and he made the Indian his slave. When more grain was planted, or more herdsmen were needed, the sons of the ranchero would go to the Indian village and capture more slaves. I know it was wrong, but it was the custom. The Indians were caught with the lariat, as we lasso animals, and then flogged into submission. Jose Alvarado, my cousin, was the leader of the raid on the San Luis village. Many Indians were captured, others were killed, and then the raiders burned the village. Those who escaped threatened to be revenged. Not long afterwards, the valley was alarmed one night with the yells of the Indians, as they rode from ranch to ranch, stampeding stock, burning houses, and killing the people as they ran out to escape the flames. Our ranch house was plundered, and mother, father, darling Erminie, and our sweet babe, were all murdered. I used my lance to the best advantage, and fell insensible from wounds.

"The kind senora to whose ranch I had been taken told me, when I had recovered consciousness, that I had been found among the ruins, and for some time it was believed that I could not recover. Gradually, the horrible scene would come before me, and then it would disappear as a dream faintly remembered. I asked for Erminie and our little one, but the merciful senora would tell me that she was at church, or visiting a sick neighbor, well knowing that it would drive me mad to learn the truth. Finally, when I became stronger, she told me what I had seen in my delirium—that the tragedy was a reality. We went to the churchyard, and by their graves I knelt and prayed. Then came a long interval of brain fever.

"Soon after my recovery, the kind and good senora was laid to rest in the mission churchyard by the side of her two children, who also had been killed by the Indians, and now I was left alone. For days I wandered along the banks of this river. I strolled down to the ocean, but its solitude was even more oppressive than were the groves by the stream. One cannot escape the impressions of a silence which is as still as death. I went up on the mountain, and as I looked down I saw the charred remains of the walls of the Alma Rancho. My mother had given it the name—Alma, the soul. I saw, in my grief, my beloved Erminie, and our babe. I asked myself where I should go to drown in oblivion the sorrow that was gnawing at my heart, tormenting it as the waves of the ocean may lash the hulk of a wrecked vessel.

HOME OF MRS. U. S. GRANT AND SAN DIEGO VIEWS.

"Something said to me: 'Here is the home of your people; there in the churchyard are those you love, and yonder is the hill upon which stood your home; they are sacred to you.'

"I built this hut, in this cool and delightful grove, and have lived here alone for nearly a quarter of a century. Each day I see the sun rise and sink behind the mountain. I see the same skies, and the stream runs by hurrying to the ocean. One day is like another, only that each succeeding one seems longer than the others, and every day, at vespers, I kneel and pray yonder. In this quarter of a century I have lived a thousand years of sorrow, and not one day of happiness."

The aged hermit bowed his head in grief, but his sorrow was too deep for tears. His eyes were sunken, his features contracted. As he sat motionless, muttering a prayer, his attention was aroused by the sweet chimes of the vesper bells as they rang out over the peaceful valley of San Luis Rey.

"Let us go, senor, to the church. It is the hour for vespers and prayer."

A pathway, sheltered from the sun by overhanging boughs of graceful sycamores that lined the river bank, led us to the Mission church of San Luis Rey, now magnificent in its ruin. The old building, surrounded by crumbling walls with ruined arches, presented a grand picture, even in its decay. Pedro, the aged guardian and official bell-ringer, was ringing out the chimes which summoned the faithful to their devotions, an office which he had performed for many years, and which had descended to him from his father. The worshippers devoutly crossed themselves as they entered the church. Don Hernando leaned heavily upon my arm, and instead of entering motioned to the churchyard. Here the hermit released my arm, and uncovering his head, knelt where lay buried his soul's idols. His tearless eyes were fixed upon the little cross above the name Erminie, and his lips moved as if voicing a prayer.

I turned away. The moments passed slowly by. Still he remained at his devotions. There was something in his silence that aroused my fear, and approaching him suspiciously I found him asleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

The sight in most persons begins to fail from forty to fifty years of age, as is evidenced by an instinctive preference for large print; a seat near the window for reading is selected; there is an effort to place the paper at a convenient distance from the eye, or to turn it so as to get a particular reflection of the light; next the finger begins to be placed under the line read, and there is a winking of the eye as if to clear it, or a looking away at some distant object to rest it; or the fingers are pressed over the closed lids in the direction of the nose, to remove the tears caused by straining.

Favor the failing sight as much as possible. Looking into a bright fire, especially a coal fire, is very injurious to the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight; reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal degree of light. The reason is, the sympathy between the eyes is so great that if the pupil of one is dilated by being kept partially in the shade, the one that is most exposed cannot contract itself sufficiently for protection, and will ultimately be injured. Those who wish to preserve their sight should observe the following rules, and preserve their general health by correct habit:

First—By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sewing.

Second—By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light.

Third—By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast.

Fourth—By resting them for a half minute or so while reading or sewing or looking at small objects, and by looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky; relief is immediately felt by so doing.

Fifth—Never pick any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger-nails; rather moisten it with the saliva and rub it away with the ball of the finger.

Sixth—Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelids toward the nose; this carries off an excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, this canal having a tendency to close up in consequence of the slight inflammation which attends weakness of eyes.—Scientific American.

MISS MARIE OGE. Take photo.
A San Francisco popular in society circles.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

By the time the current number of THE TRAVELER goes to press there will be a genuine hero in our midst, for Richmond P. Hobson is coming to San Francisco on his way to the Philippines and will leave this port via the China steamer route early in the new year, perhaps sooner.

I wonder how San Francisco women will behave themselves when they come within kissing distance of Lieutenant Hobson?

Now, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I have been hero-worshipping two men myself throughout the late war. Dewey and Hobson—of course. What American woman is there, I'd like to know, unless she has a heart like a petrified doorknob, who doesn't adore the types of manhood that these two men represent? Who can help applauding their bravery and admiring their skill? Not I—nor you, nor any other American, man or woman, I hope.

But when we adore people we want them to maintain their dignity before the world, and I for one am quite distressed that Lieutenant Hobson, the only young hero I ever took the pains to adore, should become a participant in a free-for-all kissing contest.

It's dreadfully disappointing to haul an idol down from its pedastal and place it among every-day bric-a-brac. I am pained that Hero Hobson should allow himself to be thus cheapened. I had lancied him as miles above the vanities and weaknesses of this world—a man of such sound sense and so level a cranium that, should pretty, well-meaning, but silly women throw themselves at his head he would at least have the presence of mind to dodge them.

Perhaps the Lieutenant is frightfully bored by such demonstrations and is merely allowing himself to be made an unwilling martyr of in the name of patriotism. He may imagine that he will be guilty of impoliteness if he refuses ungallantly point-blank to do this wholesale kissing, the particulars of which are duly wired all over the country. If that is his idea, he is making the mistake of his life. No man is compelled to become a target for kissing practice, just to oblige folks.

Imagine George Washington, of sainted memory, come to life and making a tour of his country, and in every town that he visited allowing the women there to fall upon his neck and kiss him!

People would shake their heads and say, "Poor old chap! Pity he couldn't stay buried! We thought him perfection, and now we have made the awful discovery that he has wheels under his cocked hat."

I could weep that Hero Hobson's character has revealed this flaw. And I shall not climb chairs, fences, telegraph poles and tables in order to gain a glimpse of his handsome face when he comes to town. He is still a hero, but alas, he is likewise a man with a fad, and that fad is the kissing of strangers. With the grief of this discovery weighing upon my spirits like a ton of lead, how can I bear to look upon him?

So I'll take the image of him down from its altitude and dust the pieces carefully. My idol is shattered, 'tis true, but I'll keep the fragments for the sake of the Merrimac.

When Hobson some time makes his choice
  And weds a woman fair,
How many of the girls he's kissed,
  I wonder, will be there?
Not one, I trust, for when he turns
  To kiss his blushing bride,
How mortifying it would be,
  How galling to her pride,
To hear another woman say:
  "He's kissed me, too, that self-same way."

And when the wife of Hobson goes
  Around with Richmond P.,
To matinees and other shows,
  How awkward it will be
For her to know that everywhere
  Her eye may chance to rest
Are faces by the thousands that
  Her husband's lips have pressed.
Alack, the luckless die is cast—
  My Hero Hobson has a past!

The news comes from New York that Victory Bateman has been taken by her mother to an asylum for the insane, the direct and inevitable result of over-work. Miss Bateman had aimed to memorize more plays than any other American actress. She was letter-perfect in twenty roles, each part averaging seven thousand words.

This extraordinary mental feat was accomplished at the cost of Miss Bateman's reason. The pretty and ambitious young actress has probably sealed her fate for the rest of her unfortunate life.

Victory Bateman was given to melancholy. I have talked with her when she thought that this earthly sphere was a sad and lonely place into which women were born to suffer. The tragedy of the mimic stage and the roles she played seemed to enter like iron into her soul. She was unhappy in love, fragile in physique.

Poor Victory Bateman! Perhaps she will find in a madhouse what she failed to find outside its walls—peace and repose of mind and body. If so; if after all her affliction be a blessing in disguise, one can look with less of commiseration on her condition.

A SIREN.

The radiant beauty of her eyes
  Enslaved his soul. How could he tell
  That they were beacon lights of hell?
They shone like stars of paradise—

Twin stars of some fair, heavenly place;
  Yet when, erewhile, he lay at rest,
  A bullet wound within his breast,
They smiled into his rival's face.

LETHE.

Life's fleeting joys are strangely sweet, and yet
  It must be sweeter still, when all is past,
  To creep within earth's narrow groove at last
And close the eyes in slumber, and forget.

Somebody has broken loose again in type with a bunch of rules labeled "Good Advice," laid down for women to follow. Here are some sample packages:

"Girls, don't marry a man for money, or position, or anything but love."

"You may think that money can bring you all you desire, but it can't."

"It can buy a good many things, but it can never purchase contentment for your mind and soul."

"It may bring temporary smiles to your face, but it will leave great shadows in your heart."

"It may do for a while. You may revel in gilded halls, and be lost in the giddy rounds of pleasure, but a time will come when these things will be a hollow mockery to you."

"A woman who turns her back upon wealth and takes the man of her choice who is poor may miss some of the luxuries of life, but she will be happy."

These pearls of wisdom, falling from an anonymous source in a current magazine, are a bit off-color. One grows weary of such platitudes, but it seems to be the fad with certain people who have access to printers' ink to spring them upon the reading public in the hope that they will reach the trustful eyes of the Young Girl.

The Young Girl certainly needs advice of some sort. When she marries for better or for worse she is too romantically imbued with roseate notions to realize the terrible meaning of the vows she takes at the altar. She honestly and earnestly believes in the beauty and poetry of "sharing the last crust" with the man she loves, should adverse fortune bring them to that dry and butterless extremity. Bless her devoted little heart! One could cry over her—and why?

Because the awakening from that youthful trance of hers is so cruel when it comes.

The "last crust" theory is rather a pretty one—in books. Practically it is rubbish, and the Young Girl should know it by its right name.

Love is the divine passion—the greatest blessing or the greatest curse that may come into the life of man or woman. But marriage, the legal union of hearts and hands, is more or less of a business arrangement, in that it involves the support of a wife and children, and without money the family roof cannot be kept over the family's heads, nor the larder provided with the necessities, to say nothing of the comforts of life.

It is gambling with fate for a girl to marry a poor man.

If he possess good health and has the requisite force of character he may go ahead and accomplish that which will make her proud of him, and glad that she staked her chances of happiness upon him.

But if ill health be his portion in that untried existence which they face together, or if he prove a financial failure, either through lack of ability, through laziness, or because of that disappointing condition of things called "bad luck," the chances are a hundred to one that she will in time see her mistake and say to herself: "It was, indeed, gambling with fate to marry for love alone—and I have lost."

Girls, don't take chances in matrimony. Marry for love by all means—but manage to fall in love with a man who has at least enough money to keep you cosy and comfortable when the rainy day arrives. A man need not be rich in order to wed, but he should be safely provided with worldly goods.

Poverty is a hideous thing. It eats at the very heart of love. And why not? How could it be otherwise? For what do poverty and the "last crust" fallacy mean?

They mean days and nights of mental worry, physical strain, physical discomforts, hourly self-sacrifice, and the belittling of the soul by a hard, narrowing, pitiless system of scheming economy.

Which would you rather do, my dear Young Girl—endure the mockery of gilded halls as described in the paragraph above quoted, or scrub your kitchen floor yourself in order that the rent money may be saved?

It is easier to love a man who can provide you with the things that women enjoy—and it is not reprehensible to enjoy new gowns, a handsome house, fine carpets, and the benefits of travel abroad—than it is to love one who can give you only the dry husks of life, shabby clothes, second-hand furniture, and your carfare.

Crusts are all right for heroines in books. Porterhouse steaks—with turkey and chicken occasionally—are better for flesh and blood heroines. The book heroines are fiction, my dear—you are fact. Remember that.

It is pleasanter, more enobling to both of you, to sit in those same gilded halls and play the piano or guitar to the man of your choice than it is to live in a cluttered-up little dry goods box around the corner of a noisy street in a cheap neighborhood, and play soapy tunes over a washtub with his socks.

If I had a daughter to love and worry about I should pray on my knees every night to the committee above my head that is meeting and apportioning the matrimonial destinies of Young Girls—for you know we are told that matches are made in heaven.

And what would I petition that angelic body for? I would pray to it to bestow a rich husband upon my dear child.

There's a new-fangled directory in prospect for San Francisco. It promises to be one of the evils of 1899 which we are called upon to endure beforehand. Its emissaries are abroad in the field, toiling early and late to secure names, and of all extraordinary affairs that the ingenuity of man may perpetrate in the city directory line, this volume now undergoing slow and painful compilation is by all odds the queerest.

Of course, city directories are as much of a necessity and universal blessing as are municipal street lights and electric cars—we feel that we cannot possibly worry through life without them. But this sane, sensible, practical, and altogether commendable book has an ambitious rival, and I for one see no earthly use for its existence. Its agents are industriously ringing doorbells, asking embarrassing questions, and trying to drag family skeletons to light, and if this be an agreeable way of earning money, it is well enough, no doubt, for them to do so, even at the risk of being thrown to the cold, damp pavement.

One of the agents of the New-fangled Directory called upon me the other day.

"City directory," he said briefly, preparing to perpetuate a fresh batch of names at the point of a stubby pencil.

I gave him my name.

"Married, divorced, widow, or grass widow?" he chirped.

"Sir!" I exclaimed in the indignant tone of a heroine in melodrama when she is about to say: "Unhand me, villain!"

"That's what I want to know," he repeated airily.

"Why"

"Because it is necessary."

"Necessary to ask impertinent questions? Since when has a city directory been a matrimonial agency and divorce court record?"

"Oh, this is something new."

"Evidently."

"I will explain it a little and perhaps you will understand."

This last remark sealed the young man's doom. "He would explain it a little and perhaps I would understand." Indeed! Earth hath no fury like a woman patronized. For fully fifteen minutes I did my level best to make the agent of the New-fangled wish he had never left home and mother. I asked him every conceivable and unanswerable question that I could think of. Particularly did I dwell upon the injustice of the scheme to the much-divorced element of society, of which there is so large a contingent in California.

"You say," said I, "that you place after every woman's name an explanatory clause relating to divorce, widowhood, and grass-widowhood? This must increase your directory to mammoth proportions. Even without this interesting innovation of family history it is now difficult to abbreviate sufficiently to cram name, business and address into a line. And if you insist upon placing after every divorcee's and widow's name the initials of her ex and departed husband, how shall you manage it when you are classifying those who have been through the divorce court half a dozen times? Have you perfected your system to cope with this emergency? Will the record run like this:

"'Doe, Mrs. Mary, ex John Doe, ex Richard Roe, ex——'"

The agent looked confused. "I would use only the last husband's name in such a case," he interrupted, shifting from one foot to the other uneasily.

"Only the latest? Yet according to your statement the main object of your directory is to facilitate the finding of persons who may have had property left to them, or who have eluded their creditors by a change of names. Now, I am not expecting to derive any benefit from this brilliant plan myself—it isn't likely that lawyers are now scouring the country to locate me as heiress to a vast sum. Nor have I creditors on my trail. But I keenly feel, in the cause of society, the great injustice of your method toward the balance of the list when a woman has had a series of husbands. Why should they be left out in the cold? They may be entitled to the distinction of being immortalized in your handy (though undoubtedly cumbersome) City Directory and Annual Record of Matrimonial Blunders, yet you ignore——"

But here the agent, concluding that it was not so easy as he had thought to make me understand, fled my doorstep.

A CALIFORNIA PEPPER TREE. *Cathcart Sage photo.*

ITEMS.

MALDEN, Mass., Dec. 19, 1898.

MR. WM. V. BRYAN, San Francisco, Cal.:

DEAR SIR—I desire to renew my subscription to THE TRAVELER at the present time and to avail myself of the offer of the "Waldorf Cook Book." I don't remember when my subscription expires, but would have you extend it another year. I think THE TRAVELER maintains its high degree of excellence, and am glad to see each number as it arrives. It is as nice a publication as one would wish to see. On showing it to a friend of mine, he was so delighted with the fine half-tones that he wanted to subscribe for it on the spot, and I herewith take pleasure in sending you his subscription. If you could afford to send him the Christmas number with the "Cook Book" it would be much appreciated.

I herewith enclose $2.00 for the two subscriptions. Yours Very Truly,

JESSE W. SARGENT.

THE BLUE BOOK FOR 1899.

Our Society Blue Book, just issued, is beyond question the handsomest and most comprehensive yet published. A novel idea has been introduced in segregating the various departments in different tints of enameled paper, which not only adds to the elegance of the work but facilitates the ready location of any department to be consulted. The Blue Book is published by Chas. C. Hoag, 225 Post Street, San Francisco, and can be had for $5.00 per copy. It is really a most valuable publication, containing information abont various clubs, societies, associations, theaters, etc., that can be obtained from no other source. Much credit is due to Jared J. Hoag, the compiler, Mysell-Rollins Co., the printers and bookbinders, and to the Claussenius Co. for the art color work appearing in the book.

"West-American Cone-Bearers" is the title of a book just issued by Prof. J. G. Lemmon, the celebrated botanist. It contains over one hundred pages, is profusely illustrated, and treats exhaustively of the sixty species of cone-bearing trees in Northwest America. Those interested in this subject will find this little book both interesting and valuable. Bound in cloth. Price $1.00 of Prof. Lemmon, Oakland, Cal.

A NOVEL PUBLICATION.

Under the title of "Sinaloa Illustrado," a very comprehensive work on the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, has just been published by Mr. J. R. Southworth. It is profusely illustrated, and is printed in both Spanish and English, containing a very exhaustive review of the resources of that interesting country. It contains 132 pages, 10 x 13 inches, is handsomely bound in cloth, and can be obtained for $2.50 per copy by addressing Mr. Southworth, No. 23 First Street, San Francisco.

KEY TO SUCCESSFUL DOMESTIC FINANCING.

"The secret of domestic finance is to make a little money go a long way," writes Frances Evans in an article "About Men," in the January "Ladies Home Journal." "The old axiom about saving the pennies and letting the pounds take care of themselves is not the natural policy of Americans; only the trugal Scotch and French know that rule by heart. But women could learn it better than men, because their minds dwell more naturally upon little things. If they are rarely great financiers they are frequently successful small financiers. Make a woman responsible for an allowance and she feels the interest of a junior partner; pay her bills, and she is put on the footing of an inferior. There is a feeling of ignominy about asking a man for car fare, fifty cents, five dollars, or even a hundred dollars, disagreeable beyond expression to a woman with any pride or independence. Now that women are thinking more for themselves than in the past, independence is becoming naturally a part of their creed. This independence cannot be choked out."

Little Tommy—"Sister May likes to have you come here."

Mr. Simperling—"Aw, indeed! How do you know that?"

"Well, people always like what makes them glad, don't they?"

"Generally. But how do you know I made her glad?"

"I heard her tellin' one of the other girls to-day that she just had to laugh every time she looked at you."

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

MOODS.

MARTHA T. TYLER.

When violets fold their leaves about
  The shadows of the yew,
Or star the grasses in and out
  Beneath the April blue—
I know not why my heart is stirred
  With sense of sudden pain,
For through the song of brook and bird
  I hear the winter rain;
    The rain,
  The bitter, beating rain!

But when the skies are wild and harsh,
  Above the blackened hedge,
When north winds blow across the marsh,
  To shake the straggling sedge,
When snows are falling in the pine,
  And birds forget to sing—
Ah, then this wayward heart of mine
  Will only dream of spring;
    Of spring,
  Of laughter-loving spring.

EVENING.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

The air is chill and the hour grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate;
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea:
Thin shadowy spars and misty sails
Unshattered have weathered a thousand gales.
Slow wheeling, lo, in squadrons gray
They part and hasten across the bay,
Each to its anchorage finding way,
Where the hills of Sausalito swell
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others, behold, unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz.
No greetings of thunder and flame exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely flown,
Were blazoned in a world unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.
What bear these ships? What news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart broken.
Oh, how many a venture we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea!

* * * * * * * *

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow; chilled with woe;
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn, these mists
Whose weight my heart in vain resists
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven.
For heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has its spring.
So, praise to God, who brings the day
That shines our regrets and fears away.
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Oh thou, my best beloved! My pride, my boast,
  Stretching thy glorious length along the West;
Within the girdle of thy sun-lit coast,
  From pine to palm, from palm to every crest,
  All fruits, all flowers, all cereals are blest.
And there the precious hearts still spared to me
  Beckon; and there my holy dead find rest—
Under the Mountain Lone, the Calvary,
Fanned by the winds that sweep the Occidental sea.

* * * * * * * *

Oh California! Dowered with the clime of climes,
  At thy fair feet the alien heapeth spoil:
The poet chanteth thee in praiseful rhymes;
  He sees the banner of thy fate uncoil—
  A thousand cities springing from thy soil.
Born of young hopes, but nurtured in the brawn,
  Wrought by the brave and tireless hands of toil,
To house a nobler race when we are gone—
A race prophetical, that bides the coming dawn.

"I know you have been defeated for constable," said the candidate's wife, as he crawled in at 2:30 A. M., very quietly.

"I'd like to know what you know about it," he snapped.

"Well, you didn't come tearing up stairs and invite me to salute the next President of the United States."

THAT REMINDS ME.

"This new play, 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' seems to be a sporting production."

"Why?"

"It has won by a nose."

***

Visitor (in insane asylum)—"And this poor fellow is the father of triplets. Why does he continually call for a gun?"

Attendant—"He thinks he sees a stork, mum."

***

Uncle Hiram—"They say the sun never sets on the British Empire."

Aunt Hannah—"Doesn't it, now? and we have such magnificent sunsets over here!"

***

Professor—"Too bad! One of my pupils, to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory, has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is I can't remember his name."

***

Engrossing Clerk (Ohio Legislature)—"Here is this bill proposing to restrict marriage to persons of sound bodies and sane minds; how shall I entitle it?"

Married Solon—"An act prohibiting matrimony."

***

"I suppose, this season," said the Elastic Skin Man, "you'll go as a Cuban reconcentrado?"

"Bah!" said the Living Skeleton, "you're outdated. I'm just a plain, ordinary United States Volunteer, returned from camp."

***

Hewitt—"That hotel clerk queered himself last night."

Jewett—"How was that?"

Hewett—"A lady he was calling upon happened to say that her foot was asleep, and he absent-mindedly asked her what time she would have it called."

***

Germantown doctor—"I suppose you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?"

Fashionable lady—"Yes, I suppose I ought to be, but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or buy a barometer if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."

***

First Drummer—"Holy Omaha! but this is a cold room! I'll blow that landlord sky-high in the morning."

Second Drummer—"Don't you do it. If you kick he'll be sure to charge us extra for cold storage."

***

"What is that French officer so excited and angry about?"

"Some one, intending to be complimentary, spoke of him as having forged his way to the front."

***

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy the other day.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnnie, "so I could play 'mibs' with him, an' baseball, an' tag, an' all those things when he got bigger."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute. Then he said, rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days."

***

"Here, you've been telling me all along," said the bright-faced young wife, "what a wonderful cook your mother was, and now your Aunt Jane has just told me that your father was a chronic dyspeptic."

"Well, you see," the young husband murmured, with a deep sigh, "mother learned by practising on father."

"But could you bring yourself to marry a woman who smoked cigarettes?" they asked the young man who had insisted that women had a right to smoke if they chose.

"No. I have enough people begging my cigarettes now."

***

"How's your town coming along, Doctor?" was asked of the young physician who hails from a rural village.

"Doing as well as could be expected," replied the doctor, who is assiduously cultivating a professional air. "It is beginning to show symptoms of a couple of new business blocks and a bigger schoolhouse."

***

Teacher—"Miss Street, can you tell me what is most peculiar in the hatching of the cuckoo?"

Miss Street (doubtfully)—"It generally builds its nest in a clock."

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PERSONATING MARK TWAIN.

A GOOD ANECDOTE RETOLD.

ONCE upon a distant time Mark Twain, the American humorist, was advertised to lecture in the town of Glochester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ the Hon. De Shame Hornet to deliver his celebrated address on temperance, but this arrangement was made at the last moment, so that bills announcing it could not be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting to listen to the celebrated innocent.

Nobody in town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, but they had got into the notion that he was irrisistibly funny, and so came prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, everybody took it for granted that Hornet was Mark Twain's real name.

Mr. Hornet began to speak. "Intemperance," said he, "is the curse of this country."

The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, so thought that something must be wrong with his clothes. Turning around he asked the chairman if he were all right, and got "yes" for an answer. Then he went on:

"It breaks up happy homes—" (still louder mirth), "it is carrying young men down to death and hell." Here he was interrupted by a perfect roar and applause.

The lecturer began to get excited. He was certain now that they were guying him, but he proceeded:

"We must crush the serpent!"

There was a tremendous howl of laughter. Hornet couldn't stand it any longer.

"What I am saying is gospel truth!" he cried.

The audience doubled itself over with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage and said:

"Do you see anything ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?"

"Yes—ha, ha! It's funny—ha, ha! Go on," cried the laughing man.

"This is an insult," cried Hornet, dancing wildly about. More laughter was followed by cries of, "Go on, Twain."

Then the chairman caught on, rose and explained the situation. The men on the stage suddenly quit laughing and turned very red. The people in the audience looked at each other, blushed stupidly and quit laughing. And then nothing in the country was madder than that Hornet. "Never," declared he, "did I get into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots." Saying which he left the hall. That is how Glochester went to bed without hearing Twain.

A MOUNTAIN RESORT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA; ELEVATION, 4,800 FEET.

English lawyers do not often die millionaires. According to figures compiled by the "Daily Telegraph," the estates of thirty-seven judges who had died during the last five or six years averaged $215,000, that of twenty barristers, $458,000, and that of forty-four solicitors, $585,000 each.

RESORT ITEMS.

Redondo Beach, one of the pleasantest seaside resorts of Southern California, occupies a position of advantage in its proximity to Los Angeles, the southern metropolis, which is further augmented by the possession of one of the most elegant little hotels in the West. H. R. Warner, the genial host who presides over the destinies of this hostelry, has been having a regular fall housecleaning, incidentally adding steam heat, private baths and several other little accessories of comfort. He believes he has a pretty good start to draw to, and expects to get a full house.

Redondo offers many attractions to the winter guest. It is as delightful a place as one will find in a lifetime. There are also many minor inducements, such as fine hunting and fishing, beautiful drives, golf links and et ceteras sufficient to complete a perfect round of potential pleasures.

The Arlington Hotel, at Santa Barbara, is now in first-class condition for the best of the tourist trade. The hotel was closed this fall for about four months, during which time most extensive improvements were made. Among the most important will be the complete new system of plumbing throughout, the addition of forty new bathrooms, and a new passenger elevator, something the Arlington has not heretofore enjoyed. The climate at Santa Barbara is superb, and surf bathing is a luxury at all seasons of the year. A month or two at the Arlington will never be regretted by the most exacting individual, for the hotel is perfect, the climate beyond criticism, and the opportunities for sport and recreation are without number. Mr. E. P. Dunn, the proprietor, anticipates a lively season, especially for the next few months.

The Hotel El Carmelo at Pacific Grove is one of the most restful retreats in Northern California. It is but a short distance by car line from the famous Hotel del Monte. The diversions at Pacific Grove are numerous, including the best of boating, bathing and fishing, and some of the prettiest drives in the State.

CALIFORNIA ART POTTERY.

Editor Traveler—DEAR SIR: In an article over my signature published in your December issue, entitled "Art in California Clay," I made the statement that the discovery of the value of California's clay deposits and their manufacture into art forms was due to the research and industry of Mrs. Linna Irelan. My attention has since then been called to the fact, of which I was of course unaware, that this credit belongs to Mr. W. H. H. Graves, a resident of Oakland. I therefore desire to correct an erroneous statement—made by me, however, in good faith.

Mrs. Irelan deserves much praise for what she has accomplished, although she did not originate the manufacture of art pottery on this coast. Mr. Graves has specimens of his work made fourteen years ago in Oakland, Mr. Alexander William Robertson, now associated with Mrs. Irelan, being then in his employ, as seen by the initials that accompany the date upon the vases and steins turned out at that time.

Mr. Graves did not carry on the work, owing to the unfortunate failure of capitalists to advance the sum necessary to foster art matters in the Athens of the Pacific. The industry, languishing for years and unknown to the general public to have ever existed, has been taken in hand by Mrs. Irelan and Mr. Robertson, and all lovers of art will join in wishing them success for California's sake. J. R. HEATH.

THE PRINCE OF PASSENGER AGENTS.

Who is there in this wide world who has passed through San Francisco en route to or from Oriental ports that has not personally known or heard of Tom D. McKay? Tom, as he is affectionately termed by those who have enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaint-

ance and hospitality, made his debut in San Francisco some twenty years ago, and was celebrated for the successful energy with which he handled the transportation business of the lines he represented from time to time. For many years before accepting his present prominent position in the far East Mr. McKay was the Pacific Coast Passenger Agent of the Burlington Route, with headquarters at San Francisco, and as such was better known than through any previous connection until he accepted his present position. He is now the General Passenger Agent of what is termed the San Francisco Overland Route, comprising the Pacific Mail S. S. Co., the Occidental and Oriental S. S. Co., the Central Pacific, Union Pacific and Chicago and North-Western Railways, his headquarters being at Yokohama, Japan. All steamers on both of these lines sail via Honolulu, giving passengers an opportunity to lay over a steamer or more to visit this tropical paradise. Between rail and steamer service this is certainly a powerful combination to attract the tourist who desires comfort, elegance, speed and every variety of scenery.

The largest schooner in the world is being built by H. M. Bean of Camden, Maine, for Captain J. G. Crowley of Taunton, Mass. It will have five masts and a cargo capacity of 4000 tons. Its length over all will be 325 feet.

When the American people wake up to their own interests they will repeal taxes on ships, which produce no revenue, and foster no home industry, and once more give our sailormen the opportunity of carrying our flag into every part of the world. As soon as we can buy ships as cheap as other nations do we shall resume our position as a maritime nation, and when that time comes ship-yards will spring up wherever we have a harbor. And not only will our own demand for vessels be filled at home, but foreigners will send their orders to us for our surplus. The prime prerequisite to this healthful state of affairs, however, is that Americans shall be permitted to re-enter the shipping business on an even footing with the world.

We are now enjoying for breakfast and dinner regularly a resume of the pedigree of Miss Virginia Fair and Mr. Vanderbilt—another mes-alliance, if it may be so termed, where wealth weds wealth and practically no one is benefited. However, perhaps Miss Fair is entitled to some credit for not linking herself with an impecunious Count.

CALIFORNIA NAMES.

The following are the meaning of some of the names of places in this State: Alameda—A grove of elms, hence a grove with walks; Alcatraz—Pelican or sea fish; Almaden—Arabic, the mine; Alvarado—The white road, a proper road; Alviso—The view; Amador—The lover; Benicia—Corruption of Venicia; Calaveras—The true skull; Calistoga—Cap and gown; Chico—Very small; Colusa—An Indian name; Contra Costa—Opposite coast; Corral—Yard or pen; Coyote—A kind of wolf; Del Norte—On the north; El Dorado—The golden; Farallones—Rock island in the sea; Fresno—Ash tree; Lobos—Wolves; Loma Prieta—Dark mountain; Los Angeles—The angels; Los Gatos—The cats; Marin—Chief of Tomalo Indians, of the sea; Mariposa—The butterfly; Merced—Mercy; Modoc—Strange or hostile Indians; Mount Diablo—Devil Mountain; Monterey—The king's mountain; Nevada—Snowy; Pah Utes—Utahs that live near water (Indians); Pajaro—The bird; Pescadero—The fish; Placer—Gold diggings; Plumas—The feather; Potrero—Pasture grounds; Presidio—Garrison, fortress; Rincon—Place where two corners meet; Rio Vista—River view; Sacramento—Sacred mind; Salinas—Place of salt; San Andreas—St. Andrews; San Buenaventura—St. Good Venture; San Diego—St. James; San Francisco—St. Francis; San Joaquin—St. Joachim; San Jose—St. Joseph; San Lorenzo—St. Lawrence; San Luis Obispo—St. Luis Bishop; San Mateo—St. Matthews; San Pablo—St. Paul; San Rafael—St. Raphael; Santa Clara—St. Clara; Santa Cruz—Holy Cross; Saratoga—Healing waters in a rock; Sausalito—Light willow; Shasta—Stone house or cave; Sierra—Saw, or mountain chain; Solano—The potato; Sónoma—Valley of the moon; Sonora—Harmonious sound; Tahoe—Big or deep water; some say that it means grasshopper; Tamalpais—Tamale eaters; Temescal—Sweat house; The Dalles—Stone spout for water; Tomales—A tribe of Indians, a kind of food; Tulare—The tule or rush; Tule—Rush or juncas plant; Utah—Mountain of dwellers; Vacaville—Cow town; Vara—A measure about 31¾ inches; Vallejo—Big Valley; Walla Walla—Away down; Yolo—Region of rushes and tules; Yosemite—Large grizzly bear; Yreka—Cave mountain.

When Dr. Goodfellow and Captain Stuart Brice, son of the late ex-Senator Calvin S. Brice, took some wounded Spanish prisoners into the enemy's lines just before the surrender, one of the Spanish officers who met them, speaking of the storming of San Juan hill, expressed keen curiosity to know what command it was the American officers gave as they came on. "We could hear them," said he, "shouting at the head of their men something like 'Johnson's breeches.' We looked in our dictionaries afterward, but could make nothing out of it." Captain Brice and Dr. Goodfellow professed ignorance of what it could have been, whereupon one of the troopers who was in the escort explained that the command given was "Charge by rushes," a command invented since the deadly fire of modern rifles has made open order formation necessary.

The Railway Age, of Chicago, the accredited exponent of the railway corporations of the country, has much to say in its issue of November 18th on the annual pass question. One might almost imagine (and correctly perhaps) that the effusion in question emanated from the pen of some disgruntled railroad manager who, either through natural parsimony or imposition, came suddenly to the realization that free passes were a menace to the prosperity of his road. The views taken by the Age, however, are as radical as they are impracticable, for its editor hopes that "it will be agreed not to print or write any annual passes for the coming year." It denounces the practice both unwise, unnecessary, and a serious drain upon the finances of the great railway systems, but condescends to its restriction to "exchanges"—that is, between the officials of the various roads themselves.

Undoubtedly season passes are the bane of the general manager's existence, because they are so open to abuse, but they are quite as essential as they are condemnable—when they are in the hands of the legitimate recipient. Free transportation is the only manner the railroads have of reciprocating valuable favors, and it is by all means the cheapest. It is nothing more nor less than a "trade account," involving no cash expenditure, and in addition it possesses a double value, in that the giving of a pass pays the obligation and flatters the holder at the same time. We fully concur that free transportation should be strictly a quid pro quo proposition, but there would be a striking difference in the balance sheets if "services rendered" were invariably paid in cash. The first-class fare from San Francisco to Los Angeles is $13. Suppose a service had been rendered the railroad company of an indefinite value, but for which not less than $5 cash could be consistently offered. It would be cheaper for the railroad and more appreciated by the party concerned to give him transportation to Los Angeles than to pay him the $5 cash, which amount in any event would represent a rate of over 1 cent a mile as covered by the pass, or an excess over the per capita cost of traffic between those points.

Railroads may rigidly limit the issuance of their annuals, but they can no more dispense with them entirely than the political boss can with his henchmen.

A few years ago, when Moody was preaching in the slums of a large city, he was delayed in leaving the hall till late in the evening. The exit was in a back street, and as he left the building he found a number of roughs waiting to annoy him. As he walked along he heard them say: "Here he comes!" and they prepared to jostle him from the sidewalk. Going straight up to the ringleader, Mr. Moody held out his overcoat, and, with self possession that commanded complete respect, said: "My friend, won't you just help me on with this overcoat? I am not quite as active now as I was at your age, and some day, when you are as old as I am, I'll be glad to do you the same favor." No bully was ever more completely taken back with surprise. He held the overcoat for the evangelist to get into, and then thanking the young man for his aid, Mr. Moody went along unmolested.

When the gay Parisienne, feeling that the cycling season is over, seeks a safe retreat in which she may store her wheel until the springtime comes again, she simply pawns it. The "Monte de Piete" affords an effectual and inexpensive means of storing one's bicycle when not required for use. Effectual, because the institution is under State control, and the authorities bind themselves to keep the machines safely; inexpensive, because the cost of storage for four months is only two to three francs. Lucky people, those Parisians, to be able to house their wheels on such terms.

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"All car lines." **DON H. PORTER.**

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Elegant rooms for families.

Special terms to commercial men.

LEONARD & WALSH,
PROPRIETORS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 33 Post street.—For the half year ending December 31st, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3d, 1899.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

***

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, 222 Sansome street.—For the year ending December 31st, 1898, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent per annum on term deposits, 10 per cent per annum to Class "F" stock and 12 per cent per annum to Class "A" stock, all free of taxes. WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

***

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the half year ending December 31st, 1898, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 3d, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1st, 1899.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

***

A NEW YEAR SONG.

Come fill me a flagon of wine:
There's joy in the life of the vine!
There's a glow in the bowl
That enraptures the soul—
Then fill me a flagon of wine.

Come lighten the hour with thy lute!
Too long hath its music been mute!
Care foldeth her wings
When thy hand sweeps the strings—
Then lighten the hour with thy lute.

But why should I pledge thee in wine?
At thy lips is a draught more divine.
And the voice of thy lute
At their music is mute—
Ah, love, thou art music and wine!

Pacific Saw Manufacturing Co.

Saws, Machine Knives, Mandrels of every description, Emery Wheels, Grindstones, Files, Timber Jacks, Sheet Steel, Saw Repairing and Knife Grinding.

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The San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Co.

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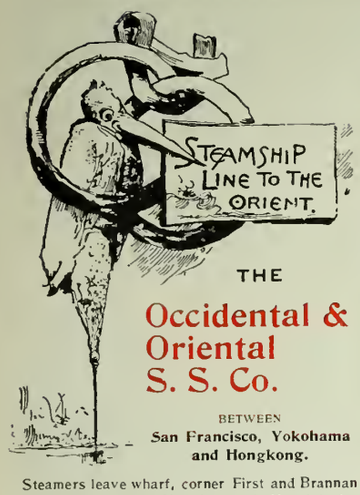

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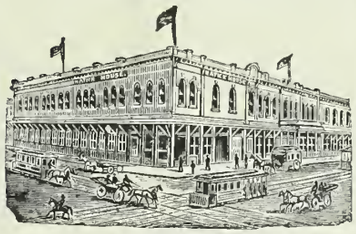

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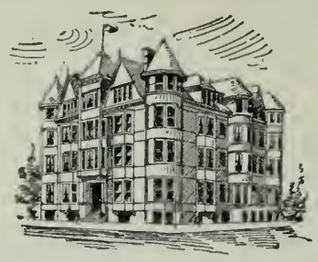

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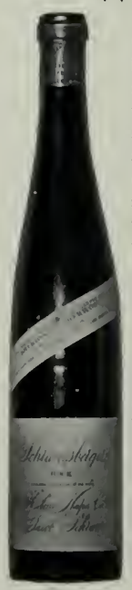

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THE TRAVELER

THE TRAVELER.

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AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

FREDERIC MAYER, 15 AND 17 RUE DES MARTYRS, PARIS, FRANCE, GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENT.

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ON the eighth of last November there was an election held in San Francisco whereby a complete new Board of Supervisors and of Education were duly installed. For the previous two years this city had experienced one of the most abominable reigns through these two departments within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." The School Board was notoriously rank especially in its latter days, and left a legacy for its successors of something over $200,000. The new Board has a number of sterling business men among its members, and since they have assumed control have passed some sweeping measures of retrenchment that have set some of the dailies all agog. The average citizen seems to forget that these measures are imperative, and that the reason for their passage should be traced to the old Board of '97 and '98. The poor old Evening Post, the "official" organ of the city that does all our printing for nothing (?) is greatly distressed over the situation, but if they will let Superintendent Webster alone, with the substantial backing he now enjoys, we will venture to say that the public will approve his course by reinstating him when he comes up for election in 1901. The attitude of the general public toward a new board of public officers is somewhat like the feelings of the masses toward the incarcerated criminal, forgetting entirely the poor victim and the dependent family he left behind. Let us give the new School Board a fair chance, and wherever their ax may strike remember that it was propelled by their iniquitous predecessors.

The Board of Supervisors have not yet shown their hand, but now that the question of an opposition gas company is before them we shall soon judge whether they were elected to serve the people or themselves.

AS WE go to press the tedious deadlock in the State Legislature for the election of a United States Senator still continues, with no immediate prospect of its being broken. There are at least some friends of both Grant and Burns who have proven that they can stay bought, notwithstanding the iniquitous example of the notorious Speaker Wright. It seems to be a good opportunity at this juncture for the dark horse to gallop into the Capitol grounds, and we fancy even now we can hear the faint clattering of his hoofs. In our opinion it is unfortunate that De Young should have been railroaded out of the fight. Is it yet too late? De Young, with all his faults, would have made California an excellent Senator, and we believe he would have accomplished more for the State than any other man whose name has thus far appeared before the convention. It was De Young who gave to San Francisco the great Midwinter Fair of '94, erected under the most stupendous obstacles, and at a time when we had just entered upon the greatest financial depression the country has ever experienced. Never mind the motive that prompted Mr. De Young to this colossal undertaking. He accomplished it successfully, and it served as a most wholesome tonic to the city of San Francisco at a time she needed it most.

It required brains, energy and power to amalgamate a large-sized village of this character, and it is just those qualities that are so much needed, but almost invariably lacking, to form a representative in the upper house of Congress. Who can recall one single act of importance or of momentous benefit to the State of California that can be traced to Senators White or Perkins, and even now the latter asks the Legislature to instruct him how he shall vote on the Philippine question?

It is to be hoped that some day the constitution will be amended so that Senators may be elected direct by popular vote. It is now practically an appointive office, and therefore subject to grievous error and political machinations.

NOW that the dailies are at last awakening to the necessity of this Government protecting and encouraging the commerce of the United States, and that just now the relations between Germany and Uncle Sam are not of the most pleasant character, it may be interesting to note the attitude of the Kaiser toward the stimulation of Asiatic commerce. Very recently the German Government closed a most important contract by which it proposes to pay more than a million dollars a year for fifteen years for the establishment of steamship lines to ply between its ports and those of Japan, China and Australasia and certain ports of Oceanica. The exports of the Teutonics to these countries have quadrupled during the past decade, so that it is not surprising they should wish to encourage an enterprise in this direction. Further, the next decade will find the interests of Europe and America centered in this comparatively new territory, and Germany proposes to be first in the field. Under the contract in question four steamers are to be built for the China-Japan service, and to be of not less than 6,000 tons each. They are also to be running respectively by October 1, 1899; January 1, September 1 and November 1, 1900. All of the ships are to be built in German yards and of German material as far as possible.

It behooves the United States Government to ponder seriously over an important deal of this character, not only that it may obtain its share of the Oriental trade, but that a greater liberality in subsidizing American shipping is the only way to place our commerce on a par with the other great nations of the world.

THE court-martial of General Eagan is now a matter of record, and he has summarily been found guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer. A just verdict indeed, and it is to be hoped that President McKinley will make the punishment fit the crime. There has been altogether too much freedom of speech on the part of many of our most prominent officers that has cast no great credit upon the ethics of the American army, but the unrestrained contumely and studied vituperation that came from the lips of Eagan is a disgrace to himself and a reflection upon the arms he represented. Eagan is by nature a hot-headed, bigoted and pompous individual, with a supercilious contempt for those beneath his own station. We have known him here on the coast some years ago, and we recall him as a social despot whose menials were only good enough to remove the debris from his aristocratic soles. Just such men, too, are those who play the baby act when they come to the turn in that very long road; but tears and affected contrition, coupled with the plea of great provocation, did not affect the military tribunal that passed upon the case.

It is to be hoped that the example of General Eagan's indiscretion will have some substantial influence upon his brother officers, to the end that the American army may be relieved from the aspersions of foreign powers.

A CALIFORNIA DIANA. *Maud Ainsworth Photo.*

There is a certain class in this community that is continually advocating schemes for the so-called improvement of the city. We were told that our cumbersome, enormously expensive and costly new City Hall was too small, and at once another unnecessary structure was ordered. We were informed that an additional High School should be added to our already liberal accommodations. We were also informed by interested parties that our morals would be improved if property was condemned and made into a park within a few steps of another park. Our attention was also directed to the absolute needs of a Zoological garden, and plans were almost perfected when it was discovered that a pretty fair Zoo could be found in the new City Hall. And now comes, not one but two schemes, that, according to the advocates, will greatly enhance values and add to the culture of our people. First of these is the scheme to condemn fifteen or more improved blocks of land so as to extend Golden Gate Park to Van Ness avenue and Market street at a cost of three or four millions of dollars. The second project is to appropriate one million dollars for an exposition, all of which we are told is to the great glory of San Francisco. Glory is a good thing, but where does the taxpayer get off? The people have a faint recollection that, some little time since, a "Half-Million Club" was formed. Much talk was indulged in at that time as to how this Club intended to swell the growth of this city to nearly double its present size. A great amount of enthusiasm was displayed at the meetings of this Club (at least it was so stated), but the plan of procedure was not fully explained to the public. It is remembered that accounts were printed of ovations tendered, as a well equipped train went in its flight past the stations on its way to Los Angeles, with this celebrated Club on board, announcing the object to be the expansion of San Francisco. It was remarked that it was a splendid and hilarious trip, but it has never been stated how it has increased our population. That secret is locked in the breasts of the Club members. However, as the expense of the movement was borne by the members, the public has nothing to complain of.

But the extension of Golden Gate Park is to the people of this city a serious matter. It will be a heavy tax, and therefore they will have good cause for complaint. They have not forgotten the last six years of damnable schemes and increased taxation in the face of reduced revenues and shrinking values, and therefore desire a little rest from these asserted benefits.

There is not a city in existence so well provided with parks in proportion to its population and situation as is San Francisco. And there is not a city on the globe that has so little need of parks. For eight months of the year we have the strong, healthful and life-giving breeze from the ocean sweeping into every street and avenue, substituting pure air for the lurking malaria. Golden Gate Park comprises 1,000 acres, only one-half of which has been reclaimed. There are parks in abundance of lesser size scattered about the city, the total greater in area than many towns of four times the population.

If the gentlemen who are such great lovers of art and beauty at others' expense will give their attention to some of the streets south of Market, north of California and East of Kearny streets, they will find plenty of work for their artistic taste.

The average taxpayer feels weary, and is not possessed of sufficient means to indulge in high art and cultivate the beautiful, only in so far as it will bring bread to himself and family. Pray go slow, gentlemen. Golden Gate Park with its 1,000 acres is sufficiently large for a city of 1,000,000 inhabitants, which limit may not be reached within the next hundred years.

As an addenda to the Golden Gate Park Extension an exposition is proposed, and a cool million dollars is called for from the taxable property of the city. Will the gentlemen who are urging this scheme point out the direct benefit to be derived from this large expenditure? Will they point out to us who, except the promoters, will reap the benefit? It is about time that a stop was put to this gush, this sounding of gongs, this flourish of trumpets and waving of banners, and shouting loud huzzas. There are other people on this earth, and they are not always caught by circus shows. Be practical, gentlemen: if you wish to promote the growth of this city take hold of the commercial end and push with vigor an industry that cannot fail to yield substantial benefits to the whole city. Take hold of your commerce, quadruple your tonnage, and reach out beyond your borders for the immense volume of trade that is in waiting for suitable transportation. Sell your goods at reasonable figures and bring people here to buy. Stop your side shows and orating about the glorious climate. The world has been gorged with such stuff and is not patting us on the back in admiration of our prowess. Help the mercantile marine. Invest your money where it will bring direct returns, and do not be so ready with the funds of the people who have been badly scorched. The history of expositions does not point to great benefits except to the interested few, and there is no reason why in our case history should not repeat itself.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

"What fools these poor mortals be."

To-day the great government of the people is being fairly illustrated in Washington and many capitals of the different States. In the one the embalmed beef takes the prominent place, and in the others the election of self-sacrificing patriots to seats in the United States Senate is uppermost. The jealous scramble for the toga has unearthed the same old story, and the politicians are making a show of indignation at the presumption of the middle man in being so clumsy as to allow the skirts of his principle to be soiled. We have heard the charges of the use of money in the purchase of votes before; we have heard of investigations, and we have heard indignant denials, and eloquent speeches on the naughty insinuations against honorable gentlemen, who are the choice of the people, to represent them in the law-making councils of their State, and, like Banquo's ghost, when the prize is large, the use of money will rear his ugly head, knocking down a few pins of small caliber, and then retiring behind the screen of party politics. And thus the people are hoodwinked into forgetfulness, and lapse into a state of indifference, reserving only the right to again protest when the same conditions roll around.

The great fight of the Republican press of this city to secure a fitting representative in the United States Senate, and to prevent the election of what they term unfit candidates, would seem to be a struggle of such self-sacrificing devotion to the best interests of our State that has probably never had a parallel, with possibly the one exception, of long and persistent efforts to find a bog at the site of the new Postoffice. But patriotism has singular freaks, and at times will follow crooked channels that may be filled with shoals or bogs, or any other obstruction that can easily be removed for a consideration. The people have great faith in the press; they appreciate their efforts as educators of the masses, in the publication of truths, and defenders of human rights, and it may be that in this Senatorial fight they are sincere; but, like all the benefits for the people, there may be grave doubts.

The School Board seems to have taken hold of the economical end of the management of the department that has had such shameful treatment for a decade of years past. The people should stand by and encourage the present Directors in their laudable work. They should receive the plaudits of the entire community, and any effort to stay their hands should be frowned down in an emphatic manner. The outrageous squandering of funds and stuffing the payrolls with incompetent employes has been so long a crying abuse that to note the slightest advance in the direction of respectable government is to the people of this city an event to be hailed with joy. We congratulate the present Board of School Directors.

THE GAMBLING CASH TIGER.

SUI SIN FAH.

The rain splashed in his face, soaked through his garments, ran down his back, and trickled through his wide sleeves in an almost vindictive manner. But he shambled on indifferently, slowly and heavily, apparently totally unconscious of physical discomfort. Looking into that bald face one could not penetrate its placidity, and even the eyes seemed expressionless. The small, well-shaped hands appeared to be unaccustomed to manual labor; nevertheless his clothing consisted of the ordinary blue blouse and pantaloons of a working Chinaman, and it was a very dilapidated hat around which he had wound his queue. The peculiar means by which he prevented the last mentioned part of his costume from being blown off by the wind and rain attracted some little attention from the passers by; but to jocose remarks and amused smiles he paid no heed.

Ah Lin was proceeding to a gambling resort, and his thoughts were not with the scenes and faces about him.

When he reached his destination on Dupont street he slipped a key from out of his sleeve and admitted himself into a large low room furnished with a long table, a couch, and some wooden chairs. A man reclined on the couch, and about a dozen were grouped around the table—all Chinamen. There was but one small window in the place, and the day being dull the gloom of the room seemed to be made palpable and visible by the light of two oil lamps. On the window-ledge was a pipe, a small lamp, and a tiny porcelain cup full of jellified opium.

One of the Chinamen arose, took the pipe, dipped a pin into the opium, turned it around until a quantity of the sticky drug adhered to it, then inserted it into the pipe, held the pipe over the flame of the lamp, and drew two or three long breaths. Here was peace and a foretaste of oblivion—a vapor was seen to exhale out of his mouth and nose.

Ah Lin walked up to the smoker and the two held a short confab.

"Well," said Ah Lin at length, "I have fifty cents left; with twenty-five cents I can draw a lot, and with the balance I will see if I can win half a dollar on a red cord stick."

"All right," returned the smoker, "and I'll do the same; but first let us worship the Tiger."

In the corner of a room on a small table stood a wooden image of a tiger, with wings, grasping an immense cash between its paws.

Ah Lin and Hom Lock lighted some sticks of incense and bowed themselves before the image of the Chinaman's gambling god.

Some one of those who were at the head of the center table called to Ah Lin and tried to prevail upon him to stake some money in a game which was played by means of a round board with a hole in the center through which a slender stick was passed and fastened underneath to a larger board. The top piece of wood was designed to be moved around like a wheel; it was marked off into many parts, upon which cabalistic figures were painted. Ah Lin had no inclination to spin the wheel, and turned to another man who sat near holding three sticks in his hand. These three sticks were three lots; three ends projected outward; three ends were grasped and hidden by the man's hand, hanging down from which was a red tassel or string professedly attached to one of the sticks. The sport consisted in guessing which stick had the red string.

Ah Lin ventured twenty-five cents on one of the lots or sticks, but lost. The head gambler pocketed the twenty-five cents and Ah Lin moved silently away. Luck was against him; if he had won he would have received his quarter back with another quarter added.

At the other end of the table was a deep earthen vessel, and around it were grouped the major part of the men in the room. One man was tying up small bundles containing sums of money from a cent up to twenty-five dollars. Each package was marked with a sign word. When his task was completed the man cast all the bundles into the vessels and in a loud voice announced that all who wished could cast lots, and for twenty-five cents have the chance of making twenty-five dollars.

A number, including Ah Lin, paid twenty-five cents and marked their names on a list of signs. Then the vessel and its contents were shaken up. All in turn were then invited to take at hazard from its portentous belly the parcel for which they had staked. As he opened his, Ah Lin's face turned gray; it contained but one cent.

"What have you got?" asked Hom Lock in an excited whisper, leaning over Ah Lin's shoulder. "Just one cent, eh? Well, I have the twenty-five dollars—the tiger favors me—he's a great god."

There was a crash; the lamps were knocked down and extinguished. Ah Lin had leapt across the table and was dragging the gambling god around the room, striking it repeatedly with a stick.

"It's a great god, isn't it?" he yelled. "See how it likes to be insulted. Oh, it's a big god!"

"It's a great god!" shouted Hom Lock; there was a knife in his hand; he pressed close to Ah Lin.

Ah Lin saw the knife, something slipped from his sleeve and two knives gleamed—then disappeared.

Some one struck a light. The owner of the place picked up the fallen god and placed it on the table. It calmly looked down upon two dead men.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Chinese New Year begins on the 9th day of February, and the day is regulated by the moon, always beginning with the new moon in February—according to the Chinese calendar. The months are so notated that each corresponds with the moon, containing 29 or 30 days—none shorter nor longer. Each new moon's first day is the first day of a new month. This calculation is made by a board of learned astronomers in Pekin for a period of three years. Every third year is leap year, and contains thirteen months; the others contain twelve months each, the different reckoning in time making the odd months. The month is not divided into weeks, and there are no Sundays. The joss house, or temple of worship, is open every day in the year.

These official calendars are sent to the leaders of the Chinese colonies throughout the world, and by them distributed to the most prominent local leaders. The calendar is about eight inches in length, and the pages, of which there are about 200, are some three inches in width. The reading matter is on historical and astronomical subjects, mainly; but there is much additional matter of a statistical and useful nature, similar to that found in our "annuals." The present reigning monarch comes in for a good share of "personal mention," and the "son of the moon" is made to appear—at least to Celestial eyes—even greater than the moon. Time is dated corresponding to the years the present monarch has reigned, and when he is succeeded by a new monarch time begins anew, and the calendar is dated the year 1. The book is read from what we style the end to the beginning, and the columns or characters are in vertical lines, and are read downwards and from right to left.

As the calendar book is not within the easy reach of the masses a small single-sheet calendar is issued, which also serves as a directory. The calendar and directory for the new year contains the official notation of the months, forecasts of the weather, moon's phases, and other astronomical reading in a concise form. The calendar sheet is about two feet in length and about eighteen inches in width, the calendar occupying about half of the sheet, including a picturesque view of the Bay of San Francisco. The remaining half is a directory of the Chinese quarters in San Francisco; also of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Each town of the Chinese quarter is divided into separate chapters, and placed under the separate heading of the city in which it is located. The business is written first, then the name, and next the street number. Names of five hundred and fifty Chinese engaged in business in San Francisco appear in its pages.

The Chinese New Year card is of blood red, about five inches in length and three inches wide. A visitor marks his name upon the upper left hand quarter, so that when the ticket is folded lengthwise, and doubled sidewise, the name will stand out in bold relief. Calling begins about daylight. The caller presents his card to the host, when each shakes his own hands and wishes to the other the customary "Happy New Year." They have not yet learned "Same to you!" First in order is a cup of tea, which the host always has in readiness. It is served in tiny porcelain cups, and drank while almost boiling hot, gulped down in two swallows, and without wincing. Sweetmeats of all kinds, spread upon tables, are then sampled by the guests, and each caller is given a small package. Short opium smokes follow, when the raiders retire to be followed by others. Many presents are given, but always these exchanges are of equal value. They have not learned the bunco game of giving a 75-cent handkerchief in exchange for a $20 gift.

The New Year card is pasted in a book, for future reference. The poorer class paste the cards upon the walls.

The women call upon each other in the afternoon. Men do not call upon women, even on New Year's Day. That would be scandalous.

In the evening "New Year's" dinners are given at the restaurants, and there the men meet the women, and exchange New Year's greetings. The dinners last about four hours, and, when eating becomes monotonous there is music—or what passes for it—by some one of the local Chinese orchestras. There is no dancing. The Chinese have never cultivated that art—they hire professionals to dance for them.

New Year's is celebrated from one day to a week, according to the finances of the celebrant. Only the greatest financial stress will compel a Chinese to work on New Year's Day. Unless he pays his debts he is refused credit for the coming year his name is "black-listed" in all of the stores. The chief amusement is feasting and attending the theaters, which offer extra features during the holiday season. High salaried stars are imported from the Flowery Land, some of whom receive as much as $100 a month, with board and lodging in the theater building. The extra features are usually of an acrobatic nature, and this is about the only time when really good acrobatic troupes are brought from China.

All Chinese who can afford a trip to China visit their relatives during the holidays, and, incidentally, purchase a new wife.

Chinatown is an especially interesting place for tourists to visit at New Year's, that unsavory quarter being then seen at its cleanest, and in its gayest dress.

士乾連

THE OPPORTUNITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

W. J. B.

A COMMUNITY, to be prosperous, should have its people employed: to be employed they must produce what others may want, and to cause others to purchase. The price and quality of product must suit the purchaser.

San Francisco, situated on the shores of the great Pacific Ocean, with all the natural advantages of deep water, easy of access, a perfectly land-locked bay, capable of accommodating the fleets of the world, with a country back of it of a productive capacity unequaled, connected by rail with all the great centers of this country, and a climate inviting to the mariner because of the absence of the rigor of other climes; seems to have been shaped and selected by nature as the one great commercial seaport on the western shores of this continent.

Nature with its lavish hand having carved for us this complete basin, with a gate through which we are enabled to reach the remote harbors of the earth, San Francisco should at this date, now past the fiftieth year of its American existence, rank second only in commercial importance to the first seaport of the United States.

Of late years our people have been severely criticised for the so-called want of energy in permitting trade to slip from their hands. Odious comparisons have been made, and contemptuous slurs thrown out at the sluggish methods of our business men. There may have been some truth in the sayings of these instructors of public policy, but, as these wise lecturers have not thrown themselves into the breach to arrest the flight of trade in other directions, we will simply ask a suspension of judgment and a cheerful exchange of views as to the best procedure at the hands of man to make San Francisco what the Almighty has designed it to be—the great unrivaled seaport of the Pacific.

WAILUA FALLS, KAUAI, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

To the south of us, as far as the territory of our Chilian friends, are markets that are capable of being largely increased, and paying a handsome profit to the seller. The Central American and Mexican trade should and can be quadrupled. The Australian traffic has not been fairly looked after, and consequently has advanced but little. If our government had shown a liberal disposition to aid our commerce this line would have received a fair compensation for carrying the United States mails, and if our delegation in Congress had been united in efforts to impress the government with the necessity of fostering so important a branch of our commerce, the port of San Francisco would now rejoice in more than double the service in that direction. And now rises the brilliant sun of trade in the far East with its dazzling rays, inviting us to supply and exchange with that country the products of our fields and our orchards and our factories. For many years we have been forewarned of the approaching growth of trade in the Orient, and it has been unfortunate that our people could not have awakened sooner to the realization of the profitable and gigantic trade that was gradually but surely expanding in the direction of our shores, with San Francisco as the port of entry.

For more than one quarter of a century this port has had steam connection with Japan and China. In the earlier years of this intercourse but little effort was made to enlarge or develop an exchange of products, which at that time, it is true, were not extensive, and also coupled with this was the unfamiliarity of the East with the people and methods of the West. This may have added to the seeming indifference to urge or force unripe traffic on either side. But later years have more than made up for the delinquencies of the earlier period; the pioneer steamship company has reaped a brilliant harvest, and the growing demand in the twilight of this trade has brought into existence a friendly competitor, which, with its increased tonnage, entered the lists to share in the profits of a traffic which has grown to such proportions that the most sanguine hopes of its projectors have been more than realized.

Year by year the trade between this port and Japan and China has shown a steady and healthy growth, taxing the tonnage to its utmost and beyond its limit, until it was compelled to seek relief at the ports of our Northern neighbors, who were not slow to furnish the needed facilities not obtainable at this port. And today they are on an equal basis in the division of this mighty traffic, that even now appears to have reached only the infantile stage.

Here then is another chance for our capitalists, our moneyed men, and merchants. Here is a sure and certain field for profitable investments; another opportunity to make San Francisco what Nature in its handiwork destined it to be, the great Commercial Emporium of the West. It may be asserted that there is already veteran steamship service covering the territory; that the new Japanese Ally will furnish ample facilities to handle the business accruing for years to come. But looking back a few brief years, it will not require a very keen prophetic eye to see how rapidly and enormous will be the future growth of this oriental traffic. The present fleet of steamships, while offering excellent accommodations to the extent of their capacity, are often placed in the position of rejecting proffered business that must seek transportation in other waters. We are now dividing the trade with our northern neighbors, who have been alert in adding to their fleets, but, like our local steamships, are continually refusing cargo for want of space. It is needless to remind the average business man that a lack of transportation throttles trade and prevents exploration in remote channels of commerce, causing a ruling of higher rates, limiting for the time the scope of the interchange of products, and directing into other channels the sought for relief. If, then, San Francisco does not now reach out for this grand prize, others will snatch the proffered plum. The thoughtful, careful man of means has only to cast his eye to the Atlantic seaboard and note the wonderful development of the freighting business by steamships between the ports of New York and Liverpool. Scores of improved Leviathan steam vessels find profitable employment between our Atlantic cities and Europe. They are of the most modern type, with an operating expense reduced to the minimum, and a carrying capacity raised to the maximum. Those vessels of immense tonnage with the most economical motive power and facilities for handling ship and cargo are able to carry huge cargoes of the cheapest products at minimum rates, and pay handsome dividends to the owners. The passenger traffic on the Atlantic has reached such colossal proportions that even a hint of its probable magnitude to the man of twenty years ago would have staggered the credulity of the most willing believer. We may not be able to reach up to the full measure of business done on the Atlantic, but there is before us a sufficient volume of trade to attract the notice of the most conservative capitalist, with assurances of ample room for immense increase of tonnage with certain profit.

There need be no fear of incurring the ill feeling of existing lines, as they are already overtaxed with business, and additional facilities will only increase the dimensions of a trade that is reaching out to us for means of transportation. The advent of another overland road into this city will also insure favorable terms to the Eastern States, and thus place the port within the limits of what may be termed the most favored traffic clause.

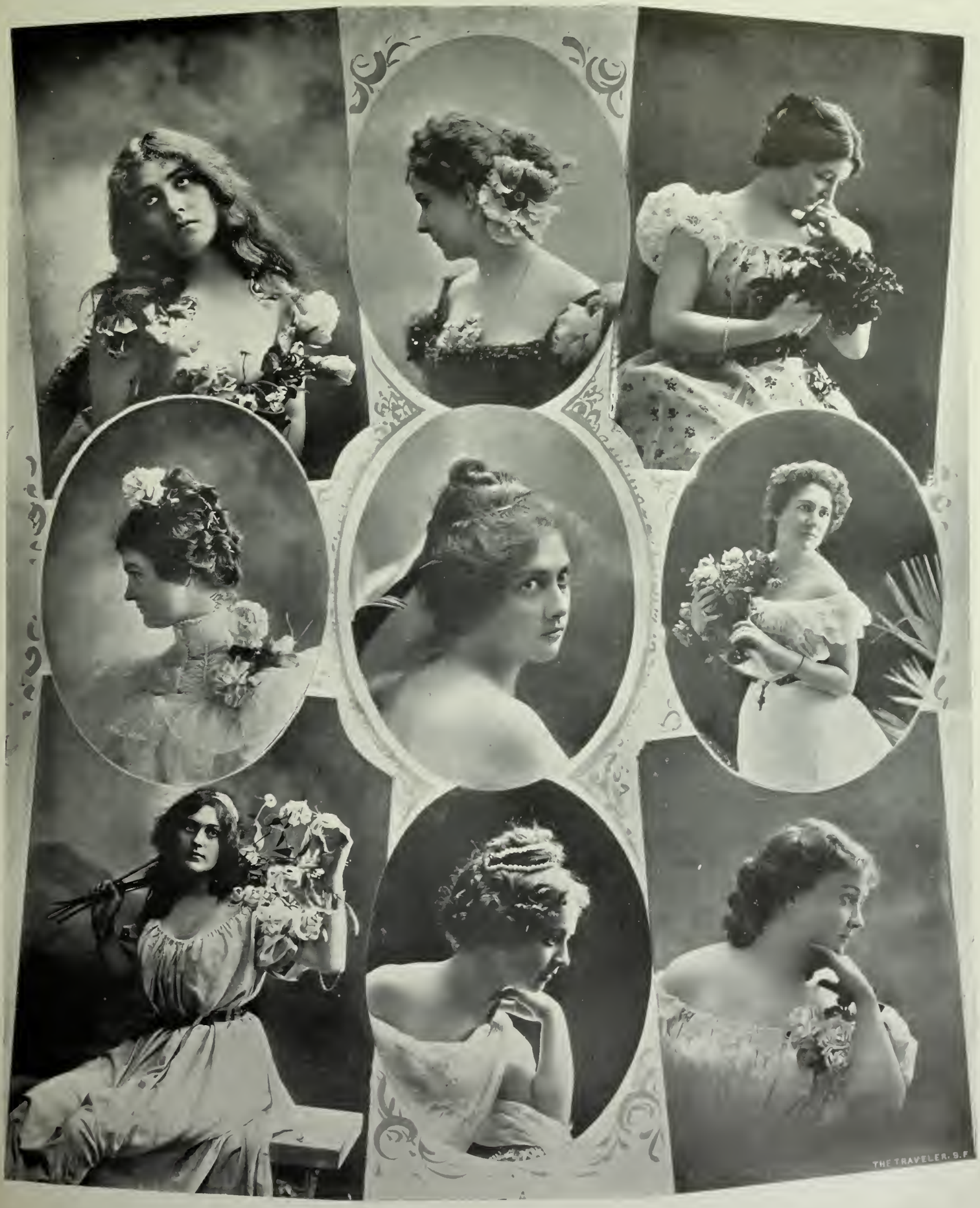
The wonderful progress made in the economical operating of steamships has reduced the cost of sea transportation to a surprisingly low degree—and it is that very progress that brings this coast into the certain position of being able to handle with large profit this immense commercial traffic now within our reach. This is not a proposition of sentiment, but one of gain. It should command the serious attention of clear-headed men of means.

It is astonishing that so little attention has been given to the commerce of this port, and that so little protection from harassing laws and officials has been extended. At one period not long since, under the guise of health preservation, the Board of Health of this city cast around our incoming vessels from abroad a network of ridiculous rules and arbitrary orders, that soon diverted the bulk of travel into more liberal channels, inflicting heavy loss on the mercantile community; and yet no protest from the press or business men went up to save to us this much needed traffic.

This port has passed the half century of American settlement, and to those who feel an interest, and who sometimes boast very loudly of American industry, it would not be amiss to call attention by way of comparison to the progress in marine matters of the little Island Empire of Japan. About thirty years ago (1868), the country emerged from the rule of Feudalism, with but about six small steam vessels plying in its inland waters only. Navigation was unknown, because of non-intercourse with foreign countries for two hundred and fifty years, and to-day they have steamship lines carrying their flag to China, Siberia, India, Australia, Europe and America, one company alone possessing a fleet of about ninety steamships, many of which are of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons burden. The total tonnage of the company reaches about 150,000 tons, an excellent showing of the maritime prowess of a nation which but thirty years ago entered the lists with veterans in the race for commerce and trade. We do not make so good a showing, but it is not too late to mend our ways.

Investment in the modern type of steamships, with experienced handling, cannot fail to yield good returns. There is a sufficiency of traffic within our reach to give profitable employment to four times the tonnage sailing from this port.

Will our moneyed men permit this splendid chance for healthy investment to pass them by? Investigate the situation, and learn for yourselves the bright commercial prospect inviting capital to permanent security with safe returns, in this broad field that has been so long neglected.



If choice of loveliness were thine,
Pray, which would be thy Valentine?

Some San Francisco types, photographed for the February TRAVELER by Coover & Rasmussen.

A MEETING OF GREEKS.

WM. M. TISDALE.

NO: I don't believe that Cap'n Jenkins ever took stock in second sight, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, or none of them fool fads. Still, bein' a man of destiny, like Cæsar and Napolyun, he naterally used to lay great stress by his dreams, believin' that a guardian spirit whispered to him in his sleep. Mornin's he'd tell his dreams to his wife, w'ich the same wuz his guardian spirit daytimes.

When the Cap'n wuz a-ranchin' down to'ards Yuma, an' I wuz a sorter foreman for him, there wuz a rush into the Pinal kentry owin' to a pocket find w'ich panned out 'bout thirty thousand dollars. This wuz th' only strike ever made in them diggin's, but th' excitement kept up for 'bout three months, during w'ich time Cap'n Jenkins made big money buyin' goods, wares an' merchandise from them miners as wuz a-comin' out, an' sellin' the same to them as wuz a goin' in. He also kep' a selec' stock of wines an' likkers in a 'dobe cellar. Them miners used to say that the Cap'n's place wuz truly an oasis in the desert.

'Mongst the queer characters that came an' went durin' th' excitement wuz one John McDougall, nicknamed "Baron" McDougall. He owned silver mines in Arizona an' big cattle ranges. He wuz a fine looker—tall, straight, muscular, with a long red beard that came to his waist, an' snappin' blue eyes set in a wide forehead. He wuz a holy terrer, too, an' he always traveled with a bodyguard of three renegade Cheyennes, w'ich he had enticed away from their reservation years before. They follered him everywhere, an' wuz a tough-lookin' posse, an' nobody ever mavericked very much on McDougall's ranges.

I liked McDougall fer his vim an' energy, in spite of his evil repertation. He used often to come to the ranch, an' took a great fancy for Mrs. Jenkins who wuz a-stoppin' there then. She'd mix him egg nog an' toddy, an' in her presence he wuz as meek as Moses. He c'ld talk on any subjec', an' 'twuz p ain to see that he'd been, sometime an' somewhere, a man of parts an' eddication. He wuz probably a well-bred Eastern gentleman exiled to the far West by an ungovern'ble temper, an' full of smoulderin' hatred for mankind. As polished and polite as you please when his fancy wuz tickled, but as untamed as a ravin' maniac when some one crossed his will. His friends feared him an' his enemies hated him like men hate a rattlesnake.

Wa'al, to come back to the Cap'n an' his dreams. He wakes up one mornin' an' says to his wife: "Jane, I had a queer dream last night. I drempt that there wuz a man a-standin' under that pepper tree yonder a-tannin' a buckskin. An' he said to 'nother man that wuz a-lookin' on: 'Bill, go up to th' house an' ask Mrs. Jenkins for the tea leaves out of her teapot. I want to set the tan on this hide so we kin cut some gloves out of it.' I saw it all," says the Cap'n, "as plain as day." An' Mrs. Jenkins says to him, "Cap'n, there's somethin' a-goin' to happen."

After a little the dream wuz fergot. But 'bout a week later, as we wuz all a-settin' in the shade, takin' our noonin', a feller come runnin' into camp, all dirt an' sweat, an' half crazy, and said that McDougall wuz after him an' wuz a-goin' to murder him. Quarrel over a minin' deal. This feller, whose name wuz McDonald, had found a mine, an' McDougall, follerin' his usual custom, had jumped the claim. After a little show of fight McDonald had guv it up. But McDougall wuz a-goin' to kill him for not lettin' go quicker. Said he'd have to make an 'xample of him, or property w'ldn't be safe. McDonald lit out and traveled day an' night to git to the Cap'n's ranch. He said that McDougall wuz hot on his trail an' his Injuns with him.

"Wa'al," said Cap'n Jenkins, "I ain't a-fightin' other folkses battles this fall. I have some troubles of my own. Still, I ain't a-goin' to permit no white man to be murdered by Injuns on my ranch—not if I kin help it. I'll stan' by an' see that you git a fair show. But you must do your own fightin'. Mebbe McDougall won't show up after all."

I can't say that I admired McDonald's personal 'pearance. His jaw wuz too narrer an' he w'ldn't look you in th' eye. It seemed to me like 'twuz a Scotch fight, anyway—McDonald against McDougall—an' I wuz for a-lettin' it alone. But the Cap'n's word was law on that ranch. He begun t' arrange his plan of campaign right away. Sent half a dozen Mexicans out to scout for McDougall. Put guns into a tent that wuz handy by the house an' cut some slits in the canvas. If McDougall wuz to come I wuz to go inside the tent with four or five of the best men, an' we all to cover McDougall an' his Injuns with our rifles. The Cap'n wuz to meet him unarmed. But, if the Cap'n raised his hand an' snapped his fingers, we wuz to blaze away an' to wipe McDougall an' his braves off'n the planet. The scheme seemed all right for us. The Cap'n had a great head when it come to plannin' for a fight.

Nothin' come of the matter for two or three days. But that wuz no sign that the fight wuz off, for McDougall never let go. In the meantime some of the Cap'n's men, who had been away on a hunt in the mountains, come back with a fine buck, w'ich they perceeded to skin an' dress, an' we feasted on venison. But what should McDonald do but go an' tan the hide? He wuz a-workin' under the pepper tree near th' house, an' when he got the hide nice an' soft an' just the right color he said to a young feller that wuz a-standin' near: "Billy, go up to th' house an' ask Mrs. Jenkins for the leaves in her teapot. I want to set the color on this hide, an' we'll cut some gloves out of it." Jest then Mrs. Jenkins happened to come to the door an' heered the remark. She pinted her finger at her husband an' said, "Your dream." An' he pinted his finger at his wife, at the same instant, an' said, "My dream." Then the Cap'n walked up to McDonald an' held out his hand.

"McDonald," he said, "your fate is linked with mine. You an' I air spiritooal affinities. I drempt 'bout you before I ever sot eyes on you. You're safe here now, McDonald. I'll fight for you to the last drop in my veins." An' McDonald stood an' stared, an' didn't half catch on, but he had sens enough to grasp the Cap'n's hand.

'Twa'n't many hours after this episode when a scout come a runnin' in with th' information that McDougall wuz a-comin' with his Injuns. The Cap'n ordered us all to our stations an' told Mrs. Jenkins that she'd better go into th' house. He said to McDonald, "Have you got a gun?" McDonald pulled an old pistol out of his clothes. "'Tain't a very good one," he replied. The Cap'n handed him a double-bar'ld shotgun. "There's nine buckshot in each bar'l," he said. "You kin do him up with this if you've got any nerve. Better git behind the tent, an' when I tell you to come out an' show yourself I want you to come right along an' fight like ——."

McDonald dis'peared behind the tent. I wuz inside with half a dozen others, all armed, when McDougall an' his Injuns come a-whoopin' an' a-gallopin' into camp an' pulled up right abreast of us. In half a second we had them all covered. McDougall wuz evidently fightin' full, an' fire wuz in his eyes. But he wuz as straight an' cool in his saddle as you ever see a man, an' them Injuns sot aroun' on their horses like so many copper statues an' never said a word. All the same their guns wuz handy an' their fingers on the locks.

"What's the matter, McDougall?" sung out the Cap'n. "What the devil do you ride into my ranch for in this warlike manner? You act like you wuz on a raid."

"I understand," said McDougall, "that you're a-harborin' one McDonald with w'ich I have a feud.

ARCADIAN SCENES IN CALIFORNIA.

I'm a-lookin' for him, an' I want you to git out of the way."

"He's here," replied the Cap'n, "an' you don't need to look no further. But I ain't a-harborin' nobody—only I'm a-goin' to see jestice done. An' you an' your cowardly red whelps ain't a-goin' to murder no white man on my premises. If McDonald will come out an' fight you I'll be a second for you both. But you've got to fight fair. Four agin one ain't a square deal."

"Seems to me that you're takin' on a lot of authority to dictate in this matter," grunted McDougall.

"Only th' authority of a gentleman that wants to see right an' jestice done betwixt his feller men," replied the Cap'n, perfectly cool, an' then he took a chaw of terbacker. 'Twuz a pretty sight to see him standin' there, straight as a ramrod, his hands on his hips, no gun in sight, lookin' McDougall right in th' eye an' a-makin' him blink and shake his head. "Shall I kill him?" said one of th' Injuns to McDougall, in a dialec' that he thought we did'nt understand. "Shall I kill him now?"

"No," said McDougall sharply, in the same lingo. "Don't shoot. I want to keep this man alive. If ever I want to git off'n th' earth in a hurry he's the man that 'll help me in good shape." Then he laughed, a thin, funny little chuckle, an' turned to the Cap'n agin. "So you won't guv him up without a fight?" he said.

"No!" said the Cap'n, in a voice of thunder.

Them two men wuz a-gamblin' with life an' death for the stakes, an' so fur the game wuz a draw. I had a bead on McDougall. If the Cap'n had raised his hand an' snapped his finger I'd have sent McDougall t' happier huntin' grounds. An' the boys beside me had them Injuns all covered. McDougall c'ldn't decide if 'twuz a bluff or not. But he thought likely th' Cap'n had a joker up his sleeve, an' he looked like a grizzly at bay.

But, jest when the seconds seemed like hours an' my eye had begun t' ache a-squintin' 'long that rifle bar'l, the quick wit of woman broke the strain, an' Mrs. Jenkins dropped the nickel in the slot that changed the hull combination. For she come out of th' house an' walked straight up to McDougall, never givin' her husband a glance, an' held out her hand.

Now, the last thing we wuz expectin' at this juncture wuz that a woman w'ld put herself in the way of firearms, but you bet Mrs. Jenkins knew what she wuz about.

"W'y, Baron," she said. "It's a long time sense you wuz here. Won't you git down an' have an egg nog or a little toddy?"

McDougall shed his sombrero an' bowed as polite as a dancin' master. He said somethin' to them Injuns that made them turn their horses an' ride away, as sullen an' black, though, as a set of fiends, then handed his gun to Mrs. Jenkins an' sprung to the ground, as light on his feet as a cat. Mrs. Jenkins told a Mexican boy to take his horse, an' the Cap'n follered her an' McDougall 'round th' house an' into the shade of the little veranda. Us boys sneaked out of the tent, an' McDougall never knew how near he stood that day to th' undiscivered kentry. McDonald kep' the tent 'twixt him an' McDougall, an' had skipped into the brush. We never see him again, nor the buckskin, nor the Cap'n's double-bar'ld shotgun, from w'ich I draw the conclusion that a very desir'ble relative in th' spirit is sometimes no good in the flesh.

"Cap'n Jenkins," said McDougall cheerfully, smackin' his lips, after the toddy had circulated a few times, "this is mighty fine whisky of yourn. What d'you ask for it?"

"There's different prices," said the Cap'n. "I kin sell you some for a dollar a pint, an' a better quality for a dollar an' a half. This that we're a-drinking is a dollar an' a half."

"I've got a camp 'bout five miles due north of here," said McDougall. "S'pose you have some of your boys bring me over the worth of that," an' he handed the Cap'n five twenty-dollar gold-pieces, w'ich transaction resulted in two pack mules leavin' our camp that night for McDougall's.

An' that's how what seemed like to be a field of gore was changed by a woman's wit into a neat business deal, an' likewise a scene of jolly festivity.

AN EVEN GAME.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

A fire glowed softly in the grate. The drawing-room was warm and comfortable and faintly perfumed with the delicate odor of violets, a handful of which bloomed darkly in a dainty cloissonne vase on a small inlaid table. Reginald did not care for violets. Roses were more to his liking—big, soft, velvety roses, with the fragrance of summer in their crimson petals, the passion of the tropics in their hearts. Violets! They were only suitable for school-girls. Why Ethel should have so unreasonable a fad for them he could not comprehend. As he lit his cigar a slender figure in a clinging blue gown stepped between the portierres.

"Wouldn't you just as leave smoke in your den, Reggie dear?" said a soft voice at his side. "The curtains, you know—I'll keep you company there—"

"Why, certainly, little one," was the response. "Fact is, I didn't think about the curtains. And, by the way, I very nearly forgot that I had promised to meet one of Stanley's New York friends at the club to-night—you won't mind, will you? Don't stay up for me. You must keep good hours, you know, or you'll lose those pink cheeks. Now, don't scold, dearie. A fellow can't leave all his old chums in the lurch, just because he has been married six months to the dearest little girl in town. Help me on with my overcoat? Thanks—and, au revoir!"

The front door closed. A clanging cable-car slowed up in passing, and a tall form swung to the dummy.

"Gad!" was the exclamation that the whirr of machinery drowned out. "Those violets made me as irritable as an old woman to-night. Yet Ethel is a dear little thing. Why is it, when a man has purity—and violets—in his keeping, that he longs for diablerie—and roses? Poor little girl! I suppose she'll feel abused and all that sort of thing. Hang the luck!"

The car sped on, carrying it's freight to their uptown destination. But it was not a neighborhood of clubs.

The violets drooped perceptibly—was it in grief? Or was the room too overpowering in its warmth? The blue gown trailed aimlessly up and down the richly furnished apartment. Hot tears splashed on the small ringed hands that clasped and unclasped restlessly beneath ruffles of lace.

"He puts me aside like a toy," she said, looking pathetically at the handsome ormolu clock on the carved mantel; but the stately time-piece stared back after the unsympathetic manner of clocks, no matter what the domestic tragedy that they may witness. It lacked a quarter of eight. Why should she mope in loneliness when a single word would bring some one who did not prefer clubs to her companionship—and who liked violets?

She paused by the blossoms on the table. Her cheek flushed as she recalled what he had told her the other day—that tears in eyes like her's would remind him of violets dipped in dew. His tone had been so gentle, so kind!

A moment later the telephone rang a sharp, eager response to her call. And the violets in the vase—fragrant synonyms of purity—withered at the sound as 'twere their death-knell, and yielded their lives in a perfumed sigh.

NIGHT ON THE DESERT.

JOHN HAMILTON GILMOUR.

Day is growing faint. The pale purple of decay is fast spreading over her once radiant face, becoming deeper and deeper as the end is reached. Night comes speedily. No delicious twilight enchants the resting senses. There is no intermediate step from the glare of sunlight to the somber hues of night. In the daytime the monotony affrights. The never-ending waves of sand, the dismal patches of sagebrush, being ever before one the oppressive thought of death—living death. So powerful is this that one almost feels inclined to cry aloud and stab the silence with a piercing shriek.

Curious are the feelings of man regarding the desert when day is at her height. A marvelous change comes over him when she sinks into deeper sloth. For night brings peace.

Have you ever been unable to sleep, overcome by the oppression of the unknown? If you have lived alone in the outskirts of the desert my meaning will become apparent. The loneliness sharpens every sense. The quiver of the air, the rustle of the leaves, the swaying of the grasses—all that you so much enjoyed before you tried to sleep disturbs you. It is strange what a loud and startling noise a single leaf can make to your nervous hearing.

A PICTURESQUE PLACE OF WORSHIP. Tab. Photo.

The ivy-clad stone walls that beautify St. Matthew's Church at San Mateo.

Four tiny feet patter over the sands. It is a rabbit. A filing of the wall begins. It is a field mouse. The cock quail drums loudly through the night, and faint in reply comes the warning answer of his mate. It is not an encheering sound. Often have I thought, when hearing their mournful screams, of lost souls wandering, calling—calling in vain for that helping hand which is ever denied them. An owl floats slowly toward the moon, showing a shadow against the disc of silver. A distant bark breaks in upon the quiet air. All the colony of dogs is awakened, and amid the appalling din comes the sharp yelp of the coyote.

Then the noises die, and sleep steals quietly to the brain, as the regnant moon moves higher up her orbit, brightening the dreaming world with a beauty far more beautiful than that of her brother, the sun.

OUR THEATERS.

THE charm that the stage possesses for the public is something more than the mere entertainment it affords the theater habitue. It has a mystery all its own. It is the dividing line between that which is visible to the audience and that which is not that catches the fancy and holds it irrisistibly. In brief, the fascinated interest that the average theater-goer feels for the stage is due to the glamor and mystery pervading it.

All this would receive its death blow could the observer spend one half hour behind the scenes.

It is something like finding that one's doll is stuffed with sawdust to invade the carefully-curtained-off realm behind the scenes. Invariably, no matter what the pretensions of the playhouse, the surroundings are the same. The disillusion is complete. Small, bare of brilliancy, chill and draughty, with scene-shifters hurrying to and fro, and men and women plastered o'er with make-up, scurrying like scared rabbits to cover in the direction of their dressing-rooms, the environment of the stage is as unlike that visible to the audience as a hall closet is unlike a brilliantly lighted drawing-room.

Now, this is all right, and a part of the business, and practically no affair of the general public's. But I call attention to the fact because it is partly owing to this foolish glamor that so many girls are stage struck. If they only knew what an unsatisfactory, hard-working existence the smiling stage sirens before them lead—how they gladly drop the mask the instant they are out of sight, and how unutterably weary they are of the strain under which they are laboring—the stage-mad maid would go home thanking her lucky stars that she were well out of such trouble herself.

Theatrical people work the hardest for their money of any professional people anywhere—not even excepting newspaper people—because of the terrible nervous strain upon them. Remember this when some one on the stage makes a great success—it will help you to appreciate the victory and the cost of it to the nervous system. And remember it, too, when some one makes a conspicuous failure—it will help you to appreciate the pitiful despair of mistaken ambition.

Among the women who have been conspicuously successful on the stage, though not in a histrionic way, is Papinta, the now famous skirt dancer, who last week concluded an extended engagement at the Orpheum.

KATHRYN KIDDER. *Elite photo.*
At the Columbia, February 6, with Ward and James.

Papinta has been on the stage five years. She is unquestionably the most artistic and graceful danseuse of diaphanous-drapery specialties before the public. It goes without saying that she is the most popular, and, what seems odd at first thought, is quite idolized in staid old spectacled, classic, bean-fed Boston, where she has played engagements of unprecedented length. Moreover, Papinta has been wise. She has saved her money, investing it in a fine ranch of 160 beautifully

ADELAIDE FITZALLAN.
The new leading lady of the Alcazar Stock Company.

improved acres, with a stable of Kentucky thoroughbreds, over in Contra Costa County, to which she will retire one of these days, a woman of wealth and much good common sense, as well as artistic ideas.

The Orpheum presents its usual jolly bill for the week of February 1st. All the hold-overs are good, and the new turns of Orpheum excellence. Lovers of ragtime amusement will find "Clorindy," a one-act bit of comic opera work, worth seeing. Thirty colored people have cake-walked themselves into popularity in this boiled down version of E. E. Rice's great New York success, from which the cake walk as an institution of the stage is supposed to have come. Then there are Della Rocco, the violinist, and Milton and Dolly Nobles, in their one-act play, "Why Walker Reformed."

Kathryn Kidder, Louis James and Frederick Warde, the triumvirate of whose triple-plated brilliancy we expect much, and know we shall not be disappointed, will be at the Columbia for a two weeks' engagement, commencing on the 6th instant. Two enterprising young managers are directing the destiny of these stars—Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper, who pride themselves upon having the finest, most elaborate and most expensive stage settings, costumes and scenery on the road. Miss Kidder is well known to San Francisco as a painstaking, ambitious, talented artist.

At the California is Broadhurst's latest farce, "Why Smith Left Home." The piece is directly in line with the best light farces of the day. Everybody remembers the success that "What Happened to Jones" made here in the hands of the Harry Corson Clarke Company—as witty a play of its kind as has ever been put on the local boards. The satire in the new play by Broadhurst is on the household-help question, the incidents being capitally developed. In the cast are two clever people well-liked by our theater-goers—Maclyn Arbuckle and Dorothy Usner. The former does his usual good work in the role of John Smith. Arbuckle is a versatile and satisfactory actor. Miss Usner will be remembered partly for her prettiness and talent and partly for her saucy denunciation of Nat Goodwin, when she fled that comedian's company at the Antipodes and came to San Francisco with all sorts of things to say about Nat. Dorothy is a bright girl on advertising points, and knows well how to make a neat turn in that line, in which she could give pointers to many a press agent.

Black Patti's Troubadours will be the next attraction at the California.

Sousa and his incomparable band are coming under the Gottlob-Marx management. To the Columbia are booked "The Sign of the Cross" and the Bostonians.

The Alcazar has an already popular new leading lady in Miss Adelaide Fitzallan—the first Roxane seen in this city. She made a hit with the younger Salvini, being the only Desdemona whom he would have. She created the role with him and was engaged at her own terms to rejoin him the season that was canceled by his untimely death. In Vancouver Miss Fitzallen was enthusiastically received as Mrs. Eastlake Chappel in "Crust of Society."

The Alcazar Stock Company has done excellent work this week in "Peaceful Valley," Sol Smith Russell's comedy-drama of New England life. The play is delightfully handled by the people in the cast and charmingly staged.

The next attraction at the Alcazar, during the week of the 6th inst., will be a "A Bachelor's Honeymoon."

Offenbach's comic opera, "La Perichole" has had a successful run at the Tivoli. Next week "Madeline, or the Magic Kiss" will be produced.

At the Columbia the advance sale of seats for the Kidder-James-Warde Combination has been unusually large. The bill for the nights of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday will be "A School for Scandal," the same piece also being played at Saturday's matinee. On Wednesday and Sunday nights "Othello," on Saturday night "Macbeth."

Mrs. F. M. Bates has gone East to join her talented daughter Blanche, who wired her to come on immediately, business opportunities making the change desirable from San Faancisco to New York.

It is more than likely that San Francisco will have a

DOROTHY USNER.
In the comedy, "Why Smith Left Home," at the California

new theater. Messrs. Gottlob and Marx are indefatigable in their efforts to secure the lease of a good site for that purpose within a block of the Columbia. A corner of Ellis and Powell would be an admirable location, and it is this property that the theatrical managers are endeavoring to secure.

Comedy has held the boards at most of the playhouses the past month, while patrons held their sides with laughter. Well, we need to laugh at night. We have troubles enough to face in the daytime.

THE BOHEMIAN.

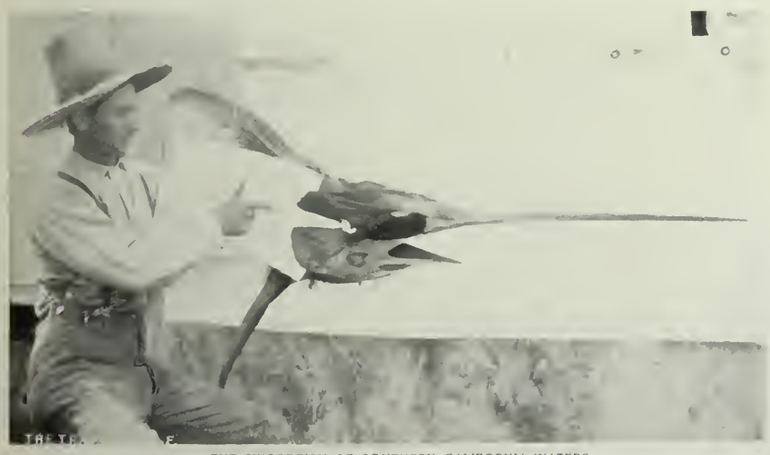
SOME OCEAN DUELISTS.

CHARLES F. HOLDER.

THE waters of the California Coast, especially from Monterey to the South, are remarkable for the variety of animals found. This is particularly true regarding fishes, which appear in a multitude of forms and garbs, representing almost every zone.

Among them are two sword fishes; one with a long slender weapon, a perfect rapier, the other bearing a short sword as it were. These swordsmen of the sea are, as might be imagined, not the peace makers among the finny tribes, but, on the contrary, are warlike and troublesome, and are included among the marine risks by insurance men, who recognize in them a lurking and ever present danger to shipping. That this is not imaginary is well shown by the labors of the late Prof. S. Brown Goode, of the Smithtonian Institute at Washington, who collected a remarkable list of attacks made by sword fishes upon vessels. Some of these are almost past belief, and show a force on the part of the fish that would not be believed except upon the strongest evidence. Thus the yacht "Red Hot," owned by the United States Fish Commissioners, was sunk by a sword fish in 1871, the enraged animal sending its rapier through the solid sides of the hull, apparently with as much ease as though it had been paper. The most remarkable attack of a ship on record is that made upon the "Fortune." The vessel was found to be leaking and forced to put into port, where she was "hove down" and the sword of a sword fish discovered in her hull. The entire cargo had to be discharged before it could be repaired. The section which held the sword was cut out, and it was found that the sword had passed through (1) the copper; (2) an inch board under sheathing; (3) a three-inch plank of hard wood; (4) twelve inches of solid white oak timber; (5) the head of an oil cask. In brief, this long sword had almost the force of a cannon ball, and might well be compared to those of half a century ago so far as its destructive power was concerned.

It is believed that the sword fish has a special animostly against whales, and mistakes vessels for them



THE SWORDFISH OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WATERS

Killed in battle with another of its kind: "2" indicates one wound from the front, while the thumb of the fisherman's left hand rests upon another wound.

Such an attack is fatal to the fish in all probability, as the sword is broken off and the fish terribly maimed. The list made by Professor Goode shows that hardly a week passes without a vessel being struck by one of these swordsmen of the sea.

The fish is constantly engaged in fighting, and off San Pedro a remarkable duel was witnessed by some fishermen. The water was observed to be greatly disturbed some distance from shore, and the men rowed out to find that the commotion was caused by two sword fishes that were dashing at each other, charging, retreating, leaping into the air, evidently engaged in a desperate contest. They would separate, then come together like cannon balls, their fins hissing along the surface, and at the contact tossing great masses of foam into the air. This duel continued some time, the fishes making desperate rushes at each other, until finally one received an injury that apparently demoralized it, as it turned and attempted to retreat; this was the fatal moment, as the other sword fish charged from behind, striking it near the right pectoral fin, and ripping it up far into the gill, the wound being indicated in the illustration by (2).

The fish was mortally wounded, and after thrashing about upon the surface for some time it was picked up and taken to Avalon.

The illustration was made to show the fatal wound, which, as indicated, came from behind a piece of paper being thrust back of it to show its effect upon the heavy gill cover, cutting it completely to the eye; indeed, the point of the sword undoubtedly extended through the eye, and possibly out into the mouth. There were many other wounds received in the duel which are not shown in the photograph. One was beneath the sword, another on top of it, and the weapon itself was shattered or split. The body of the fish also bore several wounds, showing the desperate nature of the combat. The sword of the victim was three and a half feet long, sharp and slender, and a terrible weapon; yet the unknown or unseen foe had routed it in a contest of less than half an hour.

That these combats are common is shown by the fact that numbers of sword fishes have been found run through and through. The specimen shown in the accompanying illustration is known as Xiphias, but the second sword fish found here is Tetraphurus, or bill fish. It bears a close resemblance to the sword fish, but its sword is very short. This does not prevent it from exhibiting its fighting powers, and it is said to be even more vindictive than its ally.

It was the writer's good fortune to find one of these fishes which had been killed in a duel at Catalina harbor, on the west side of the island of that name. The battle had been fought on the outside, and the body accidentally driven in. It was about seven feet long, the body thick set and very powerful; about a foot of the short sword had been broken off. The fish had undoubtedly struck its enemy so powerful a blow that it had shattered its sword, and then defenseless, it had been run through and through. There were three or four desperate wounds in the body, where the long sword, evidently that of a Xiphias, had penetrated. In all probability the fish weighed three or four hundred pounds.

The post office department has designed a series of new postage stamps for Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, to be supplied by the bureau of engraving and printing. In Cuban postage the one-cent stamp will bear a representation of the statue of Columbus standing in the courtyard of the captain-general's palace at Havana. The two-cent stamp will bear a map of Cuba; the three-cent stamp a reproduction of the statue of "La Cubana," a female figure in marble, emblematic of the island, which stands in one of the parks of Havana.

The five-cent stamp will be decorated with a picture of one of the new steamers of the New York and Cuba Mail Company, and the ten-cent stamp will present an agricultural scene, a Cuban plowing in a tobacco field with a yoke of oxen and a group of royal palms in the background.

For the present the countries named will be treated by the post office department as foreign countries and the old rates of postage will be maintained, five cents in stamps being required to carry a letter to Cuba or Porto Rico, as before.

FROM ROSES TO SNOW IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

S. M. KENNEDY.

California is proverbially the land of contrasts and contradictions, and in nothing else is this more conspicuous than in the matter of climate. During the wet season, when it rains in the valleys, snow falls at the greater altitudes, and a distinct line is then visible on the face of the mountains, indicating where winter leaves off and summer begins.

One day last year some members of the Pasadena Board of Trade made what is in all probability the quickest possible journey from summer to winter. They assembled at Altadena, a superb of Pasadena, and for a short while wandered among gardens luxuriant with flowers and semi-tropical plants. Around

AMONG THE ROSES AT ALTADENA.

From a Photo taken at 10:30 A. M.

them in every direction were hundreds of acres of oranges and lemons, the golden fruit on the trees inviting them to pluck and taste. At 10:30 A. M. the party boarded one of the cars of the Mount Lowe Railway, which in less than half an hour carried them to the foot of the great cable incline, one of the most wonderfully constructed railways in the world. This road climbs nearly fourteen hundred feet in a distance of three thousand feet, the time required to make the ascent being about ten minutes. On reaching the top the travelers again changed on to an electric car for still loftier heights, and at 11:15 A. M. were in an entirely different climate. Piled high around them were great snow drifts—snow on every side—enough to make an Alaskan winter.

On looking away below they could see the beautiful San Gabriel Valley, spread out like a great panorama. There were the very gardens and ranches from which they had plucked roses and oranges only three quarters of an hour previous. Farther off were visible cities, towns and seaside resorts, all bathed in the sunshine of a summer day.

The first of the accompanying photographs shows the party at Altadena, and at a little distance, over the

ON THE SNOW LINE.

Photo taken at 11:15 A. M.

top of the house, may be seen the snow line. The second view speaks for itself, and was taken just forty-five minutes after the first.

Almost equally as startling is the change between Altadena and Santa Monica, really a part of this trip, where one may dip in the surf, and play snow ball two and one-half hours later.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

The street-car conductor, of either cable or electric service, in order to be really successful in his especial line of usefulness, should have eyes in the back of his head, and an extra pair of ears. Of course, any man provided with a quartet of eyes and another of ears would be snapped up at a handsome salary by a dime museum manager, and probably never fulfill his rightful destiny as a bell-puncher and nickel collector. But it is too much to expect that the ordinarily equipped person as to organs of sight and hearing can ever make an ideal car conductor.

Eternal vigilance; a certain degree of astuteness along the line of second sight; superhuman patience; tact and judgment—these are a few of the requirements necessary to make a car conductor worth his daily stipend. No man in the humbler walks—perhaps one should say rides—of life occupies a position more trying than he and gets less credit for refraining from homicide.

True, there are impertinent conductors, but they are rare. In several years' experience I have encountered but one, and the incident was fraught with a certain amusement which is entirely lost in the telling, but which I recall with interest because it marked the first and only time in my checkered career (why shouldn't one say "striped" with just as much reason?) career when a conductor tried to kill me with a look.

It happened on the Powell-street line. I had expected to leave the car without a transfer and do some shopping on Market street, but it commenced raining when the car was nearing the turn-table and I changed my plans. This was after the autocrat in uniform had dispensed the transfer tickets and replaced the remainder of the bunch of pasteboards in his pocket.

"I will take a transfer if you please," I said, as the car approached the terminus and I had succeeded in catching the conductorial eye.

And such an expression as that eye thereupon conveyed! Oh, the scorn of it! As though it said: "Idiotic passenger that you are—why didn't you say so before? Don't you know your own mind?"

It was really very funny—to be called down by a few unconsequential feet of car conductor without brains under his cap! As I took the transfer, instead of quivering and shriveling beneath the weight of that glance, shot my way with such deadly intent, I looked that minion of the great corporation bravely in the eye (oh, the temerity of woman upon occasion!) and—laughed with much unholy glee.

When you want to "get even," girls, don't slam doors or bng things about. It isn't ladylike. Just laugh—a provokingly good-natured but timely laugh. It goes to the vulnerable spot—which is somebody else's temper—every time.

Speaking of car men, though, they have a particularly efficient class of them on the Castro-street line. Into the slot of the latter go some sixty nickels of mine each month. One of the conductors is a wild-eyed but well-meaning Irishman with a foghorn voice, who charges from end to end of the car with the grace and energy of a buffalo on a rampage. The importance of his position has magnified itself in his mind until he fancies that he has the destiny of the entire Market-street system on his shoulders. He tries to do his duty, heaven knows, but he falls all over himself and his passengers in doing it. And he takes himself so seriously that every one laughs at him—a circumstance which he is too honestly thickheaded to observe. When he makes for my corner in the car I always prepare to jump through the window if necessary to escape with my life, for he is quite certain to walk all over my toes in reaching for my fare, and I love not to serve as a carpet for two hundred pounds of Hibernian or other flesh.

The other day a tall, thin, meek-looking young man of ministerial studious appearance, happened to get his number-some-things tangled up with the stogy-boot number-somethings of my Irishman.

"Sure, now," exclaimed the latter with a gentleness of a snorting elephant, as he hastily recovered equilibrium and registered a ping for the meek one's fare, "you should put them feet of yours along with the extra baggage on the dummy with the gripman."

The meek man rose deliberately and towered over the other's head.

"Sir," he said severely, as he prepared to leave the car, "you are the irresponsible representative of a conscienceless corporation."

"What was them names the spalpeen called me?" excitedly demanded the Irishman of a platform passenger after he had hustled a woman with five children on board and settled a lively dispute with her as to the truth of each being under five years of age. "Was it American he was talkin' at me?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but he wasn't cussin' you, old man. He was givin' it to Uncle Collis."

"I'm glad I didn't hit him, then," ruminated the conductor. "I would have lost me job, and Uncle Collis would never have believed I was fightin' his battles for him."

A smartly gowned young woman with a tip-tilted nose and a snobbish air sat in a McAllister-street cable-car the other day. By her side was a rather large telescope basket taking up enough room for two people. Standing were all the men in the car and three women, but the young woman sat stonily on. Finally the conductor—who had been rather badly mixed up in issuing transfers and taking on new freight, and so had not noticed the amount of space she was occupying—stepped up to her highness and said: "I will take your baggage to the dummy, Miss." She snatched it from him sharply.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said she.

The conductor politely insisted. The haughty one impolitely resisted. The contest became critical—so much so that when the conductor finally got the basket off the seat and motioned to the standing ones to sit not a mother's daughter of them dared to do so lest her eyes might be clawed out by the spitfire in good clothes beside her.

It ended by the basket and its owner leaving the car with many threats that she would have number blank discharged at once. And this is one of many reasons why I say that the conductor's lot is not one to be looked upon with consuming envy.

With the coming on of the winter season the "wash veil" went abruptly out of style, but I cling fondly to mine nevertheless, for never was veil so comfortable, so cleanly, so accommodating. Having known the dear delight of a fabric on my face that keeps wind and dust from doing their worst and at the same time softly nestles in place, and which can be made as fresh and sweet by soap and water every night as though it were new, how can I give it up? So I slosh around in the rain with my head tied up in spotless netting, and don't care if I am as out of date as a linen duster in December. And why should I? My sisters with Tuxedo veiling are miserable while I am comfortable. The blotches of chenille on thin veils hurt their eyes, the wire that fastens these tiny instruments of torture scratch their noses, and at night they are folded away with untold numbers of microbes roosting serenely in their meshes.

But, after all, it takes a lot of courage to defy fashion in the small matters of dress. I do not love style less, but my wash veil more.

LICK OBSERVATORY IN WINTER.

Certain small children of my acquaintance have been saying some rather bright things lately. However, we're used to juvenile cleverness in California, and naturally expect to go some other States one better in the quality of infantile precocity out here.

A small knickerbockered traveler on the Sacramento train was on his knees in a Pullman with his tiny nose flattened against the window pane, watching the flying landscape. Silhouetted against the rosy evening sky were some tall pine trees. He looked at them attentively.

"See, mamma," he said, "how straight they are."

"Yes," answered mamma, "just like soldiers."

Knickerbockers eyed them a few seconds thoughtfully.

"I know," he observed—"they're God's soldiers."

OFF THE CALENDAR.

The other day he wrote with care
A letter to his lady fair.
And asked that she his name would share.

But by the next day's morning mail
Her answer came—'twas no avail,
And when he read his cheek grew pale.

"I will not," so the letter ran,
"Agree to marry any man
Who is behind the times. I can

"Forgive some faults of men, but oh,
My friend, you're really quite TOO slow.
Pray pardon if I tell you so."

Straight to his office letter file
He went, his nervousness the while
Increasing as he turned the pile

Of correspondence o'er and o'er.
The sheet he tossed upon the floor.
And then, just like a man, he swore.

For there upon the duplicate
In figures large he saw his fate—
Not '99, but 98!

Out on Hayes street lives a little black-eyed three-year-old girl whose father is a regimental officer in the First California. The other day the family gave a dinner party, and by special dispensation Miss California was brought in with the dessert and allowed to sit for a few minutes in her high chair. Of course everybody proceeded to make much of her, and somebody said by way of saying something that would interest her small mind: "Well, what is your papa going to bring you when he comes from Manila?"

There was silence for a half-minute. The fond mother glanced proudly at her offspring, who was behaving beautifully "in company." The question was repeated, and Miss California opened her rosebud lips in astounding answer.

"My papa," she remarked gravely, and with great distinctness, "is going to brung me a little black brudder."

Tableau!

Indiana has a minister of the gospel who was unceremoniously jilted the other day by his best girl a few hours before the wedding. She went away with a handsomer man and was married to him—a cool proceeding, even for January.

What did the man she left behind her do? Tear his hair and rave, or permit his heart to break into small pieces? Nay, nay, Pauline. He promptly commenced suit against the other fellow for the total amount of expenses he (the reverend suitor) had incurred in the way of preparations for the wedding, etc. The judge has not yet handed down his decision. I hope it will be unfavorable to the plaintiff, because he is not living up to the scriptures. When his enemy smited him on one cheek by stealing his sweetheart he should have turned to him the other, instead of which he seeks pecuniary revenge. Really, we must not let these ministers get too worldly. The Indiana pastor has set a dangerous example.

And there's a minister in Chicago who has had a religious chill of excitement because Dewey swore a bit during the great battle of May 1st, 1898. He is reaching upward in a frantic endeavor to cloud the glory of our bright particular star in the United States Navy.

Won't somebody please call the dog.

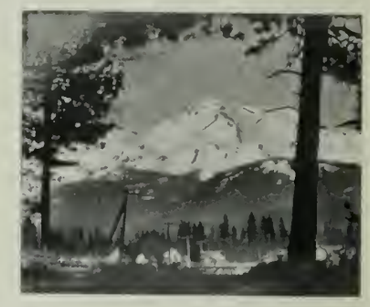
What if Dewey did use a big D or any other brand of verbal explosive that he wanted to? He can swear and swear and swear, just as much as he chooses, and who is there outside of Chicago to say him nay?

If this country had more men like Dewey and fewer men like the Chicago preacher we would be a prouder nation even than we are to-day.

DON'T WEAR YOUR HEART UPON YOUR SLEEVE.

I know there are days for you and me
When music runs in a minor key;
It is hard to be cheerful when joys take wing,
And life is sometimes a bitter thing.
But sorrow in secret. Let no one know
The depth of your trouble, the weight of your woe;
Though enemies triumph and friends deceive,
Don't carry your heart upon your sleeve.

Keep the bright banner of hope unfurled
And smile in the face of a frowning world.
No matter how coldly the winds may blow,
The morrow may dawn with a sunrise glow.
Bury your trials from human sight
And steal to their grave in the dead of night.
Weep if you must, but in silence grieve—
Don't carry your heart upon your sleeve.



A GLIMPSE OF SHASTA.

The inaugural ball at Sacramento last month was certainly brilliant as to numbers in attendance, decorations and military uniforms. Socially it was not so dazzling; but then an inaugural ball is not a society affair in the strict sense of the word, and it would have been quite unfair for the spectator to judge it upon its social merits. True, there were society folk there—and of the best quality—but it was distinctly a politicians' affair, and therefore heterogenious. But it is just as well to attend an inaugural ball once in four years—it gives one a chance to thank the powers that it doesn't come round any oftener.

AFTER THE INAUGURAL BALL.

THE DRESS SUIT SOLILOQUIZES.

With the latest in celluloid collars,
White gloves and a spotless cravat,
I was rented for five paltry dollars—
To think I've descended to that!
Then I went on a singular mission;
Though several sizes too small,
I was hired by a stout politician
To wear at the Governor's Ball.

Although I was slightly moth-eaten,
My surface they'd carefully pressed.
My trousers had put a new seat in
And mended a rip in my vest.
But having been made for a princeling
In size rather slender and tall,
I looked like a sausage in broadcloth
That night at the Governor's Ball.

And yet not alone in my glory (?)
I waltzed 'neath the Capitol's dome—
There were other dress suits in the ballroom
That wished they had never left home.
I longed for my peg in the corner
High up on a closeted wall,
But I had to dance out that five dollars
The night of the Governor's Ball.

I saw, with a fair maid from Yuba,
While waiting the march to begin,
A reconcentrado from Cuba—
At least he was painfully thin.
His coat flapped about on his shoulders
Like a sail in the teeth of a squall.
Oh, motley the dress suits that capered
That night at the Governor's Ball.

When down to the banqueting table
Went each hungry, misfitted male,
Where "Vin Sacrament" was the label,
The oysters went flabby and pale.
I am off for the cleaner's and dyer's,
Baptized by a coffee cup's fall.
Bad luck to the next man who hires
Me out to a Governor's Ball!

ITEMS.

A novel idea in the hotel line has been inaugurated by Mr. J. H. Holmes, manager of the Hotel Green, Pasadena. "Hotel Green Topics" is the title of a little illustrated weekly, full of pleasant gossip about the four hundred guests of the hotel. Surely the Green is up to date both inside and out.

The arrival of the Philadelphia at Coronado has added to the society of the Hotel del Coronado, as the officers of the cruiser are at the big hotel, having joined their families, who were awaiting their coming. The naval people are always happy when they reach Coronado, and no wonder, for "life there is a dream," and the blue-jackets are welcomed, and everything done to make their stay a continued round of pleasure.

On January 21st a very interesting stereopticon exhibition was given by Mr. S. B. Ryan and the well-known photographer, Mr. Weidner, at the parlors of the Occidental Hotel. A splendid assortment of round-the-world views was presented, including a few of the most recent war scenes.

We have received the first copy of the Hotel Gazette and Outing, which is the new name for the Los Angeles Hotel Gazette. The daily has been abandoned, and its successor makes its bow in magazine form, to be published monthly.

No. 1 is a very creditable edition, and the editors promise a more elaborate number of sporting departments beginning with their next issue. We wish them every success.

The Rainier-Grand Hotel, at Seattle, has been so completely renovated and remodeled of late that its old patrons would hardly recognize it. It recently was leased by Messrs. Harrison & Rathbone, both well-known and experienced hotel men, and the entire hostelry from top to bottom has been refurnished. The Rainier-Grand is the finest hotel in the city, and the best class of tourists and commercial trade is registered upon its books.

The Golden Eagle Hotel, at Sacramento, has been doing all the business it could handle during the convention of the Legislature. It is the recognized headquarters for the first-class trade, and even when politics have subsided it continues to command all the best business that goes to Sacramento. Messrs. Gray & Titus are thorough hotel men, and each year spend large sums of money in keeping their popular hostelry abreast of the times.

Visitors to Southern California should not miss a trip to the celebrated Ostrich Farm, reached by electric car in thirty minutes from Los Angeles. It has the distinction of being the largest ostrich farm in America, containing more than one hundred birds of all ages, ranging from one day to seventy years old. An hour spent on the farm is both interesting and instructive. The visitor can find here also a beautiful assortment of feather boas, capes, tips and plumes of all sizes, the choicest purchasable at reasonable rates.

Residents of San Francisco and environs who want a real restful week's outing should not forget that a delightful visit can be had on the shores of Monterey Bay at Pacific Grove. A splendid hotel, the El Carmelo, overlooks the blue waters of the bay, and is first class in all its appointments. The rates are very reasonable, but $2 per day, and guests are well catered to by the proprietor, Mr. R. L. James. During February the mean temperature is about 55 degrees. There is plenty of good fishing, boating, sailing, swimming, riding and driving to regale those sportively inclined, so that altogether it is one of the most desirable outing-places within four hours' ride of San Francisco.

We learn that the new Rosslyn Hotel at Los Angeles is enjoying a splendid business. Mr. A. L. Ross, the proprietor, thoroughly understands his business, and believes not only in giving splendid service to his guests but in catering to their enjoyments as well. Dances, card parties, excursions and other forms of amusement are always in order, and, in consequence, makes a very contented family under a very large roof.

Swain's Restaurant, 213 Sutter street, San Francisco, has the best reputation in this city for an eminently respectable and refined cafe. A lady alone is always at home there, the surroundings are attractive and the service quiet and elegant. With all that, the prices are most reasonable, and strangers visiting San Francisco will find no more delightful cafe than Swains.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

QUESTION.

D. S. RICHARDSON.

'Twas here, sweet love, beside the stream,
Where tangled blossoms quiver,
And dainty-fingered fern-leaves gleam
Above the restless river;
Where redwood shadows fall to meet
The golden sun-tide flowing,
And all the air is still and sweet
With wildwood odors blowing;
'Twas here I heard thee whisper low
Thy sweet confession—trembling so.

And yet, sweet love, if we had met
Upon some arid plain,
Where birds sing not, nor waters fret,
Nor cooling shadows reign;
If on some desert, lone and rude,
I to thy feet had come,
And Nature smiled not while I wooed,
And all the skies were dumb;
Speak, little heart, my doubt dispel:
Wouldst thou have loved me there as well?

ROCKING THE BABY.

MADGE MORRIS WAGNER.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round the neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby bye" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rings,"
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth
That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
On eyes and cheeks and brow.
From the rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on my heart?
For my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a tear in silence
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

A WIFE OF THREE YEARS.

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

He goes his daily way and gives no sign
Or word of love I deemed once fondly mine.

He meets my warm caress and questioning eye
Without the tender thrill of days gone by.

Once at my lightest touch or glance or word
The mighty being of his love was stirred.

And now the clasping of my yearning hand
He meets unanswering—does not understand.

He gives no word of praise through toiling years
To say he reads my truth through smiles or tears.

I cannot take for granted as my own
The love that speaks not in caress or tone.

For this my life's sweet hopes fade sad away;
For this my heart is breaking day by day.

A MEETING.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Softly she came one twilight from the dead,
And in the passionate silence of her look
Was more than man has writ in any book;
And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
Calls them to the Dim Land, discomforted,
For down the leafy ways her white feet took,
Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?
God! Was it joy or sorrow in her face—
That quiet face. Had it grown old or young?
Was it sweet memory or sad that stung
Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?—
What do the dead find in the silence—grace?
Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?

THAT REMINDS ME.

Lawyer (who has lost case)—I am afraid we are done for. There is no higher court than this.

Client—I should imagine not, judging from the price of this one.

***

Mrs. Bicker—How I regret the day I met you!

Mr. Bicker—That's funny. Now, I regret the days you didn't.

***

Mrs. Crabshaw—Woman is at last having her day. What do you men think of that?

Crabshaw—Oh, the men don't care about that as long as they have their nights.

***

Mrs. Manhattan—And so your daughter has married well?

Mrs. Lakeside—I think so. But, of course, we cannot be sure until after the divorce.

***

Boston Father—What is it?

Philistine Nurse—A boy.

"Bah! I mean an agnostic or a positivist?"

***

"She calls her new country house a lodge."

"Perhaps she expects to keep her husband at home evenings."

***

She—Old Gotrox's body was cremated.

He—Well, that beats the devil!

***

Hewitt—You are ten years older than your wife, aren't you?

Jewitt—I was when I married her; I'm twenty years older now.

***

Newed—Did you spend as much money as this before I married you?

Mrs. Newed—Why, yes.

Newed—Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.

***

Cobwigger—When did the old custom of New Year calling begin to die out?"

Merritt—About the time people began serving lemonade instead of wine.

***

"So you want to marry my daughter, young man? What are your prospects?

"Pretty poor, unless you give your consent."

***

"Arabella," said Mr. Gruffpop, as he finished his dinner, "if George asks you to marry him when he calls to-night, tell him he wants to see me."

Arabella blushed and said she would.

"And if he doesn't," the old man went on, grimly, "Then you tell him I want to see him."

***

"Love may be blind," Mr. Cheaply," said Miss Quickstep coldly, as she handed him back his ring with the alleged sapphire, "but it isn't stone blind."

***

Ted—Tom is engaged to the prettiest girl in town. He takes all his friends around to see her.

Ned—That's only natural. As soon as they are married he won't let one of them come near the house.

***

Quericus—Did you ever see one of that minister's sermons in the papers?

Cynicus—No; but they all printed more than a column about the divorce case in which he was involved.

***

Cumso—Tenspot has just returned from a hunting trip in the Adirondacks.

Cawker—Did he bag anything?

Cumso—One guide and four dogs.

Hewett—Gruet is a remarkable fellow.

Jewett—In what way?

Hewett—He can drive a horse, hug a girl, and smoke a five-cent cigar at the same time.

***

Henpeck—"I have troubles of my own."

Mrs. Peck—"But you are the partner of my woes."

Henpeck—"Yes, silent, as in everything else."

***

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller in the reception-room.

"Not much!" said the startled patient: "he can't try any X-ray on me."

***

After a woman has once tried on a man's coat she thinks she has a right to call him by his first name.

OUR SUNNY SOUTH

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THE HOLLENBECK,

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Both European and American Plan. Newly renovated and up-to-date in every particular.

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PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA.

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Are rarely to be obtained at a restaurant, but it is just this feature that has made ours popular.

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OUR GIANT FORESTS AND STUPENDOUS TREES.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WHEN the then Governor of California sought to put me at the head of our Forestry Commission I told him I thought that neither the fine rooms in the Nevada Block nor the sands and cobble-stones of San Francisco were suited to the growth of big, healthy trees, and that if I laid hand to the thing at all I should move the whole business up to my cabin on the mountain side, and not only save rent, but be able to show people how to plant and grow trees. Of course, this pleased the honest old Governor, but not the politicians.

You may not know that pine takes the place of oak, oak the place of pine. I took a carriage at Redding last month and drove to the foothills to find the old cabin where I taught night school to a few illiterate miners nearly forty years ago. I found a growth of pine thirty, forty, fifty feet high, and impenetrable. There had been at least a dozen "cities" within an area of ten miles on these red, oak-set hills; but now nothing but the country road winding through this dense new growth of what is there called "Digger pine"; not an oak where only oak grew in the days of old. I could not find my schoolhouse, or a sign or site of it; but in the midst of the pines, on the hill by a spring where old "Bellefountain City" had stood, I found a little farm or field, and a little girl in the midst of it tending a flock of turkeys. Her great care was to keep them from going too close to the fence and falling into the clutches of coyotes in the thickets.

Even here on my own ground, in my own dooryard, young trees are springing up from seeds that fell from acacia trees of my own planting. Look on all roadsides, railway cuts, gulches, the trees are slowly but surely taking possession of California.

You hear it on all sides that the great Sequoia is perishing from the earth. Not so. It was perhaps never so carefully cherished. You may find it, great or small, in almost any well regulated dooryard in the State. The great parks on the Sierra slopes are carefully guarded by troops of cavalry in the seasons of fire.

I walked up and down amid the mighty columns that propped heaven on the Sierra summit in Sequoia Park only a little time ago, and felt more like planting trees, more gratitude to the Eternal, more glory in my great land than I ever felt before. Such a temple no man ever saw or conceived of who has not seen Sequoia Park. Snow peaks peeping down at you between the mighty columns, a roaring cataract far down the mountain; far, far away, the tawny Tulare harvest fields, cities here and there, churches like little chessmen, a thread like a spiker's web along the ground, puffs of smoke, but never a sound or sign of life in this awful porch of heaven save the roar and roar of the foamy cataract far below; only this and a little brown-bellied Doughlas squirrel hulling a pine nut on the top of a prone monarch, hollowed out by fire, and in which the troop of cavalry stable their horses when on guard here a few sultry weeks in the summer. Leave all, all behind, when you enter this temple; go alone, though you have to go at midnight. What you may say or feel I do not know; but, whoever or whatever you may be, or whatever you may say, this much I know: You will feel, will know, that God is there.

One of the curious old customs handed down to the District of Columbia from the Colonial days is the practice of giving a jury in all civil cases tried from the upper courts $2, besides the regular salary for each of the jurors of $2 per day. Nobody seems to know how the practice started. In every civil case tried in Washington, if the plaintiff wins his attorney promptly hands the foreman of the jury $2, and if the defendant wins, the attorney on that side pays the $2. The custom is supposed to have originated during colonial days when all debts were payable in tobacco. It is thought by many that the $2 represented in the old times so many pounds of tobacco, and that the equivalent of the weed in money amounts to 16⅔ cts. each for the jurors.

WERE THEY STAGE-ROBBERS?

Trade was very dull. The little Dutch restaurant man looked mournfully down his empty dining-room and breathed a sigh so ponderous that it made the gas jets flicker. A man can't be cheerful when trade is very dull.

"Vere vas dot hoodoo, und vat ails it mit mein peesness?" he muttered disconsolately, as he counted the lonesome coins in the till and prepared to close up for the night. Just then the door opened to admit two men. Both were lank, ragged and hungry looking, with all the outward characteristics of the professional tramp. But they did not call for coffee and doughnuts. Seating themselves at a table they ordered the astonished waiter to bring them Eastern oysters on the half-shell. He hesitated about executing the unexpected command, and held a whispered consultation with his Teutonic boss. Surely such customers intended to beat the house—and yet they might be all right. A man must take risks when trade is very dull.

The oysters disappeared like magic. "Give us two porterhouse steaks," said one of the men, with the nonchalance of a retired capitalist.

The Dutch host hesitated, then gave in. One might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

"A quart of Pommery."

The awful thought that they were deliberately de-

A TYPE OF WESTERN TOURIST.

frauding him grew into a distressing certainty as he watched the viands disappearing like dew before the sun. If they tried to escape he would either wipe up the floor with them, or hand them over to the police. They tarried long over the repast, called for dessert and black coffee with Kirschwasser, expressed disgust that the place did not provide finger-bowls, and finally rose to go.

The proprietor gave a signal by a low whistle. The cook stepped in from the kitchen with a cleaver under his apron. A revolver lay in waiting under the cash drawer. Two waiters, armed with beer bottles, guarded the door.

Strolling to the counter the two strangers selected imported cigars, carelessly threw down a shining twenty apiece to pay their checks, gathered up the change and wandered out into the night.

The cook repaired to the range. The waiters, slowly recovering from their astonishment, moved to the banqueting table to clear away the remains of the repast.

A scrimmage in which they had expected to come off second best had been happily averted.

"Mein Gott in Himmel!" ejaculated the relieved proprietor as he mopped his brow. "Dey vas stage-robbers, sure!"

His agitation was certainly amusing, but then one does not like to lose money when one is only a little Dutch restaurant man and trade is very dull.

THE KENYON, SALT LAKE CITY'S NEW HOTEL.

Possibly no hotel in the country has had such a rapid rise to distinction as the Kenyon, at Salt Lake City, says the Colorado Tourist. Its success has been phenomenally rapid. Like the aristocrat of the toadstool family, the mushroom, it has, as it were, grown in a night, as it has been but some six months since its doors were first thrown open to the public, and to-day it bears the distinction of being the leading hotel in Salt Lake City; such has been its growth under the management of Mr. Don H. Porter, the efficient and energetic proprietor.

A popular by-word of the commercial man, as well as the tourist, which is frequently heard in our hotel lobbies, is, "Go to the Kenyon when at Salt Lake." The hotel is noted throughout the entire country for its cuisine and service, and it has been truly said that there is no house in the West that is more widely known to-day and that bears a better reputation than the Kenyon. As the California travel this winter promises to be heavier than it has been for the past five years, we predict an exceptionally big business for this popular hotel between now and spring. Mr. Porter's success is largely due to his untiring efforts to please and make the traveler feel at home while in his house, and his efforts in this direction, it is needless to say, have been a most conspicuous success. Of the Kenyon we can truly say, Ne Plus Ultra.

The guests at the Hotel Redondo have increased rapidly since the holidays, and indications point to a lively winter. Golf is the outdoor pastime, and the links are kept in superb condition. A novel club at the hotel is known as the Chafingdish Club, who meet once each week. The sea bass fishing is at its best, and some little is being done in the yellow-tail line.

The Hotel Westminster at Los Angeles is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of Mr. Dan R. Murphy as its chief clerk, vice J. H. Bohen, resigned. Mr. Murphy is favorably and extensively known through his connection with the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, and will no doubt handle his splendid charge with credit. The Westminster is well filled, for its service is always equal to the best.

A few tourist parties are beginning to drop into Santa Cruz, where so much of interest can be found, and are making their headquarters at the Hotel St. George, the only strictly first-class in the town. The progressive proprietors of the St. George, Messrs. Leonard & Walsh, have just leased the Santa Cruz Opera House, which will no doubt be of benefit to them in the hotel as well as theatrical line.

The interest which some people take in the affairs of life is wholly of a practical nature. In their desire to get at a fact they lose sight of all sentiment and ride rough shod over the conversational road. The abruptness with which they sometimes rein themselves in is shown in the following anecdote:

A young lady from Solano County, on a recent visit to friends in this city, was relating an incident the other evening which occurred before New Year's Day near her home. An elderly man, a neighbor, had started out on what was literally a wild-goose chase, for it was his intention to bring home several of these birds for the family dinner, they having been reported as unusually plentiful along the marshes. Among the young lady's auditors was an ardent sportsman, a young fellow whose chief amusement is hunting whenever he can escape from office duties.

"It was very sad indeed," she said sympathetically. "The poor old man took aim, fired, and then fell face forward. His children ran to him, only to find him dead. He had been seized with heart failure."

There was a short silence. Somebody heaved a sigh. They were all impressed with the recital—all but one. A voice (it was that of the young sportsman) broke in eagerly with a question:

"Did he bring down the goose?"

A LOOKER-ON IN VENICE.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TRAVELER FROM THE WEST.

MARVELOUS in its wonder-working power is the word Venice, for it transports one out of the real into the ideal. Travelers have given to the world countless rhapsodies descriptive of the Bride of the Adriatic, but age cannot wither nor custom stale her eternal charm. She is a siren who has cast her spell over mankind. The influence of Venice is unique, immediate, unmistakable, and the memory pictures that linger longest are the glorious sea, the dazzling sunsets, lofty bell towers, domes, marble palaces, gondolas, music, pictures, churches, and the happy, inconsequent Venetian.

Every inch of the Grand Canal is lined with old palaces rich in story, and even the narrow alleys, or calles, twisting and turning, boast most elegant palaces.

Let the colorist of to-day go down to the markets and see the wondrous shades and tones that the sun brings out.

Every nook of this marble city rising from a sapphire sea has its own beauty. Poussin, the French artist, said: "If I stay in Venice I shall become a colorist." He understood what had made the great Venetian artists the kings of color.

Imagination alone can conjure what Venice must have been in her glory, as Tintorello, Titian, the Bellinis, Carpaccio, Giorgioni, Palma Vecchio, and the other color-masters knew it. The luxury and splendor of this sensuous side of old Venetian life sank deeply into the souls of the masters, perhaps at the expense of the spiritual and ideal. Color and the material glory about them became their dominant note.

To-day the railway has changed the approach to Venice. The iron horse races all the way to the island of Santa Lucia, where one takes a gondola, in place of a cab, to one's hotel. Even this little voyage is an eye-opener as to the glories of the city's palaces.

At a lira an hour one can float, like a winged swallow, over those shimmering canals, in perhaps as near a perfectly ecstatic state as mortal can arrive at. Nothing can be more delicious, when the spirit is tired of churches, convents, palaces, Tintorellos, Bellinis, Titians, and their fellows, than to step into a gondola and skim away. Then it is that the fulness of joy in mere existence is at high-water mark.

One afternoon at sunset how I climbed the tall campanile in St. Mark's place, and, leaning on the time-polished parapet, stood spell-bound. Three hundred and fifty feet below, the salt lagoons turned and twisted between those marble walls, dotted with bright piles which guide the vessels entering the many water-gates. Fishing-boats, with emblazoned red and yellow sails, hovered like strange birds over the water, and from my lofty perch the gondolas flashed in and out like dragon flies. I looked down and saw men and women, reduced to pigmies, sitting outside the cafes in the piazzetta. I saw the pigeons sweep down into the square for their evening meal. The only noise that floated up from this noiseless, trolley-less city were the faint notes of the band before St. Mark's. Imagination's airy wing filled the great piazza with the gay courtiers of the sixteenth century. Phantom doges crossed from the Ducal Palace, and were lost under the doorway of St. Mark's. I was transported to those golden days when Venice gratified all the senses, not alone sight. In those times, for three centuries war and trade had brought the riches of the known world to Venice. Altars and reliquaries bear witness even to-day how the world was ransacked and robbed to beautify Venice. It was in 1206 that the bronze horses above the porch of St. Mark's came into the city from Constantinople; once only have they left their lofty place—when Napoleon took them to Paris.

Nothing can be more ideal than a May and June in Venice, when every night is a marvellous continuation of the perfect day; when a life on the wave becomes one's whole existence, and the various little excursions lure one. Even the Lido, in spite of its cockney element, is as beautiful as of old, and the fisher-folk of Burand are as picturesque. Torcello and Malamocco seem made simply to dream on, where the handsome, dark-hued daughters and sons of Italy take unconscious poses, that fill an artistic spirit with joy.

How well Robert Browning knew to get the best out of his Venetian life! He lived in the old Palazzo Rezzonico, on the Grand Canal. But Venice was not long Browning's home, for he came to live in the palace only at the end of the summer, and died the following December. Almost opposite the Palazzo Rezzonico is the Palazzo Mocenigo, where Lord Byron lived. Richard Wagner took the old "Non Nobis Pelazzo," so called from the inscription on the stones at its base, "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis." He made it into a magnificent residence. But perhaps Desdemona's palazzo awakens more hearts than any of the others, for Shakespeare has made the whole world kin.

Egypt may be regarded by the majority of American merchants and manufacturers as a market of little or no importance, but attention may be drawn to the statistics of imports to prove it a market well deserving of close investigation. With the opening up of the Dongola province the imports of many goods will go ahead with great strides, and there is plenty of scope for American firms to extend their operations to Egypt, provided they are prepared to do so in an enterprising spirit. Comparing the population of Egypt with some other countries, it may be of interest to mention that it has about three times that of the whole of Central America, and in South America there is but Brazil which exceeds Egypt in population. The highly successful military operations carried on by the British in the Soudan during the recent time will result in a large restoration of territory to Egypt, and thus increase the buying capacity of the country. There is now a direct steamship line running between New York and India, whose steamers stop at Alexandria, the principal trading point and commercial center of Egypt, where all foreign trade is transacted. Freight rates compare favorably with those from European ports, and the Egyptian market should be carefully cultivated by our manufacturers and merchants, who doubtless will be able to compete with their European rivals.

SAN DIEGO IN WINTER.

SAN FRANCISCO'S STRUGGLE FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Much advance is being made in better forms of municipal government in the various cities of the United States, says Professor Frank W. Blackmar in the January Forum, but there are still grievous problems to be solved. It is not merely a question of municipal corruption, although this obtains in many places: it is a question of better charters, better laws, and better opportunities for good government. The friends of good government—and these include nearly all business men engaged in legitimate pursuits—need to maintain a constant agitation, a persistent determination, to institute good laws and to insist upon their execution.

San Francisco has for many years been struggling for good government, owing to an obsolete and inefficient charter in the form of a "Consolidation Act of the City and County of San Francisco" (approved April 19, 1856), with several amendments. For forty-two years the various changes in this act introduced by successive Legislatures made it very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to decide the meaning of the laws governing the city. Four times a board of freeholders has been elected by the people of San Francisco to form a new charter, and each of the charters thus framed has been rejected by the people. The first, in 1880, cost the city, in expenses of freeholders and election, over $25,000, the vote being: For the charter, 4,144; against, 19,143. In 1883 the second charter was rejected by a vote of 9,368 to 9,336, at an expense of over $21,000. In 1887 the vote on the third charter stood: 10,869 for, and 14,905 against, the expense to the city being more than $17,000. The charter proposed by the freeholders in 1896 was rejected by a vote of 17,697 to 15,891, with the attendant expenses.

During all these years constant agitation for better government was carried on by the various reform clubs, by private citizens, and by newspapers. There are at least twenty-five improvement associations in active operation, the most important of which is the Merchants' Association, composed of the leading business men of the city. The formation of the Merchants' Association was an epoch in the progress of good government.

It began its career in 1894 with a membership of forty-seven. Since that time it has increased in membership and power. In September, 1898, it numbered 1,003 members.

The Association committed itself to the following programme of progress, which it has vigorously carried out, viz.: Clean and wholesome streets; the encouragement of legitimate enterprises; the attraction of visitors and home-seekers; greater care in handling garbage; systematic sprinkling of the streets; removal of the cobblestones wherever possible; securing the best pavements possible; adoption of the new charter; inauguration of civil service; to bond the city for improvements, and to hasten an improved sewer system.

[Since the foregoing was written the new charter has become a matter of fact, having first been passed unanimously by both houses of the legislature. It becomes effective January 1, 1900.—ED.]

It was Napoleon who made Paris the most beautiful and attractive city of the Continent. Through the establishment of its magnificent boulevards, its gorgeous parks, fountains and statuary, and its innumerable sources of public amusement, thousands of pleasure-seekers from all sections of the globe hied annually to gay and lovely Paris, and left behind them millions of dollars which otherwise it would never have seen. The matter of beautifying a great city therefore resolves itself into a pure business proposition. While a luxury, it is yet not an extravagance, for even to-day the Parisians are receiving the benefits derived from the immense sums of money expended by Napoleon in making Paris famous.

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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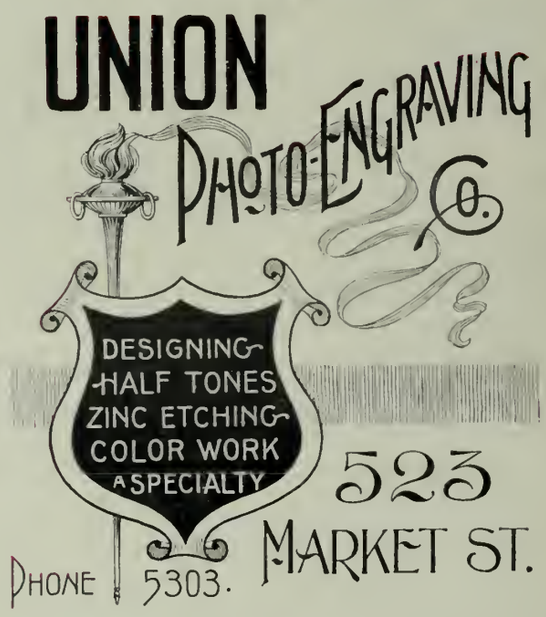

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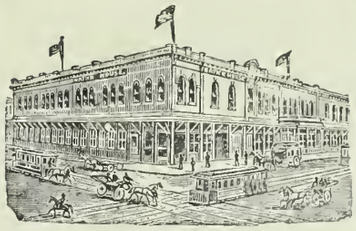

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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WE are just beginning to realize that in the attachment of the Philippine Islands to our United States is proving a greater and a more expensive undertaking than we at first realized. It is true that THE TRAVELER advocated the axiom, "To the victor belongs the spoils," and we still believe in this principle, but we did not calculate upon the inertia and mismanagement of our government, as it has been displayed, in the accomplishment of this end. To use a slang expression, the conquest of the Spaniards was a "cinch," comparatively speaking, and we almost unconsciously drifted into the belief that the American army could conquer in short order so small and so uncivilized a country as the Philippines. Perhaps we could, had the management of these Islands been left to that soldier and statesman, Admiral Dewey, without the possibility of interference from the powers that be at Washington. The action of the Commodore at Manila reminds us of the history of the Rebellion, when the splendid army of General McClellan might have wiped out the Confederacy at one opportune swoop, and thereby saved thousands of lives and billions of dollars. On May 1st, following the memorable battle of Manila Bay, the entire Philippines were practically within the control of Dewey, and needed but two conditions to keep them there—immediate naval and land reinforcements and a diplomatic handling of the insurgents. Both were lacking, and in spite of Dewey's urgent demands, the first detachment of American volunteers did not reach Manila until nearly two months following Dewey's decisive victory. In the meantime politics had been at work, a probable breach of faith made with Aguinaldo an opportunity for arming the insurgent forces until it ultimately resulted in the inevitable outbreak that is now costing us lives and dollars, and unfortunately, the end is not yet. Indian fighting, the style mostly used by the the enemy, is the most difficult to handle and the longest to subdue. It is not legitimate warfare, but our boys cannot dictate fairness and civilized methods to a band of savages like the Filipinos.

In our opinion it will be many months yet before these insurgents are driven from the last tree in the jungle, and the Lord only knows the cost in human lives between the bullets of the enemy and the tropic climate of the Philippines.

UNLESS all signs fail, the coming resort season will be the best we have experienced for many years, and in consequence the owners of out-of-town hostelries should feel correspondingly elated. There is no denying the fact that we are entering an epoch of prosperity. The last rains in California came just in time to save the agricultural interests of the State, and there now seems to be nothing to prevent a genuine loosening of purse-strings all along the line. An index of the pulse of the amusement loving public was but recently indicated during the advent of the Ellis Opera Company in San Francisco for a period. The advance sale of seats, amounting to about thirty-five thousand dollars, was nearly two and one-half times greater than the palmiest season of Adelina Patti and Colonel Mapleson. Californians are naturally a pleasure-loving people, and as there is no place in the world, perhaps, offering so great a variety of health and pleasure resorts, the exodus to the interior is very large. Many of our best resorts have made extensive improvements and additions during the early spring months, and it is safe to say that their expenditures are well warranted by the anticipated increased patronage.

THE Works and Moorehouse bills, recently passed by the Legislature of California and soon to become laws of this State, seem to have stirred up the press at home to a most interesting extent. The Works bill forbids the publication of cartoons and even of photographs without the written consent of the subject. The Moorehouse bill is designed to definitely locate the authorship of articles reflecting upon the character of individuals in the event of its proving libelous in tone.

The Works bill is an unjust measure so far as the forbidding of the publication of portraits, and, according to the wording of the act, a publisher is amenable to the law even though the person whose portrait appears takes no offense thereat.

The Moorehouse act must needs fail of its object for the argument has elsewhere been ably presented that a newspaper article may really be written by several. The author's original copy may be so modified or added to by the time it passes the editorial sanctum that he would hardly know it himself. The managing editor and the proprietor are alone responsible for published articles, for they not only dictate the policy but pass upon every article of moment before it goes to the press.

We do not believe the cartoon bill will stand a test case in the courts. It is a form of restricting liberty by bridling the press and is in conflict with the constitution.

"A SKIN GAME." Copyrighted by Knoff Bros., Knoxville, Tenn.

EXTENSION OF GOLDEN GATE PARK.

His Honor, the Mayor, delivered an address not many evenings since, before the Real Estate Association of San Francisco, setting forth his reasons for urging the extension of the pan-handle of Golden Gate Park. After noting that the suggestion to extend the Park to Van Ness Avenue was not a new idea, he tells us that artists and architects, owners of fine carriages and blooded horses, are almost a unit in favor of this improvement. The beautiful landscape, with its trees and flowers, its meandering walks and drives, was pictured in fitting language, setting forth the benefits; the pleasure and pride of the whole people in having the entrance to our unrivaled pleasure-ground brought into the center of the city, and so easy of access, that the poor would be able to enjoy its beauties on foot, without being taxed a double carfare to and from a days' outing; all of which was listened to with interest, and the argument that there would be much of artistic beauty for our people to be proud of, was generally concurred in.

The average citizen has, to a greater or less degree a taste for the beautiful, but, unlike his wealthy neighbor, his indulgence is measured by the cost. He may be capable of a full enjoyment of a lovely panorama, dotted with myriads of costly vehicles, horsemen and wheelmen whirling from side to side over the smooth roadways, whose borders are covered with plants of variegated hues, making a great throng of human life, that would call forth expressions of admiration, were it not that the stern reality of the burden of the purchase price is too forcibly in evidence.

The taxpayer of San Francisco is content with the present liberal boundary of our parks. The city has been particularly generous in providing the one unrivaled Golden Gate Park of more than *one thousand* acres. It has also scattered within its borders many beautiful little gardens that invite the people of all sections to loiter within the influence of the fragrant foliage. These little parks have nearly all been reclaimed and beautified at considerable expense, affording excellent play-grounds for children and their attendants, as well as pleasure-spots for those whose tastes lead them to saunter or rest within their limits. Where in these United States can be found a greater acreage (in proportion to population) devoted to public parks than we already have in this city? There has been no stinted hand in providing pleasure-grounds for a population larger in numbers than will be reached for many generations to come.

Then why should the taxpayer be called upon to shoulder a burden of not less than *six millions of dollars*, (and he may be assured that he will not be let off for a much less sum), for a luxury that he already possesses in abundance? After portraying the beauties of this addition (which is not denied) one cogent reason for this heavy outlay is offered: that the property along the line is at a low ebb, and, therefore, should be condemned, while it is cheap.

Did it ever occur to the promoters of this scheme that the owners of property in the district made their purchases and improvements on the same grounds and hopes that actuated the buyer in more favorable localities? Is it a fair proposition to take advantage of the depression in real estate to force the owners thereof to part with their holdings, against their wish, at the lowest point of a market that has been shrinking in value for six or seven years? Why should those citizens be subject to this loss for a totally unnecessary investment, and why should the holders of Market Street realty (that has steadily maintained its high price throughout the long period of stagnation) be so eager to wrest from others their holdings that (during these hard times) have lost more than one-half their earning capacity?

Again, another argument in favor of this project is that future generations will pay the expense. The people of this city have been thoroughly educated up to the methods of political financiers. They have no faith in the economical disbursement of public funds, the wasteful and outrageous management of municipal affairs, coupled with large deficits by retiring boards, for many years past, has impressed the public mind with the conviction that city officials are not to be trusted in the expenditure of such vast sums. Year after year schemes of one sort or another are brought forth to deplete the treasury of the city, and the taxpayer is called on to furnish the funds. These heavy drafts on the purse strings of the community are continually on the increase, until it has reached the colossal sum of $7,000,000 yearly, wrested from the people. And what do we see in return? Waste, and generally bad government, a large army of extravagantly paid officials steadily increasing in numbers, and decreasing in efficiency.

With the experience of the past, can the people afford to indulge in an unneeded luxury of such magnitude, at such enormous cost, that the rich may have smooth carriage-roads from their mansions to this addition to the already spacious and matchless Golden Gate Park?

The community should beware of the fine promises and beautiful pictures, as drawn by the promoters of this scheme. They have been tricked too often. The remembrance of the proposed cost of the New City Hall at $1,500,000 is still fresh in our minds, and especially is it impressed, as we look on that ungainly mass of brick and mortar, after the expiration of more than one quarter of a century, we look on this unfinished pile at a cost of $6,000,000.

It should not be forgotten that to the first cost of this proposed extension of Golden Gate Park is to be added the constant and fixed charge of interest on the bonds, amounting to nearly one-quarter of a million dollars annually, together with the expense of maintenance, which added to the present cost of the care of our Golden Gate Park of $260,000, and we have a yearly expenditure of about $600,000 or $700,000 to keep in good condition these artistic pleasure-grounds.

It will thus be seen that this is a costly indulgence, and the taxpayers of this city are not in the mood to participate in this luxury at such enormous cost.

There are other projects that would recommend themselves to the city authorities, in that they would bring a revenue instead of an outgo, as this Park Extension will do. With but a small outlay the City Hall and Hall of Justice could be lighted by the use of their own machinery. The New City Hall has a well of water beneath the structure that is of ample capacity to supply all its needs, and yet the city is paying large sums for both light and water. The influence of our city authorities could be exerted with profit to the whole community in urging a material reduction in port charges, and thus aid the commerce of the port.

The above, with many other plans, if carried out, would be of substantial benefit, and if the expenditure of the large sums that are already drawn from the people every year would be disbursed in a business way, our city would soon show the march of improvement in the substantial progress of the times. But it appears to be the curse of the age that the enormous sums of money the taxpayers have willingly contributed to the public fund should not have been judicially disbursed, and that the numerous calls now being made for betterments should not have been furnished, and thus keep pace with the age of progress?

THE CANNED ROAST BEEF.

The second act in the drama of the army scandal is now on the stage, with the whole people for an audience. The testimony produced has brought to light a system of shameful favoritism that is deserving of the severest punishment.

The two wings in this controversy are bitter in their efforts to defeat the other. The political side with the mighty backing of high officials are prolific in the introduction of evidence that did not hear of complaints against the beef furnished the troops. But the evidence of the men in the field who were compelled to use this nauseating article have had their day in court. The plain and simple testimony of these men, is enough to convince the most sceptical, that the war department is fully responsible for the disgraceful treatment of the soldiers in the field—in the camps—and in the hospitals.

This second court of inquiry has (possibly unwillingly) uncovered some of the methods in the conduct of the war, that brings the blush of shame to the citizen who has a love of country. He shudders at the thought that the strong, healthy and patriotic men, whose response to the call of the nation was so spontaneous, should have been fed on such vile stuff, and through the issuance of this unfit ration, brought disease and death to thousands of the flower of the army.

That there was a full knowledge of the character of this food on the part of commanding officers is evident by the continuous complaints, but the glitter of gold lace and brass buttons had obscured their vision in every direction, and yet the people are asked to believe that the War Secretary, with his brilliant staff, were fully awake to the conditions, and with a superabundance of talent were always ready to meet the wants of the army in the field.

"HOW DOES IT FIT?" F. A. Webster, Oakland, Photo.

MUSHROOM GATHERING ON THE MISSION HILLS.

JENNIE HUNT

MUSHROOMS are in season. So is the family that will persist in getting ill, and oft times dying, by reason of eating poisonous fungi masquerading under the guise of its innocent relative, the much abused mushroom. There are many persons who would not eat a mushroom for any consideration, so great is their dread of the delicious fungi. They imagine that it is almost impossible to detect the poisonous from the non-poisonous.

My small nephew, Jack, was my guide, philosopher, and friend on a mushroom gathering tour the other day, during which I learned several things that I did not know about this springtime delicacy.

* * * * * *

"Where are we going to now?" I inquire as we step from a Castro-street car at the southerly terminus of the line on Twenty-sixth Street.

"Straight ahead," replies Jack, "right up the hill; 'taint nothin' at all. Just follow me."

He starts off sturdily, I close at his heels. But more than once I am obliged to breathlessly remind him that I'm neither kith nor kin to the goats that browse upon the steep and rocky hillside, as I climb slowly behind him to the top of the ridge.

The grassy slopes up here are snugly sheltered, and are dotted just now with boys and girls who are straggling slowly over them in search of mushrooms. Tin cans, splint baskets and paper bags are the receptacles in vogue. Some are half full, but in others a few lone dainties rattle around. One boy carries his empty basket upon his head. He tells us he hasn't had any luck all morning; says he doesn't care anyhow. "I don't like mushes; its gran'fader sends me after them, an' the ol' man'll only swap 'em off fer whisky." So he trots around whistling, with his nose in the air and his hands in his pockets. A very small but extremely energetic girl darts about with birdlike swiftness. She seems to have an instinct for mushrooms. Her big basket is almost full. The other children declare that she has cleaned up the hillside, that they can hardly find a mushroom anywhere. I ask her how can she use up so many, and she says, "Mommer trades 'em off at the fruit store. Last week we got a box of apples an' some sweet pertaters for 'em, an' she's goin' to trade what I got now for lots o' things, an' I'm to have some oranges, too, 'cos I got the mushes." No wonder that she's such a little hustler.

We leave the boys and girls, and hurry toward the canyon, for Jack fears that some wandering marauder will find out his "dandy" place, and strip it bare before we get there. A barbed wire fence looms in sight. I try to climb it, then I try crawling through it, as climbing won't go, and get caught in the wire. Of course my blue serge skirt suffers a large three-cornered tear. Meanwhile poor Jack is dancing around like a parched pea on a shovel. He declares that he sees a woman making straight for his "dandy" place. He implores me to "Never mind that tear, you can mend it when you get home. Do come along, auntie, there won't be a mushroom left; I know there won't." I tell him to go ahead and not wait for me. He takes me at my word and rushes off, leaving me to get down the precipitous hillside as best I can. I find that getting down into the canyon is worse than climbing up the hill. The footing is so insecure and the mosses and grass so damp upon the rocks, that my descent is a series of wild slides, and I shriek in terror as the big and little boulders break loose while I tumble over them, and then they go crashing and dashing ahead of me into the creek below. At last I strike a narrow cattle-trail and follow its winding way downwards. My troubles, I hope, are over, but alack and alas! I turn around a rocky corner and come face to face with a big, red cow. She stares at me in mild surprise, but I—— why I simply yell for "Jack! Ja-a-c-k!! Ja-a--ck!!!" until my voice breaks in a terrified wail and I can yell no more. What matters it that she has only one sharp horn, and that a short one? Silhouetted against the gray sky she looks as big to me as the biggest elephant that ever ate peanuts, and when little Jack rushes to my rescue and chases her along the trail, he seems as brave and dauntless as did his namesake, the giant-killer, in my fairy days of years ago.

"Why, auntie," says the hero as the red cow returns to the company of her sisters, her cousins and her aunts in the near pasture, "I didn't think you'd be so scared of a poor old cow."

I ignore this remark, for I see a great, snow-white mushroom. I am excited. I rush at it. It's the first one that I've ever discovered, and——Jack laughs uproariously as I carefully and tenderly remove from its earthy bed a—puff ball. We reach the "dandy" place, and find an old woman in possession. She has made a grand clean-up of everything in sight and Jack's jaw drops as he stares at her ruefully. But a bright idea strikes him, and he whispers to me, "Maybe she'd sell us some if you ask her to, 'cos I don't know any other place to get 'em, even if we walked all day."

Acting on this suggestion, and to pave the way, I remark to the old dame that it's very chilly in the canyon. Doesn't she find it so? She grunts ungraciously. Is it yay or nay? I go to the point next time. I say, "Gracious, goodness! What are you going to do with all those mushrooms?" "Sell 'em, av coorse," she replies in a sour voice, rather astonished at my question. "Can you spare me fifty cents' worth?" I ask meekly. "Shure an' I can, but how'll yeh carry 'em?" Jack produces the paper bags and she fills them to their capacity. The half dollar puts her in a better humor, and after eyeing us both suspiciously as she tucks the money away in an un-get-at-able pocket, she consents to unbend from her mood and volunteers some information. "Yis ma'am, that's what I gits so many for. I sells 'em in all the big markets in the city. They pays the best prices; sometimes it's five cents a pound I'll git, an' thin agin if they're a bit scarce, it'll be eight or ten cents. Round the hollydays, Christmas and New Year's, I got as high as twenty cents a pound; but now all the kids of the coontry do be after 'em, and that makes 'em chape, too chape. Bad luck to the brats, ses meself, it's nothin' but a worrit they are, anyhow."

Sighing wearily, she sets her basket upon a table rock, and begins to rearrange the mushrooms. "These big uns," she explains, "grows mostly where the grass is long an' the place shady, but the buttons is the best; they tell me in the markets that the high-toned people allus wants 'em. It takes me most all day to fill me baskit, an' it houlds only twelve pounds, so there ain't a fortune to be made at gatherin' up mushrooms; an' its cold wurk, an' toilsome backbreakin' wurk for an' old woman like me. If me old man was alive now, the Lord be good to him, I wouldn't have to trot aroun' the hills an' canyons to root a few cints from the groun' like the pigs of Drogheda. Shure it's me own horse an' cart I'd be drivin' an' I'd chase iviry one of them dirty little spalpeens from the coontry, so I would."

Here Jack whispers to me on the quiet that's she's "nutty," and offers her half his lunch, which he had squeezed into his pockets; I give her half of mine. She accepts, but to our surprise she puts it all into her basket instead of eating it with us. The ghost of a smile lightens up her face as she says in explanation, "I'm takin' this grub home to Teenie, an' may Heeven rest yer souls, ses meself, for bein' so kind."

She draws her worn, shabby little shawl closer about her sour old face, and resolutely braves the nipping wind that comes through the canyon, leaving Jack and me to wonder who "Teenie" is.

We struggle across the creek, and I give my shoes a mud bath; then we straggle through a promising wheat-field, and gain the county road.

"Been mushroomin', ain't you?" says the car conductor to Jack. "Had good luck, too, I can see," he added, glancing at the well-filled bags. But Jack and I glance at each other guiltily.

DEFECTS IN OUR JURY SYSTEM.

If our jury system were so changed that a majority could render a verdict, litigation would be lessened by nearly one-half, and the expenses to litigants and the taxpayers correspondingly decreased. There is no reason why a majority should not rule in juries as well as

MISS VIRGINIA FAIR. Taber Photo.

The California Heiress whose marriage to W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will take place April 4th in New York City.

in Congress, Legislatures and all deliberative bodies. The axiom, "the majority should rule," is a principle of democratic government, and the basis of our constitutional liberty. This system would lessen crime, and more speedily bring criminals to justice, for a stubborn or prejudiced juror often hangs the jury instead of the criminal. The jury might be increased to fifteen, or even twenty-five members, and still the costs would be less, for, ordinarily, half of the important cases are mistrials, brought about by a friendly or bribed juror. In addition, this would have the effect of lessening litigation by making corruption more difficult.

The laws being made mainly by lawyers, it is only natural that they should obscure them with dubious constructions and technicalities, or words of doubtful meaning, so as to make work for the large and growing profession or trade; Law, as practiced now, being more of an expert trade than a profession. A technical error should be corrected by the judge, and not afford grounds for setting aside a verdict or an appeal. If a builder make a small error in the construction of a house, he does not tear down the building and begin again from the foundation. He would be considered insane if he did. Yet, a verdict is set aside, or a new trial ordered, because the records do not show that the prisoner was in court when the verdict was rendered, when every officer in the court, and the attorneys, know that he was present. Another "fatal error" is in the omission of technical requirements in summoning a juror; yet the juror is in court and serves on the jury. These unimportant omissions should be corrected by the judge, without interfering with the trial. Often they are purposely made by attorneys.

George—Papa, I want you to buy me a drum like all the other boys have.

Father—No, you would make too much noise. There would be no living in the house with you.

George—But, papa, I promise really and truly, I won't beat it only when you are asleep.

A CUBAN SIBYL.

WALTER F. JACKSON.

Copyright 1899 by the Western Press.

MIDNIGHT; and the full Cuban moon, shining with glorious brilliancy, floats high above the feathery palms and glossy-leaved orange trees, from among which flash out the white walls and broad, breezy piazzas of old Rafael Mariscal's almost princely home.

Dark and deserted it appears to-night, however; for Senor Rafael, a most rabid Royalist, and high in favor with the Madrid government, has been called away to Havana to confer with the Governor-General on some important matter: and the crafty old fox, fearing, as he has claimed, treachery in his own household, has forced his lovely young daughter, the Senorita Gloria, to accompany him.

"Caramba!" Senor Rafael has growled. "There is no trusting a woman. Do I not know that she would give her pretty eyes for that young traitor, Valeriano Genovar? Yes. And who can say if she were left here that she would not presently have Gomez's entire ragamuffin crew feasting like lords under the roof of her loyal old father, Rafael Mariscal! No, no; she stays not here when I am absent; she goes with me."

Hence this darkness and silence; this air of loneliness and desertion; these doors tightly sealed; these windows illuminated only by the trembling beams of the broad, tropic moon.

But, stay—is no one really here? What dim-flitting shape appears yonder, stealing with hushed footfalls toward the house under the gloom of the encompassing trees?

Closely beneath a certain window on the right of the entrance the figure comes to a halt. A flicker of moonlight plays across a dark, daring, poetic face, now lifted expectantly. A low, soft, tremulous note, bird-like, musical—evidently a signal—floats out on the stillness.

The signal, however, brings no response. A full minute passes, and Valeriano grows restless. A second and louder call cuts the air, and then presently a third. Still there is no reply.

"Strange," murmurs the young man, uneasily. "Does she not hear me? Can she have fallen asleep while waiting?"

He moves back a few steps from beneath the window, his face still uplifted, when a soft, pattering rush of feet behind him causes him to start and wheel.

"Ho!" he half whispers, "Is it you, Carlos, my boy?"

"Carlos" is a huge Cuban bloodhound which has come racing out of the thickest shadows of the grove, and, with a low, joyous whine, throws himself upon the young man's chest, twisting his long, lithe body in a very ecstacy of canine delight. Valeriano laughs softly.

"There, there," he says, "enough of your caresses, boy. Where is your mistress?"

Carlos drops his great forepaws from the young man's shoulders, utters a low "Wuff!" possibly meant as a grunt of disgust, and looks up with soft, humid, adoring eyes, wagging his tail violently.

Valeriano gives an involuntary start; he has caught sight of some small white object, fastened by a ribbon around the hound's muscular neck.

Hastily untying the ribbon, he finds the object to be a folded slip of paper upon which a woman's trembling hand has hurriedly traced the following words:

"Valeriano mio, our foes surround you. The grove is now surrounded by Fonseca's cavalry. As you love me, make no effort to escape. Your life hangs by a thread. Leave all to me. Thine, GLORIA."

With a muttered exclamation, Valeriano tears the paper into tiny bits and presses them into the earth beneath his heel. Then lifting the silken ribbon, which exhales a faint perfume, to his lips, he conceals it upon his person, murmuring:

"Has it come then, so soon? Am I to die like a rat in a trap with the work for Cuba's freedom scarcely begun?"

Stooping down, he takes the great head of the hound between his two palms. As the large, soft eyes raise themselves to his, he speaks softly, rapidly:

"Back to your mistress, Carlos. Away with you, my boy!"

The well-trained animal wheels and is off like a shot. He has scarcely disappeared, however, when Valeriano catches, at some distance off to his right, a faint sound like the clank of metal, quickly followed by a loud, stern command in Spanish:

"Adalante, solados! We have him now. If he offers to resist, shoot him down like a dog!"

A cold smile curls Valeriano's firm mouth. He hesitates a moment, his finger on the trigger of a revolver he has taken from his hip; then he flings both that and his cartridge belt into a rose thicket near, and folding his arms across his chest, stands calmly waiting.

Simultaneously the silence is broken by the heavy throb of galloping hoofs; and from every side, starting into view as if at the wave of an enchanter's wand, dim horsemen come spurring furiously forward as if intent upon riding the young Cuban down.

A little in advance of this rapidly closing circle rides one toward whom Valeriano has turned almost instinctively. Clothed in the uniform of a colonel, his right hand gripping the pommel of his drawn saber, he checks his powerful steed so close to the immovable young Cuban that when the fiery animal flings his head impatiently aside, the foam from his open jaw falls in heavy flakes upon Valeriano's shoulder.

"Surrender, dog of a spy!" cries this formidable trooper, harshly.

Valeriano looks up into the black-bearded dark face, with its grimly set mouth and glittering black eyes, smiling contemptuously.

"For whom do you take me, Senor?" he asks.

For an answer the Spaniard, comprehending with a sweep of his hand three of the men drawn up before him, cries sternly:

"Seize him, you, and search him well. Juan," he says, turning to a fierce-looking cavalryman beside him, "take six men as a firing party and stand them in line facing yonder tree." Then, with a smile of sinister meaning, "We shall have use for them presently."

These orders are quickly obeyed, the three cavalrymen first addressed springing from their saddles and beginning a close search of the unresisting prisoner.

Systematic as it is, however, coat, vest, and boots being removed in their eager quest for letters or important papers, they find nothing, and shortly so report to the Colonel.

"Demonio!" is his growling response. "The knave has swallowed whatever papers of an important character he had with him, no doubt. After all, what does it matter? We waste time. Good, Juan, are you ready?"

"Si, Senor, Coronel."

"Then to the tree with him, men—to the tree!"

The silent circle of horsemen opens, and two stalwart troopers, leading Valeriano between them, move with measured steps toward the tree in question.

It stands in a broad, open space in the full light of the meridian moon—a tall and slender palm-tree, facing which, at about twenty paces distance, under the leadership of the evil-visaged Juan, waits the firing party, cold-eyed, statuesque, impassive as iron.

Valeriano reaches the palm and turns to face these men, his executioners.

He does not look at them, however. His eyes, suddenly dilating with joyous amazement, seem gazing into the depths of space. A close observer might have seen his lips move, and ears preternaturally keen have caught the almost voiceless words:

"Where is she? I hear her voice—it bade me hope—told me that deliverance was at hand."

Colonel Fonseca takes out his watch.

"One minute to make your peace with God," he says. "Time enough if well employed, Genovar."

A strange smile flits across the prisoner's lips. It is his only response.

Fonseca closes his watch with a snap.

"The time is up. Ready, men."

The short cavalry guns, glimmering blue in the moonlight, spring to the men's shoulders.

"Aim!"

Eyes hard and pitiless flash along the leveled barrels.

Fonseca opens his lips to speak again, but a sudden stir among the horsemen on his left checks him, and out into the moonlight and up to his side rides a slender, graceful, radiant-eyed young creature, at sight of whom Valeriano starts and crimsons like some emotional girl.

"A boon, Senor Coronel," says the young equestrienne, in a soft, sweet, agitated, voice. "I would speak with the prisoner a moment before he dies."

Fonseca bows low.

"I regret to see you here, Senorita," says he. "I would gladly have spared you this pain."

"Si, Senor? Then you will the more readily grant my prayer. I ask but a moment, and——"

She has turned her lovely brunette face partly away from him toward the prisoner. As she does so, the Spaniard sees her start and her countenance change marvelously.

"Oh!" is her breathless cry. "Is yonder man your prisoner, Senor?"

Fonseca stares at the flushed, glad face she has flashed upon him in a wonder that borders on stupefaction.

"I do not understand you," he says, mechanically. "Pray, what do you mean?"

A little low laugh bubbles over the girl's rosy lips. She has again turned her eyes on the prisoner. At the same moment he raises his bent head and their glances meet full.

Fonseca looks quickly from one to the other. There is no light of recognition in the face of either. Is this a bit of clever acting? Fonseca's face darkens with angry bewilderment.

"Come," he growls. "What silly trifling is this? Is not yonder man Genovar, the spy?"

The glorious eyes that have been regarding Valeriano so coldly, turn upon him, a sparkle of scornful amusement in their sibylline depths.

"Ask papa, Senor Coronel. It was he who brought you here. Surely he ought to know."

She touches the bridle-rein with one little gauntleted hand, and moves slowly away, leaving him staring after her with a frown like midnight.

"Is it true?" he mutters. "Senor Mariscal can have no wish to deceive me. But, maldito! where is he?"

His fierce and wandering glance singles the old man out, seated upon his iron gray horse, only a few steps distant from where Gloria has checked her own steed. Mariscal's white head is bent slightly forward, and Fonseca can see that he is gazing with curious intentness at the prisoner.

"Well, senor," he says, urging his horse to the old man's side, "we have him safe, you see."

Mariscal looks around at him strangely.

"That is not the man," he says, with peculiar distinctness.

The Spaniard stares. There is a singular far-off look in the speaker's face which surprises him scarcely less than his words.

"Then," he demands, "who in the fiend's name is he, old man?"

The baffling stillness that has fallen like a gray veil over the other's face seems to deepen.

"His name is Ramon Lacerda. I have but a passing acquaintance with the young man, but this I can say: so far from being an enemy of Spain, he is one of her most loyal sons."

"Caramba! Old man, are you lying to me? Listen. Not more than three hours ago you met me just outside Havana. You wish me to return with you in haste. You have just found a note dropped in the road by your daughter. It is from the rebel spy, Genovar. He asks Senorita Gloria to meet him here in the grove at twelve to-night. You show me the note. I turn back with you. We reach here. I station my men. We see a man whom you point out as Genovar walk into the trap set for him. We wait but a few minutes when we

close in and capture him. What then? Maldito! He is not the man! Why? I have made no mistake. Is he not the person you pointed out to me, old man?"

Fonseca glares at the planter as he speaks, but Mariscal's face is averted, else Fonseca could not fail to see upon every working and ghastly feature the reflection of an inward struggle as mysterious as it is frightful.

"I was mistaken," he says, with a pallid smile. "We saw the man at some distance, and I was deceived by a chance resemblance."

Fonseca flings out a sonorous Spanish oath. In his soul he believes Mariscal is lying; but how to prove it? With a baffled, beaten air, he looks about him. Suddenly his lowering face brightens.

"Did you not say"— pointing to a lank, tawny body lying with its huge head between its paws close to where Gloria is sitting on her restive little Andalusian—"that yonder hound was given the Senorita Gloria by Genovar?"

"Yes."

A sinister smile reveals the Spaniard's glittering teeth.

"The hound," he says, "should know his old master. Demonio! Let us see."

With a word to his horse, he moves to Gloria's side, backs a few paces, and with the hound lying now directly in front of him, calls to the prisoner:

"This way, my man, I would speak with you a moment."

The cold, scornful eyes of the young Cuban glitter across the space between them into his. No one sees the icy moisture that has broken out upon his brow, nor hears the few low words of prayer whispered through his shut teeth. With his head proudly lifted, a stately and imposing figure, he comes slowly forward.

Is it the effect of the moonlight, or have Gloria's lips grown suddenly ashen? At what is she gazing so intently with that strange, blind, piteous stare? Ah, well it is, with the red blood starting from her cruelly bitten under lip, that no one is watching her now.

What is this soft thumping sound now distinctly audible to the intense stillness? It is the tail of the great bloodhound beating, beating, beating on the ground behind him. Louder, louder it grows with every step of Valeriano's advance.

Yes, this dumb friend—this innocent dog Judas is about to betray his master. He—

No—stop—see! He is rising to his feet. The hair upon his neck is beginning to bristle. His tail stiffens.

"Caramba!" mutters the amazed Fonseca.

Valeriano is still slowly advancing, a deep flush colors his face for an instant, and then dies, while from the throat of the dog now fronting him with open red jaws and dripping fangs, comes a thunderous growl.

A few steps nearer. The hound's eyes glare like living coals. The ominous rumble in his throat grows fiercer. With a slow, crouching movement he glides forward, gathering himself for a spring Valeriano stops.

"Is it your wish, Senor," demands he, "that this brute should tear me to pieces?"

A SUMMER HOME ON THE KLAMATH RIVER.

"Caramba!" snarls Fonseca. "I care little—I. But you are free. Vaya! Away with you!"

"Gracios, Senor," is Valeriano's quiet reply.

He turns on his heel, and Fonseca, bestowing no further notice upon him, gives to his troop a few rapid words of command. Not one syllable does he address to Mariscal. He does not even glance toward him, as bowing with Castilian courtesy to Gloria, he places himself at the head of his men and goes thundering away into the white splendor of the tropic night.

"Ho, Senor Coronel! My daughter—see!" cries Mariscal's voice after him, but Fonseca does not hear, and it is Valeriano, not he, who catches the sinking figure of the half-swooning girl, as with a faint cry she reels in the saddle and falls backward.

"Gloria!" he murmurs, hoarsely.

The dark lashes rise flutteringly from the great, glowing eyes. With a supreme effort she throws off the deathly faintness that has crept over her, and smiles up into his face, every feature quivering with angelic tenderness.

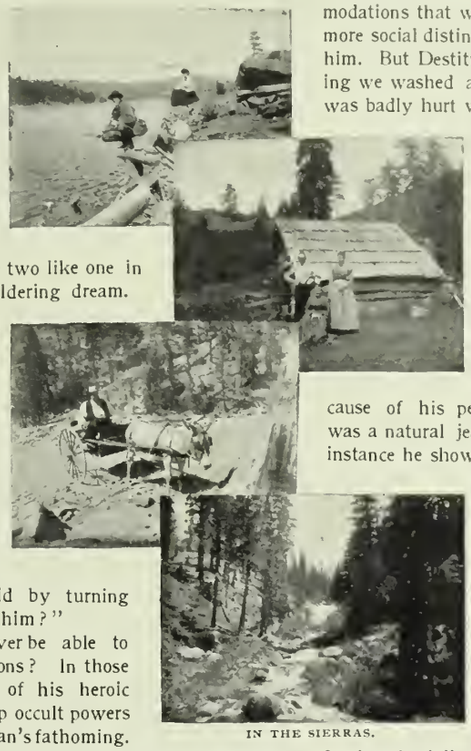
"Valeriano," she whispers, "you are saved."

"Yes," he replied, his voice breaking, "and by you, beloved," while old Mariscal stands staring at the two like one in some strangely bewildering dream.

"Carajo," he growls, "is it worth while longer to struggle against the inevitable? I think I have been bewitched. What power was it that forced me to lie for yonder young rebel, and compelled even that dumb brute to come to his aid by turning so savagely against him?"

Will Mariscal ever be able to answer those questions? In those lovely mystic eyes of his heroic young daughter sleep occult powers too deep for the old man's fathoming.

But love will find a way, even in this prosaic end of the century. And the divine passion is sometimes as mysterious as it is divine.



IN THE SIERRAS.

THE TALE OF A CAT THAT CAME BACK.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

He was that most friendless of all four-footed objects, nobody's cat.

"What shall we name him?" said Louise, who had discovered him sitting dejectedly on the back door-step, blinking in the sunlight and looking like a veritable tramp of his species. "A pretty name doesn't seem appropriate, does it?"

And in truth it did not. He had never been a handsome specimen of his race, and his lack of natural beauty was not improved by emaciation and mud. He had plainly emanated from the gutter; but after a brief family consultation we agreed to ignore his birth and breeding, and formally adopt him.

"What shall we name him?" reiterated Louise, who owned a large, thriving assortment of pets with unimpeachable pedigrees, and who had christened each one with a high-sounding title; "he must have a name, you know," she added gravely.

"Destitute," suggested Edna, whose fertility of ideas was the wonder and admiration of the family. "I'm sure that would be appropriate enough."

"It's an adjective," objected Louise, who prided herself upon her grammar. "We ought to select a noun."

"Never mind," replied Edna, "it answers his description, anyhow."

It was thus that Destitute acquired a local habitation and a name. For some time we despaired of ever being able to fatten him. His appetite, however, was astonishing, and we weighed him carefully each day, much to his disapprobation. We fitted up sleeping accommodations that would have done credit to a cat of far more social distinction than he and did our best to spoil him. But Destitute was not ungrateful. Every morning we washed and bandaged one of his feet, which was badly hurt when he came to us, and he would rub his head affectionately against the arm of his nurse.

As time went on, Destitute became a valued addition to the household. He cleared the barn of mice and developed much intelligence. At first we feared that Ben Butler would object to him, in which case his days under our roof would have been most unhappy ones. Ben was our first love, a great, shaggy dog, so called because of his peculiar optics, and whose only fault was a natural jealousy of all newcomers, but in this instance he showed more charity than we had given him credit for.

As Destitute grew older he outlived all resemblance to his former self. His name seemed a travesty. He had become so fat at the end of the second year that we were compelled to deny him his favorite dishes and put him on a strict regimen, the object of which he could not appreciate.

"We don't want you to have the gout, you lazy thing," said Louise playfully one evening when Destitute left his allowance untasted, and rubbing his head against her dress indicated as emphatically as a cat could that he wanted a new bill of fare. "Beggars shouldn't be choosers, Destitute. We know what's best for you. Don't ask for anything better, sir."

And he never did. I have always contended that he felt insulted at Louise's humiliating allusion to his former circumstances, and that was the reason why he disappeared—for disappear he certainly did, as mysteriously as he had come.

"You might have known better," sobbed Edna one day to Louise. "You think that just because he was a cat he had no feelings."

"Oh, he'll come back," replied Louise, bravely. "He had too much sense to mind a little thing like that."

But one night I found Louise crying in her sleep.

"What is the matter?" I asked, awakening her.

"I dreamed about poor Des," she answered tearfully. "He had a tin can tied to his tail and came back as thin as he used to be."

Her prophecy was partly fulfilled. One stormy evening, about three months afterward, we heard a scratching sound at the kitchen door. Louise flew to open it.

It was our prodigal cat, the ghost of his former sleek self. As he limped slowly into the warmth and made his way toward his old favorite nook behind the stove, there was a family sensation.

He was badly injured and in spite of our care, died two days afterward. But to the last he tried to express his affection by rubbing his head against the folds of our gowns.

We buried him in a wooden box at the end of the garden. Ben Butler eyed the proceedings with great interest and from that day to this has been a self-appointed body-guard for poor Destitute's grave. He gently but firmly keeps that part of the garden free from all invaders. Who shall say that dogs are without human attributes? And who can deny their subtle, even if dumb, intelligence?

GATEWAYS AND GARDENS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WALTER J. KENYON.

SAN FRANCISCO is a tumble of hills like the sea in the afterway of a storm. There is only one other considerable place like it in the United States; that is Kansas City. But the latter has less of abandon in her dimples and has not the vast marine in view from every ridge.

The distinctively American city must be level, or nearly so. We are such terrific believers in "the shortest line of resistance" that ups and downs in the daily beat are intolerable in our civilization. Nevertheless, for once, here in the Coast metropolis, nature has staked herself an enduring claim, and we may bide her or go hence, as we elect.

Nob Hill is a site worthy a western Gibraltar. On three sides the city spreads so far below that its rumble is scarcely heard.

The moguls of the early days selected this eminence whereon to raise their palaces, and there are probably only two other places in the world where, in equal area, are displayed an equal wealth in residential structure.

The most notable of the great edifices are the Hopkins-Searles and the Stanford mansions. Together they occupy an entire block—a remarkable block from the surveyor's standpoint, for a horizontal line cannot be laid anywhere upon it, and no two of its corners are at the same level.

The illustrations will show the buttressed walls, the maze of gardens and terraces that make up the exterior of these noble properties, and some views within, also, that fulfill the promise.

The interest in the block does not lie chiefly in its regal aspect nor in its picturesqueness, but in the fact that both of these holdings have been handed over by their late owners to the people of California, each becoming a university property.

The Mark Hopkins house was given some five years ago by Mr. Edward F. Searles jointly to the University of California and its affiliated school, the San Francisco Society of Fine Arts. The Stanford residence has recently been added by Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford to the great endowment of Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

NOB HILL LOOKING NORTH FROM POWELL AND PINE.

It is said that cable traction for street railways found its earliest field in this zig-zag, delightful city; and it promises to hold its place here until the end of human time, or until the aerial problem is solved and we have real and true "air lines." The cars go creeping up the steeps like strange, persistent bugs, or clamoring down with eternity surely at the base, in all appearance. It is no small pleasure to watch the lately arrived tourist on his initial slide down one of these moderate precipices; to watch the growing pallor, the hard lines of dying resolve and the spontaneous pompadour, and to watch him finally slide into his neighbor's lap, sex not considered. To speak in the phrases of yesterday's journalism, "We were once a tenderfoot ourselves."

Whatever offense the urban hills may maintain against American prose, they have a sterling virtue that shall endure forever. It is that they balk the housebuilder and latterday "architect" in his habitual mode: the turning of the place into approved featureless barracks. San Francisco must be lastingly original in its ensemble, and each of its houses must speak for itself as an individual. In the major spread of the city no two dwellings do, or can, present exactly the same facade, nor the same interior.

The charm of the hill city is expressed nowhere else so well as in its garden effects. Up a steep way one courtyard appears terraced above its neighbor and in its turn is overlooked by the next. The whole series most often walled and buttressed above the street in an almost religious promise of endurance. And crowding over one coping stone comes a horde of nasturtiums, delightfully unkempt, shouting their yellow and green from blocks away. Possibly next door an equal riot of marguerites, thriving marvelously in these winds of the west sea; or overhead, that sweetest of all garden trees, the pepper, that can teach the willow how to weep.

The "flower in the crannied wall" is everywhere, and knows no seasons. In these parts December is young as June. The perpetual smile of the year is monotonous, if anything. The saving phase of climate is the stark seawind, local to these parts, bringing that stimulus needful to commercial life and softening the sun heat just to the edge of geniality.

The best garden and gateway effects are seen in the older corners of town, developed before the contractor evolved himself and before the conscious pursuit of the picturesque set in. When Mammon goes a-wooing, the tableaux are pretty sure to be maudlin. No man can ever make a decent joke on purpose, nor a poem for pelf, reckoned beforehand.

The illustrations have been selected neither to trumpet the aforesaid maudlin aspects of wealth nor to serve as modern real estate blandishments. They show, for the most part, middle class homes, rarely of recent building, and mostly monumental of a time when this life was slow and sweet, and loved of the sky and flowers, as George William Curtis would surely have liked it. And the greatest solace is that these old buttressed walls and terraced gardens will stand for long years to come—monitors of the dream days that were before trade was all in all. For no man, I deem, will ever essay for coin or renown to level the enduring mountain face that walls the Golden Gate.

It may not be generally known that the entire number of species of flora in California is estimated at 2500. The forests of the Sierra have the largest trees in the world, unsurpassed in grandeur. There are many coniferous trees in the densely wooded portions of the State. The sugar pine is conceded to be the finest of the pines, sometimes reaching three hundred feet in height, usually along the Sierra. Their cones are of enormous size. The nut pine is characteristic of the Sierra foothills, as is also the black oak. At an elevation of from 3000 to 5000 feet are found the pitch pine, sugar pine, white cedar and Douglass spruce. Higher still are the firs and tamarack pine. The Sequoia Gigantea is between 4000 and 7000 feet in elevation. The elm, hickory and beech are not found in California. Especially characteristic of the valleys are the oaks. "Chaparral" is a name given by the Spanish to the dense undergrowths that occur, of manzanita, chamiso, oaks and thorny plants, forming an almost impenetrable thicket.

UP A STEEP WAY.

CONQUERING THE FILIPINOS.

"It is one thing to permit an inferior number of alien races to reside in the midst of our own people; it is a wholly different thing to govern ten millions of divers Asiatic races, who form well-nigh the entire population of tropical islands more than ten thousand miles from our shores," says an old soldier in the *Outlook*.

"Our war with Spain began without any relation to the Filipinos. As a rightful act of war our fleet destroyed a Spanish fleet in Manila Harbor, and aided by our troops, gave us control of both city and harbor. But we have no possession, or control, of the remainder of Luzon, or of any other of the group, except small Corregidor, in the entrance to Manila Harbor.

"How can our act of war as to the fleet, harbor, and city of Manila impose upon us any duty to conquer the remainder of Luzon and the other islands, and their millions of people.

"Does our history indicate that we shall succeed as the guardian and ruler of subject races? Do not generations of misrule of American Indians, and years of carpet-bag control of our own South, tell of our incapacity for such duties?

"While at peace with other nations we shall find ample trouble *within* the islands. A careful study of their trade, and of the necessary expense, will show that each year we shall be compelled to pay out many millions of dollars more than we can possibbly receive from them.

"When our war began I told my friends that our military and naval success would be speedy; that we should easily dispose of Spain. But I added, 'Our troubles will begin when we end with Spain.'"

PEPPER-TREE GATEWAY.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT OF THE PRESENT DAY.

G. WHARTON JAMES.

THE majority of Americans think the days of witchcraft and hangings, burnings and punishments therefore, at least in the United States, are long past. But, like many other popular and prevalent notions, this is completely an error. During the past few years I have been present at several trials of witches and wizards. In Arizona and New Mexico, aye, in California, Nevada, and a number of other States, a profound belief in witchcraft still exists. Among all the lower classes of the Mexicans, and especially among the Indians, charms to protect them from the evil influences of these dreadful "powers of darkness and the air" are as common as hats among Americans. In other words, there is not an individual who is not afraid either of being bewitched or taken for a witch or wizard.

Two years or so ago, at Zuni in New Mexico, died Wewa, the priestess of a sacred shrine, a woman of great influence among these primitive pueblo people. In this ancient city of Zuni there is a certain priesthood known as the "Priesthood of the Sacred Bow," a kind of religious and military organization, whose priests and members are the dominating influences of the city. The three chief priests of this organization, Nauche, Nemosi and Haytotsi, doubtless feeling it was necessary to give their people another proof of their power, and the watchful care they constantly exercised on their behalf, announced, on the death of Wewa, that her demise was the result of witchcraft. Immediately the swarthy men and dusky women, the youths, maidens, and even the children were full of excitement and curiosity, not unmixed with a great deal of alarm as to who the witch could be, and who would next be the victim of her wicked and cruel arts. Wewa dead through witchcraft? Then why not set to work to find out the witch, and severely punish, if not kill her? And who could do that work so well as the chief priests of the Order of the Sacred Bow? This was exactly what Nauche wanted, and he and his fellow priests soon let it be known that they were on the track of the dreadful creature whose arts had slain Wewa.

Among other people in the pueblo lived a poor old woman named Melita, and having no powerful friends to protect and care for her, it was not a difficult matter for Nauche and his fellow priests to convince the other members of the Order of the Sacred Bow that she was the guilty wretch. In the dead of night poor Melita was secretly summoned to the underground ceremonial chamber—the Kiva—of the priesthood, and, fearful and trembling, was questioned as to how she had secured the death of Wewa.

In vain she protested her innocence. In vain she asked Nauche, Nemosi and Haytotsi why she was accused. The only answer she could get was that she had long been suspected, and now, "Those above"—the gods of the Zuni—had told them that she was guilty. She denied having done a thing to injure anyone, and then Haytotsi fell upon her, stripped her almost naked, and both with fists and a club beat her black and blue until she sank insensible to the ground.

Then they knew she was guilty! If she had endured the beating without injury, that would have been proof sufficient that she was a witch, and yet, because she could not endure it, had not "Those above" forsaken her?

Then the people of the pueblo were formally assembled to learn what the "Priesthood of the Sacred Bow" had discovered. Melita was publicly denounced as the witch who had caused Wewa's death, and she was then condemned to be taken to the outskirts of the town, there, with her wrists tied behind her, to be hanged by her wrists for a certain length of time.

Crying and begging for mercy, the friendless old woman was forced out to the hanging place. Her wrists were securely tied with a rawhide riata, and the rope thrown over a beam overhead. Then three or four men seized the rope and hoisted the screaming wretch from her feet, in that excruciatingly painful position, keeping her suspended in the air, at the will of the chief priests. Soon she fainted, and then, lowering her, they restored her to life, only to requestion her as to the methods of her witchcraft, and on receiving nothing but denials, to hoist her up again.

At last, more dead than alive, they took her down, and allowed her to be carried to her poor room, a dark, dreary place—one of the worst rooms of the great seven-story community house of the pueblo.

Here I found her, almost forsaken, hungry, wounded, an object of hatred and fear, and slowly starving to death. A good meal and a little medicine strengthened her enough to enable her to tell me the foregoing story of her woe. Kind friends from the government school then cared for her, and she is slowly recovering.

Nauche, Haytotsi and Nemosi were arrested by the officers of the law, sent to prison at Los Lunas, N. M., and, by some hocus-pocus known only to lawyers were kept there, without trial, for almost a year, and then dismissed. This failure to try, and if found guilty, punish these three priests, was on a par with the cruelties perpetrated on poor old Melita. That, if guilty, they should have been punished, no one will deny, but to keep them untried for that length of time was both unjust, cruel and illegal.

About five years ago, Nick, a Zuni who speaks good English and is well known to all the white people

MELITA, THE ZUNI WITCH.

who, for the past twenty years have found themselves at Zuni, incurred the enemity of Nauche and his priesthood. He was sentenced as a wizard to be hanged up by the thumbs, and, with other cruelties, the sentence was carried out. Help was called for from Fort Wingate, and soldiers came up to arrest the perpetrators of the punishment upon Nick. Foolishly the chief priests were allowed to escape, and Tsnahey Bnahey, the governor, was made the scapegoat. He and another were sentenced to prison at Albuquerque, N. M., for several months, though Tsnahey, whose "white name" is Dick, vows he had nothing to do with Nick's hanging. Nick and Dick, however, do not speak now as they pass by.

Striking changes in New Zealand have followed the volcanic eruption of 1886, which destroyed the famous Rotomahana terraces. A visitor of this region, Mr. H. M. Cadell, reports that the shower of fine volcanic ashes has made the surface water-tight for miles, causing the streams to become raging torrents after every rainfall, and to excavate deep gorges. Shortly after the eruption two new lakes with a combined area of twenty-five acres, had taken the place of the terraces, but five years ago the water had risen 400 feet, uniting the two lakes in one of 5600 acres.

Localities subject to such disturbances are picturesque enough to tourists, but do not tempt them to live there.

"THERE, DRAN'MA."

Grandma was dead. She had been a tender, loving grandma, with eyes as blue as the corn-flower in the land of her childhood, and a passion for plants and blossoms that is born in every dweller of the Rhine country. Her American home, where her large family of children were born and her grandchildren clustered, was surrounded by these beautiful tokens of infinite love, tokens also of tenderness and refinement in the human breast.

She lay in her casket in the large, old-fashioned parlor, where the fresh air and morning sunlight which had first kissed her garden blooms came in at the open window. Gentle hands of kindred had framed the dear old face, saintly with its last earthly smile, in white flowers and green leaves. Delicate sweet peas just tinted with sunset purple were slipped into the folds of her lace surplice.

"Sam" was the little toddler who was always at grandma's heels or holding her hand when she went out among her flowers. No one was thinking of him just then. Presently he came in upon the tearful group about the casket, a serious look upon his baby face and with the air of one intrusted with an important commission. His little kilt was gathered up in both hands, and what he carried therein no one knew until he hurried to the side of the casket and lifting himself on tiptoe as best he could, gave his skirt a little toss. A shower of morning glories fell on grandma's face and breast.

"There, dran'ma," he said, and trudged out without another word.

It was the hour for the funeral service, but no one had the heart to gather up and take away Sam's flowers, so with a little rearrangement, they were buried with her, the last love offering before the earth closed over the precious dust.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

"There are over one hundred valuable patents taken out by women which yield good fortunes to them, annually, and many others which are destined to sell well when they have been put upon the market," says the *Patent Record*. "One woman inventor is drawing about $5000 a year for a simple glove buttoner, and another has coined money from a patented adjustable waist supporter. There are many health devices patented by women, such as water filters, dress supporters, shoulder braces, and exercising machines. In the matter of small inventions for simplifying woman's wardrobe men have generally led the way, and even to-day they take out far more patents of this nature than the women. The latter, however, are very fruitful in inventing toys, puzzles, and games for young people, and some of our most successful ones are placed to their credit. The demand for new games and toys is becoming so great in our cities that a number of women inventors make a big income in contriving something new in this line every season. Many of their inventions are not patented in their name, but firms and dealers in toys and games buy the thing outright from them and secure the patent; consequently the real inventors do not receive the credit due to them, and the official record does not tell the whole story."

A new alloy has been discovered which is said to be a wonderful substitute for gold. It consists of ninety-four parts of copper to six parts of antimony. The copper is melted and the antimony added, together with a little magnesium and carbonate of lime to increase the density. The product can be drawn, wrought, and soldered like the precious metal to which it bears a striking resemblance when polished. The cost of manufacture is about twenty-four cents a pound.

A copper mask, believed to be unique, is an interesting object found in the wrappings of a mummy at Chimbete, Peru. It was shaped from a single nugget of copper by hammering on a mold, and the features, except the dwarfed nose, are well-formed and distinctive.

WHY WESTERN WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL.

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

LIKE Topsy, they have "just growed" that way ever since the great West became a cradle for new generations. And why have they "growed" into the lithe, radiant beauty that has become famous on two continents? The question may not be answered in a breath.

The close observer will tell you that he can recognize among a dozen representative women—by which is meant women who represent types of various localities—the one who hails from this side of the Rockies. This astuteness on his part is not a mere matter of guess work. The typical Western woman has characteristics that are unmistakable to eyes accustomed to them, and to the study of that most fascinating of subjects, woman's charm of face and figure. For the Western woman is a law unto herself; a being of distinct personality, yet a composite creature in whose fair person one may find a remarkable blending of charming attributes, the more attractive because of their combined strength. One cannot say of the Western woman who is beautiful—and when she is beautiful she is dangerously so—that she is a blonde, a brunette, a demi-blonde. She may be any one of these three—or something else quite as effectually fitted for man's undoing. The result is the same. The coloring of eyes and hair, the tint of complexion, the cast of features, by none of these signs may the woman of the West be discovered in a crowd of other women. Yet nine out of every ten men who know and study "types" will single her out unhesitatingly.

Upon analysis of the subject, one can arrive at conclusions by a negative process. The Western beauty is discoverable more by what she is not than what she is.

To proceed, then, along this line of reasoning: She is never pale as to coloring. She is never spirituelle as to physique; nor staid, nor prim, nor placid, nor diffident, nor bold, nor timid, nor reserved is she. And upon one unfailing sign may the observer stake his reputation as a guesser—her vivacity, which is of a kind wholly Western, for, whatever else she may or may not be, this complex creature is never stupid.

If intellectuality alone be an element of fascination, the spectacled maid of Boston town would prove a victorious rival over the woman of the West. But she doesn't, for the reason that there are various kinds of intellectuality, and the one may be alluring where the other is not. The intellectuality of the Eastern girl is calm, deep, translucent as a lake on a summer's day. That of the Western girl is like a sparkling stream, shallow here in the sunlight, but yonder in the shadow circling unexpectedly into a restful pool which mirrors the fathomless depths of a clear, logical mind; a stream that leaps from waterfall heights and dashes on its wild, free way joyously, while the lake of the East lies motionless and impressive, with never a ripple on its surface.

And there you have it. You always know just where to find that dignified bit of Boston brains, but her Western prototype—ah, a merry dance, good sirs, will she lead you.

The girl of the East does exactly what is expected of her; the girl of the West delights in doing the unexpected.

Given these mental characteristics, it follows as the night the day that the woman of the West should have a temperament in keeping with them. And she has. She is impulsive, level-headed, vivacious, warm-hearted, generous, independent. She loves the life in the open air which the climate makes possible. She finds health in the woods, and becomes a Diana and athlete combined, losing not one whit of her femininity in so doing. That under such favorable circumstances the daughters of the West should grow into beauty and grace is the most natural thing in the world.

California, Oregon and Washington have types of womankind to be proud of. They are alike, yet different.

It would be absurd to say that all Western women are beautiful. The majority of them are entitled to praise for prettiness, and a surprisingly large percentage of them are undeniably beautiful. But they are something more than this. The ideal Western woman is gifted with common sense. She frequently has genius as well.

I can think of no one so thoroughly typical of this latter class as Blanche Bates, the clever actress who just now has New York at her feet. Miss Bates is beautiful, sensible, with rare mental endowments and irresistible charm, and a native daughter of the great, glowing West.

There is an advantage on this side of the continent which women are sensible enough to avail themselves of—that is to say, women in general—and which is made possible by the much-vaunted amiability of the climate on this Pacific Coast. This advantage which the Eastern women have not, is the opportunity to exercise in the open air every day in the year. The gospel of pure air and muscular training as a combination for the betterment of health and the development of physical beauty, is as old as the California hills or the Catskill Mountains. But it is a truth that should be preached again and again, for those who practice it are splendid examples of its beneficial effects. The California girl and her Oregon and Washington sisters are enthusiastic devotees of outdoor athletics. They ride and drive horses; they play golf, tennis, croquet; they row on lake, stream, and bay; they go yachting and swimming; they climb mountains and ride wheels; they hunt and fish, and at college they play basket ball.

And why should not the consequences be evident in strong muscles and finely-moulded figures? Yet meet these girls of ours in a ball room, and the contour of delicately rounded arms and throats reveals no trace of masculine ruggedness, nor does the firm, white skin show so much as a hint of tan. That is because they have accustomed themselves from childhood to coast breezes and warm fogs, summer and winter sun, and the dry air of the interior counties. They live and thrive on climate—with a hearty, unpoetic appetite for beefsteaks as well.

There is but one alternative left to the Eastern girl who would also be beautiful. It is to come West and live in the open as many hours of the day, as many days of the year, as are possible. She may not grow up with the climate, as our girls happily have done, but she *can* grow into the serene and beautiful old age in which, according to the opinion of some, women are seen at their loveliest and best.

A SAN FRANCISCAN.
Pose for "The Traveler" by Coover & Rasmussen.

That the life of a baggage-master is more endurable and the performance of his duties less arduous than it has been heretofore, is owing to the fact that another inventive genius has come forth and patented a device which relieves this much abused and overworked individual from the task of adjusting balances and weights as well as that of figuring the excess indicated. The patentee of this novel device is a Vermonter. It will be a great convenience to railroad baggage offices, for without the use of weights or sliding balances this device immediately displays not only the exact weight of any article put on the platform, but also the excess weight over the legally fixed limit, as well as the rate to be charged for such excess. All of these facts are disclosed at a glance, a single pointer traveling around the dial serving to give the desired information. Of the many inventions of late years intended for use on railroads, this contrivance is one of the few that will be most generally adopted.

TRAINING SAILORS FOR THE NAVY.

J. M. SCANLAND.

THE Government has reserved Yerba Buena Island, commonly known as "Goat Island," as a "station" for the training of sailors for the United States Navy. Congress has appropriated $100,000 for the purpose. The passage of the bill is due to the efforts of Senator Perkins, who recognized the necessity of such a school on the Pacific Coast for the training of men for the Pacific naval squadrons.

The station will be located on the southwest side of the Island, which is freer from fogs and harsh winds. The main building will accommodate five hundred boys, and there will also be officers' quarters, a library and chapel. There will be an extensive drill ground provided with field pieces for exercises. Work has begun in the construction of roads and excavations for the buildings, also the preliminary work for the wharves has begun. The station will be completed within the next six months, and, until the buildings are finished, the *Pensacola*, now at Mare Island, will continue to be the "receiving station." The *Adams*, now fitting at Mare Island for the purpose, will serve as a "cruiser" in connection with the training school. This vessel will make stated cruises along the California coast, perhaps going as far as Honolulu, carrying about one hundred and fifty of the young sailors each cruise. This will give them a taste of sea life and serve as more practical training for the sea service they are soon to enter upon.

At the school they will be drilled in fencing, infantry tactics, revolver practice, and in the manual of rapid-fire guns. In addition they will be given a general education and a technical knowledge of naval matters. While they are educated as seamen, they may become non-commissioned or "petty" officers, but not commissioned officers, who must be graduated from naval academies. This practical education will fit them for almost any ordinary vocation in civil life, and after their term of enlistment expires, apprentices, as a rule, find little difficulty in getting lucrative employment, if they do not wish to re-enlist. But there is something about the salt air which, when once inhaled, like the climate of California, has an indefinable influence, and when trained for sea life the boys generally follow it until they are called home to "Davy Jones's Locker"—death. The life of a sailor, like all trades, requires continuous practice, and consequently boys must be trained for the duties of men.

Boys between the ages of fifteen and seventeen years may be enlisted in the training school, provided their parents or guardians consent. The boys are to serve until they are twenty-one years of age, and if at the expiration of the term they do not wish to re-enlist they are honorably discharged. An apprentice must be of good moral character, of robust frame, and free from any mental deficiency; also able to read and write. Those enlisting at the age of fifteen years must be four feet and eleven inches in height, weigh not less than eighty pounds, and have a chest measurement of not less than twenty-seven inches. Those of sixteen years must be two inches taller, weigh ten pounds more, and have a chest measurement of an additional inch. This illustrates the material from which our "men behind the guns" are made, and this healthful, robust standard is necessary in order that they may undergo the training and subsequent hard work of a seaman.

The boys will be enlisted as apprentices of the third class, will receive nine dollars a month, besides rations and an outfit of clothing, on enlisting. After a specified length of training at the school, those qualified will be placed on the training ship, and upon the completion of the cruise they will be advanced to apprentices of the second class, receiving fifteen dollars per month. Apprentices of the second class, when qualified, and after serving one year on a training ship, will be advanced to apprentices of the first class and receive twenty-one dollars per month. At the age of twenty-one years an apprentice becomes a full-fledged "jackie," and goes aboard a man-of-war to fill vacancies or man new ships put into service. Owing to the recent increase of the number of naval vessels there will be little trouble in finding room for well-trained sailors. It has lately been demonstrated that it is not so much in the ships and guns as in the men.

Henceforth, it seems, the United States is to be a great naval power, and it is now of more importance than the military branch, as there is little probability of a land invasion. Our neighbor, Mexico, has given over the idea that she can whip the United States, even if Texas be omitted; Great Britain is not threatening us and maintains only a small garrison. The greatest danger is from the sea, and men are being trained for our increased navy for the Pacific waters.

CHARACTERISTIC VIEWS OF LAKE COUNTY.

The training school on Yerba Buena Island will be the finest and most commodious of any in the United States, and it is the aim to fit out five hundred trained sailors each year. The school will be under the direction of Commander Glass, formerly of the battle-ship *Texas*, assisted by a corps of able and experienced naval officers. It will be the first to be established in the West, or on the Pacific Coast. Yerba Buena Island is an ideal spot for a sailor's school, being a much healthier and more picturesque location than can be found on the Atlantic Coast.

This story is told of Sir Walter Scott, who was far from being a brilliant pupil at school. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow," said Scott, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

A MAMMOTH DRY DOCK IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

The rise of the United States to the rank of a first-class naval power, and our recent naval engagements in the far East, with the probability of more to come, makes the construction of a dry dock on the Pacific Coast imperative, to obviate the necessity of sending our war-vessels to the East for repairs. Accordingly, work will soon begin on the construction of a dry dock at Mare Island, in the Bay of San Francisco. The material of which it will be built has not yet been decided upon, but it will be the largest and most commodious naval dry dock in the United States.

Its length will be seven hundred and fifty feet; breadth, eighty feet; and width, thirty feet. This will accommodate the largest ship in the world. As soon as the bids for its construction have been decided upon, the authorities will decide what class of material shall be used, and that will also determine its cost, which is a matter of great importance to the Pacific Coast, and especially to California. If the dock be built of wood it is estimated that it will cost about $850,000; if built of concrete the cost will be about $1,500,000; and if built of stone the cost will be at least $2,000,000.

California is rich in durable woods, and has many rock quarries, so that no matter which class of material is selected this State can supply it. The construction of this immense dock is a most important addition to the Pacific Coast naval defenses, and one which is especially needed at this time in view of the increase of the number of our war-vessels in western waters.

In addition to the foregoing improvements, the Government has appropriated $100,000 for the construction of buildings on Mare Island. The largest part of the appropriation, however, is for the rebuilding of the quarters for officers, which were partly destroyed by an earthquake last year.

It is suggested by some of the naval officials that the name of Mare Island be changed to that of "Dewey Island." As it is due more to his glorious victory than to anything else that the dry dock has become a naval necessity, this name would be especially appropriate. Furthermore, the name "Mare Island" is out of date, and a misnomer. There are no horses on Mare Island any more than there are goats on Goat Island. It is believed the Island was so named by the early Spaniards from the incident of a mare escaping from the pueblo and swimming to the Island. This is another special reason why the name should be changed.

THE WOMAN OF TACT.

It has been said that tact is a greater gift than genius. It is genius of a fine, peculiar quality. It is not easy to describe, but its subtile presence is felt or missed the moment you enter a home and meet its mistress.

The woman of tact is always pleasant-mannered whether or not her behavior is according to any code of rules. She possesses a kind heart behind a seeing eye and quick sensibilities. She will not bore people with too much attention. She puts little conveniences and surprises in the way of her guests and makes no words about it. She manages to place congenial people in proximity at her dinners and luncheons, and rarely interludes apologies and explanations.

By nature and education the woman of tact is tidy, punctual, sympathetic, and even-tempered. Where she has both the inborn right and the inbred advantage, there we find the true home and society queen.

OUR THEATERS.

IN the opening night at the opera, said a man in formal evening dress, "San Francisco Society is provincial.

"I agree with you," rejoined his companion. "In New York, London, or Paris you wouldn't see men at an opera in sack coats. Don't San Francisco business men know that a sack coat is quite as bad form in a place of this kind as a smoking-jacket?"

"Well, there is about the same lack of correct dressing among the women. The house looks as though a flock of swallows had settled among birds of paradise. They should all be birds of a feather at an opera. See the tailor gowns! Yes, and golf capes as I live!

"Some of these San Francisco women are stunning, though; the tall one in white with the regal poise to her head, for instance."

The critics who thus seared local society with the brand of provincialism were globe-trotters. Rise not in your wrath, oh sack-coated man and tailor-made woman. Who can blame them for judging upon ocular evidence?

But a word in your ears, Messrs. Globe-Trotters: You have cobwebs before your eyes. Let us brush them away and you will see a bit more clearly.

Know, then, that San Francisco society is not provincial.

Disabuse your minds at once of the impression that yonder business man cannot match your own knowledge as to matters of etiquette. Cross-examine him and he will be found thoroughly posted as to black vicuna dress coat, waistcoat, and trousers, the proper expansion of starched territory on manly breasts, the sleeveless Inverness, the crush opera hat, the white gloves, yea, the sock which is black and silken, and the tie which is a drift of linen snow.

Then why does he not array himself in these things? Because he is a Californian and accustomed to doing as he pleases. And because this Western metropolis is so lenient that it will not frown him down socially for his indifference to dress.

He goes to enjoy the music, knowing that his derby will not damn him.

Now, as to the swallows whose somber street garb was dull and dreary to the globe-trotting eye. They, too, belong to the go-as-you-please element which is independently Californian and don't care who knows it. Loving music much and social conventionalities little, they go to hear, neither to see nor be seen. Many of them cannot afford the regulation evening regalia and are sensible enough not to attempt display. They have a right to the opera if they hold tickets therefor. They are not amenable to social punishment and so take advantage of their privileges. Some of them who can afford to be "smart," do not care to take the pains—even to please hypercritical globe-trotters.

Carrie Roma is in London. She has taken up permanent residence in the land of the Britishers and is now at the Hotel Cecil. An excellent portrait of her adorns the front page of a recent musical courier of London. There is no doubt that our Carrie—who, by the bye, has been rechristened "Caro" since reaching the other side—will be immensely popular in the musical world of that musical metropolis. She has a delicious soprano voice which she uses with the skill of a thoroughly trained artist; she is a clever woman, with youth, vivacity and energy, is a composer of charming songs, and last and always, a Californian. One says "always" advisedly, for Roma will never become foreignized, as did Sybil Sanderson.

New times have come upon the Grand Opera House. Manager Walter Morosco follows up the changed policy of the big theater under his control by introducing the Southwald Comic Opera Company, which is now pleasing the patrons of the Mission-Street House. Edith Mason is the prima donna, the tenor being Thomas H. Persse, about whom many enthusiastic things are said. "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" is on the boards this week.

I want to pat the Tivoli approvingly on the back for its first-class performance of "The Mikado," week before last. The popular opera was capitally sung by principals and chorus. Annie Myers made as fetching a Pitti-Sing as had been heard and seen here. Phil Branson's Mikado could scarcely have been improved upon, and Edwin Stevens' conception of the Lord High Executioner was irresistibly funny. This week, "Beautiful Goldenlocks," a "spectacular fantasie," is the bill. Helen Merrill reappears in the cast, and there are some dazzling transformation scenes.

The Alhambra is doing a good business. It provides stirring dramas, well-staged and acted, and is filling this ever present want on the public's part most acceptably. Melodrama is the spice of the average theater-goer's life.

At the Columbia are the Bostonians. Jessie Bartlett Davis' dulcet voice has lost none of its freshness and charm. Helen Bertram is an excellent addition to the personnel of the Company and Barnabee is as much of a favorite as ever. "The Serenade" and "Robin Hood" close the engagement.

MARK THALL,
The genial manager, to whom the Alcazar Theater owes much of its success.

Among newcomers at the Orpheum are the Matweefs, including three men and two women from the Establishment Cimselli, St. Petersburg, especially imported by the Orpheum management. Their work is along grotesque lines. The Pantzer Brothers and Manning and Weston are also new. The hold-overs are all good.

Manager S. H. Friedlander, up whose theatrical sleeve some choice bookings are lurking for the coming season, announces the appearance of Ian Maclaren at the California Theater on the 5th, 6th and 7th of April. As the literary world knows already, "Ian Maclaren" is the Reverend Dr. Watson. D. D., author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "Auld Lang Syne," "A Doctor of the Old School," "The Mind of the Master," "Kate Carnegie," "Afterwards, and Other Stories," etc. The following program will be presented:

"Certain Traits of Scottish Character," with a reading from Dr. Maclure; readings from the "Annals of Drumtochty" with notes [a] "A Drumshaugh's Fireside," [b] "Elspeth Macfadyn," [c] "His Mother's Sermon;" "More Traits of Scottish Character," with an unpublished story, "How Mr. Davidson Kept His Last Christmas at Drumtochty;" readings from the "Annals of Drumtochty," and "A Lecture on Robert Burns."

Dr. Watson is declared by all who have heard him to be an exceptionally interesting speaker, winning the sympathies of his audiences at once, and moving them easily to laughter or tears.

Moritz Rosenthal, conceded to be one of the greatest pianists of the age, is coming to the Grand Opera House, where he will play at popular prices, on the 25th and 26th of April, under the management of S. H Friedlander. Endowed with the highest musical intelligence, Rosenthal is a genius whom music lovers cannot afford to miss hearing.

During the week of April 3rd, the Alcazar's bill will be "The Charity Ball." This popular play has an especial hold upon the admiration of the San Francisco public. Frank Denithorne and several other Alcazarans will not be in the cast, that clever young actor having been made leading man of the Belasco-Thall Company, which excellent organization will make a tour of the Coast and Northwest, opening at Fresno, April 3rd, in Powers' great Chinese drama, "The First Born" Other plays in the repertoire are "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Peaceful Valley" and "Incog." The Company will carry all its scenery and properties, and will give thoroughly delightful performances, being splendidly equipped as to talent and experience. Besides Mr. Denithorne, who is a handsome and conscientious actor; and George Osborne, who is immensely popular in San Francisco; the Company includes. Russell Bassett, A. L. Willard, Chas. Bates, Frank H. Crane, Frank C. Thompson, Robert Howell, Wm. Curtin, S. Romero, Gertrude Foster, Helen Mason Osbourne, Daisy Grogan, Ida Banning. Mai Wells and little Venie Wells. Louis A. Morgenstern is the Company's efficient manager.

Colonel Kowalsky owes an abject apology to several hundred people. The several hundred are those who assembled in the Columbia Theater one Monday night to see and hear "The Sign of the Cross," but as the Colonel does not bear a reputation for paying what he owes with the lightning celerity that marks the ideal debtor, the Columbia's patrons are not likely to get their due. The well-known lawyer arrived rather late, and not intending to remain long, perched himself with airily elephantine grace on the arm of a seat next to one of the aisles. The play approached the dramatic climax when Marcus Superbus endeavors to make Mercia renounce her faith, and she holds up the symbol to lime-light and slow music, while the audience sits in breathless silence and gets its money's worth of thrills in contemplating the impressive scene. The stillness of the house became such that the proverbial pin might have been heard to drop as Mercia, the lime-light, and the sign of the cross became the focus for every pair of eyes save one. They were the eyes that window the soul of Colonel Kowalsky. He was fast asleep.

Now the Colonel, like most men of generous girth, snores when he slumbers. So it came to pass that the holy calm pervading the theater at that moment was harshly broken in upon by a series of regularly intermittent sounds like those of a toy locomotive in action, each toot followed by a peculiarly muffled grunt that suggested a bull frog with a chronic cough. Nor was this the extent of the Colonel's offense. At the critical juncture when Mercia displayed the cross, the thrill of the audience was changed to a nervous chill, for the sleeping man's grip loosened upon his cane and that massive support of its owner's avoirdupois fell to the aisle floor with a distracting clatter. It woke the somnolent attorney, who lost his balance while making an ineffectual lunge for his property. A fleet usher grappled with him and finally set him upright, but the audience went home in disgust. The next time the Colonel attends the theater he should wear an alarm clock and nap between the acts.

It pleases but does not surprise me that Blanche Bates has reached, and so quickly, the summit of success in New York. This department of THE TRAVELER predicted as much many months ago, and the enthusiastic comments were not echoed as warmly as they should have been by all of those who read them. There are certain stupid people in our midst who are blind to anything that does not bear the New York stamp of approval. Their praise of Miss Bates at this late day is amusing. THE BOHEMIAN.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

Like all stars, Frederick Warde has had his share of trying experiences at one-night stands. There are certain towns on the map at the mere mention of which the great tragedian gives a convulsive shudder. Tulare is one of them, and all on account of the Roman legion which Warde had to trump up at short notice for the single performance of a play given for the pleasure of the Tularans, whose histrionic treats are few and far between.

As everybody knows, a Roman legion is a sort of theatrical emergency fund, its members available at half a dollar a night apiece in all well-regulated cities, where men of fairly well-turned calves and sound lungs, who pursue various humble avocations by day, are glad to loan themselves nightly to enhance the glitter of the stage. But Warde chanced to strike Tulare at harvest time, when the industrious males were pitching hay on the surrounding ranches, and although the town was thoroughly searched, the curtain went up with the Roman legion winnowed out to six husky Tulare boys.

It was their first appearance before the footlights and in Roman attire. Fresh from the ardent kisses of the noonday sun, their arms were burned brown to the elbow, the other half of their brawny biceps showing up bravely and in startling contrast, in the decollete Roman robes for which they had doffed their jumpers. Nor had there been time to rehearse them properly, so that when Warde demanded in stentorian tones, "Where is my lictor?" the stage manager had to shove a scared young hayseed onto the stage, where he stood confusedly smoothing his back hair with a copper-colored paw. As the evening wore on, however, the farmer-actors' stage fright wore off, and they grinned broadly whenever they recognized friends in the audience. This interfered with the smoothness of the performance to such an extent that Ward had to read the riot act to them when the curtain fell, with the result that they deported themselves the remainder of the evening more like six pall-bearers than half a dozen belligerent Romans, and were so slow in making their exit at the finale that the stage manager, who had been swearing sotto voce all night in the wings, was obliged to rush on and yank the leader of the spell-bound mob by the ear as a cue for the rest to follow him.

And this is why the word Tulare conjures up painful memories for Frederick Warde.

A SONG OF TO-DAY.

Oh love, my love, whose sighs and tears and laughter
Have often echoed mine,
Why should we seek to know what follows after
This day of ours divine?
Nay, is it not enough that you and I
Have drained the cup of love in passing by?

Oh love, dear love, look not beyond these hours;
Or highest heaven, or hell,
Or dumb forgetfulness beneath the flowers,
Still do I say 'tis well,
For we have loved. Life's joy of joys complete,
What matters death to you and me, my sweet?

I have been highly entertained by the reading of an extraordinary work entitled "The Complete Bachelor." Its chapters treat such subjects as this: How a Bachelor Should Dress; A Code of Table Manners; A Bachelor's Servants; The Engaged Bachelor; Funerals; The Dance; etc., etc.

Here are some extracts:

"Fish is eaten with a silver fish-fork. Chasing morsels of fish around your plate with bits of bread is obsolete.

"Plates or saucers for cucumbers, vegetables or salads are bad form.

"Oysters, when raw, must be swallowed whole.

"Butter is never served at dinner.

"Strawberries are now served with the stems on."

Dear, dear! Somebody, please pass me the smelling salts.

And here are a few more flowers of thought culled from the dry goods section:

"A Tuxedo dinner suit is a necessity. If you cannot afford the entire suit, get the jacket, which will cost you but forty dollars.

"I have known men to have their black sack coats or old black diagonal cutaways changed into a Tuxedo by the cutting off of tails.

"You should have at least six evening shirts. These you can have made to order for fifty-six dollars. It is considered smart to have the cuffs attached.

"Pajamas should be of Madras or pongee silk.

"A frock coat can be made for fifty dollars. An expenditure of fifty dollars will fit you out nicely with shoes and boots.

"In wet weather it is absolutely necessary to turn up the bottoms of your trousers.

"When you change your clothes you should first empty all your pockets.

"Boots and shoes when not in use should be put on wooden trees to keep them in shape. Patent leathers must be daily creamed and rubbed with a chamois cloth.

"When you remove your shirt at night, be careful to take out the buttons or sleeve links, unless you intend to wear the garment again. In that case hang it up in your closet."

Another bottle of smelling salts, please!

The other night, as the cable car in which I was riding my nickel's worth, neared the "heart" of this city of San Francisco, which I proudly call my home and of whose glories I am ever prating—the other night, I say (to go back to the beginning of this badly constructed sentence), I saw a sea of umbrellas on either side of me.

It reached from curb to curb on Market, within the half block above and the quarter block below Newspaper Corner, otherwise the junction of Kearny, Market and Third Streets, where the three great morning dailies of this dear but sinful city raise their several buildings skyward, and from whose towering turrets their three several managing editors make faces at each other. It was raining, and no joke of a rain, either. The car clanged noisily, and slowly forced its way through aisles of damp but persistent humanity in the garments of the male.

"Gee!" remarked a small boy in knickers, who was kneeling on the seat opposite me, and whose nose had been flattened interestedly against the pane. "Gee whiz!" he added, turning to me with much friendliness as his nearest fellow passenger, "see 'em rubberin' underneath their umbrellas!"

What was the excitement? How can you ask? Would anything but a prize-fight call forth such devoted attention on the part of American multitudes? Of course not.

Perhaps, unsympathetic reader, you do not appreciate a slogging match? Perhaps you find nothing to interest you in a nice gentlemanly sport like this, where men maul each other until somebody calls "time," and the purse is turned over to the man who can reduce his opponent to pulp the quickest. What were rheumatics, pneumonia, pleurisy and kindred inconveniences, compared with the dear, breathless delight of "rubbering" in a rainstorm to catch the great, thrilling news of a great, thrilling fight, as it is flashed upon the screen while each round progresses?

Go 'way, prudish, over-sensitive ultra-refined reader—you do not comprehend the scientific beauties of a slogging match. I am quite ashamed of your ridiculous antipathy to this noble, nose-punching, bone-smashing sport! Go 'way.

A FREAK OF THE SURF AT SANTA CRUZ. F. W. Bliss, D. D. S., Photo.

PRESCIENCE.

When on the hill the poppies blow,
A yellow field that charms mine eyes,
And trembling in the golden glow
The April day in splendor dies.

When night and twilight softly blend,
Earth's peace with me may not abide,
For whereso'er my foots tend
A nameless shadow walks beside.

Its strangely haunting presence seems
To linger with me all the way;
It steals into my troubled dreams
And dims the brightness of the day.

And in my ear it whispers low,
While throbs my heart anew with pain;
"Another sorrow thou shalt know
Before these flowers bloom again."

THE SAN FRANCISCO GIRL.

Pretty? Of course she is—a thing of beauty.
A little bit to wilfulness inclined,
But very charming—this she deems her duty
To all mankind;
And if sometimes she seems a trifle vain,
Who should complain?

Well, if you *did* see on her cheek's soft roses
Something that looked suspiciously like paint!
What would you have—a maiden meek as Moses?
A faultless saint?
If specks of powder nestle here and there,
Why should you care?

Fads? To be sure. The fancies of the hour
Are her delight. She's wise enough to know
That maidens who ignore Dame Fashion's power
Are voted slow;
So, to escape a wallflower's dreary fate,
She's up-to-date.

You think she is indifferent to science?
Neglects her Browning for the matinee,
And places in herself too much reliance?
Then haste away
And seek elsewhere a bookworm for a bride;
The world is wide.

She's fond of flirting? How you criticise her
Would any girl, I pray you, be content
To waste on desert air such lips and eyes, sir?
Kind Nature meant
That she *should* flirt; so, with consummate art,
She wins your heart.

She is the sweetest woman in creation?
You liked her from the first? Of course you did.
Her faults were freaks of your imagination?
You thought you hid
Your secret? Why, the whole town knew you were
In love with her!

Life would be quite unendurable to me without the fashion magazine. From its pages I cull information of a most fascinating character. The valuable tips given me through this medium are positively indispensable to my existence. It is with keenest joy, for instance, that I learn in a recent issue how absurdly cheap the small luxuries of woman's wardrobe are this year.

For example, I am assured that I can get a coral collar of five strands, held together with rhinestone clasps for $14.

Also, that I may secure, for the back of my hair, cut steel combs with large hammered pearls (whatever they may be) for the riduculously small sum of $13.75.

And I can buy for a paltry $15 a charming Easter gift in the way of a silver flower holder; while a shopping-bag in novel design may be bought for $45.

But that is not all. There are stockings described as "dreams of loveliness," of cobweb silk embroidered in cupids, for only $30 per pair. One really ought to have at least a dozen pairs of these for summer wear. Hatpins for $5, a face-powder box for $7, a tooth-powder holder for $6.50, a tooth-brush holder for $5.50, side combs for $20, and a point lace handkerchief for $50 are among the bargains mentioned.

Really, no woman has any excuse for not being supplied with all these trifles at their present low prices. For the inconsequential sum of $500 one can get through the season very nicely.

San Francisco is getting on. We shall yet have a city to "point to with pride" and without fear of deserved criticism about our lack of progressiveness. Market street, no longer a cobbled disgrace, is a thoroughfare to traverse which is a real comfort to man and beast. Admirably paved from ferry to Van Ness and the good work going on! Just think of it, after all these years of bumping, jolting, ankle-turning misery, to have a municipal dream come true. And that magnificent new ferry depot, too! 'Rah for us!

ITEMS.

The work upon the new hotel at Terminal Island has already commenced, and the expectations that the hotel will be opened to the public on June 15th, will no doubt be realized. It will be a comfortable inn of some forty-six rooms, with salt water baths, steam heat, electric lights, and all that goes to make up a first-class hostelry, and will be located on the ocean beach within one hundred feet of the water, from which a magnificent view of the ocean, San Pedro Harbor, Deadman's Island and other interesting points can be had.

AN OPEN LETTER TO COMMERCIAL MEN.

COLUSA, CAL., March 31, 1899.

Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to state to you that for over three years that I have been in the hotel business in Colusa, I have enjoyed the favor of your patronage, and I believe you will do me the justice to acknowledge that during that time that I have left no stone unturned to cater to your every want and comfort.

While I have maintained the only first-class hotel in Colusa, I think you will own that I have not taken advantage of that fact in furnishing you a class of service that was really unnecessary for the want of competition, and it is my principle to always conduct my business on these lines.

I have earned the reputation of serving the best meal in this section of California, for I make it a rule to select the best the market affords. My bedrooms have recently been newly furnished and upholstered, and many little conveniences added for the comfort of my guests.

Thanking you for your past patronage, and trusting that I may have the pleasure of its continuance on your next visit to Colusa, I am

Very respectfully,
PHIL POIRIER,
Proprietor Colusa House,
Colusa, Cal.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by the firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnen & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, seventy-five cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE LITERARY BARGAIN COUNTER

It is doubtful whether the "cheap" magazines are a benefit to the public. Literature is not like dry-goods: the periodicals cannot be forced upon the people, no matter how cheaply they may be sold. The lovers of pure literature do not purchase magazines and illustrated papers because they are "cheap" but for their high literary and artistic qualities. There is caste in literature as well as in society, and the better class of readers will patronize the better grade of publications, not hesitating at the additional cost of a few cents per copy. It is impossible for the human mind to grasp all literature, hence the reader must select the best, and the cheapness will not enable him to digest more. There are distinctive fields in literature, and each field is as broad as the world of thought. Each has its class of readers, and few cross the line of their specialty except in a general sense as a relaxation. Periodicals with a distinctive field, and special class of readers, make a mistake in attempting to "cram" them down the throats of the general and unappreciative public by entering the "cheap" market.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

Some Western Poems by Bret Harte
The Hawk's Nest

We checked our pace—the red road sharply rounding;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canyon lifted
The gray hawk breathless hung;
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn-bush hung.

Or where half-way the mountainside was furrowed
With many a seam and scar;
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed,
A mole-hill, seen so far.

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach:
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech.

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
For telling him he lied:
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's, and up through Eden,
And 'cross the ford below;
And up this canyon (Peters' brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fought us game: somehow, I disremember
Jest how the thing kem round:
Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered ember
From fires on the ground.

But in one minute all the hill below him
Was jest one sheet of flame;
Guardin' the crest, Sam Clark and I called to him,
And—well, the dog was game!

"He made no sign: the fires of hell were round him,
The pit of hell below.
We sat and waited—but we never found him;
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so bristly
With chaparral and tan—
Suthin' crept out: it might hev been a grizzly,
It might hev been a man;

"Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and shouted
In smoke and dust and flame;
Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky
And kinder makes one queer
And dizzy lookin down. A drop o' whisky
Ain't a bad thing right here!"

AT THE HACIENDA.

Know I not whom thou mayst be
Carved upon this olive tree—
"Manuela of La Torre,"
For, around on broken walls,
Summer sun and spring rain falls,
And in vain the low wind calls
"Manuela of La Torre."

Of that song no words remain
But the musical refrain:
"Manuela of La Torre."
Yet at night when winds are still,
Tinkles on the distant hill
A guitar, and words that thrill
Tell to me the old, old story—
Old when first thy charms were sung,
Old when these old walls were young,
"Manuela of La Torre."

Mother—I can't see why you should object to Mr. Goodsense.

Daughter—I never could marry such a man as that. He wears the cheapest kind of ready-made clothes.

Mother—That is mere idiosyncrasy.

Daughter—Y-e-s, but I'm afraid he'll want me to dress the same way.

THAT REMINDS ME.

Parrot (to his newly-chosen mate)—You are the only bird I ever loved.

His Mate—Oh, say! I'm not so green as I look.

***

She—What size gloves do you wear?

He (unthinkingly)—Five ounces.

***

Street Railway President—How's that new fender working?

General Manager—Excellently! Ten people have been killed since we put it on, and not a car has been injured.

***

Vigilante—Will it be necessary to overpower the sheriff?

Other Vigilante—Yes, but we can leave that till after we get the man lynched.

***

"Do you realize fully, sir, that you have called me an ass?"

"No sir, not fully. I haven't known you long enough."

***

The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,
But after he's been civilized
He worships gold alone.

***

Client—How many lawsuits do you think will be necessary to straighten out this property?

Lawyer—I don't know. How large is the property?

***

It is a curious fact in philology that the verb to love is regular in all languages, even in French.

***

"Don't you think she fully appreciates her husband?"

"Oh, no; she loves him too much for that."

***

Willie—Mamma, what is a periodical?

Mrs. Slimson—Ask your father, dear.

***

Mrs. Tipple—I didn't hear you when you came in last night.

Mr. Tipple—No, and I suppose that is why I didn't hear you.

***

Ned—If you want to marry an heiress why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich.

Ted—Yes, but I object to her past.

Ned—Why, I thought that was above reproach.

Ted—It is, but there is so much of it.

***

JOURNALISM in all its branches is taught in ten lessons by mail, by Jael Shoemaker, the well-known practical and successful western journalist of North Yakima, Washington.

THE STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Active solicitors wanted everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian of the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific, with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by the government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address H. L. Barber, General Manager, 356 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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OTTO E. NEVER, Proprietor

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GREATEST HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT ON THE COAST.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pen Paralysis, Kidney and Stomach Troubles, and all Skin Diseases.

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New Hotel and Cottages. Paid Orchestra. Camping Privileges.

DRINK PASO ROBLES SODA WATER

Home Comforts

Are rarely to be obtained at a restaurant, but it is just this feature that has made ours popular.

AT "SWAIN'S"

the surroundings are refined, comfortable and attractive. We employ the best of chefs, and our service is neat, tasty and prompt.

213 SUTTER STREET,

NEAR KEARNY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Table d'Hote, $1.00, 5 to 8 p. m.

CALIFORNIA UNDERTAKING CO. A. D. CHESHIRE, Pres. and Mgr.

FINEST FUNERAL PARLORS IN THE CITY.

Tel. Main 971. 405 Powell St., near Post.

RESORT NOTES.

Tourists making the trip from Ukiah to Blue Lakes, Laurel Dell, Saratoga Springs and Upper Lake will be interested to know that the stage line between these points, owned by Mr. W. H. Miller, is up-to-date in every respect, and the route covered is one of the most picturesque in Lake County.

The ride from Cloverdale to the Geysers is another delight. The stage line is owned by Mr. C. E. Humbert, and the sixteen miles over this splendid mountain road is made under three hours. All owing to a first-class equipment and experienced drivers.

The well-known Paraiso Springs of Monterey County have changed hands and are now owned by the well-known Dr. J. Perrault, a practicing physician of San Francisco for many years. The doctor will assume the direct management, and will likewise act as resident physician at the Springs, an advantage this pretty resort has not heretofore enjoyed.

The Hotel Green at Pasadena has enjoyed another phenomenal season under the management of Mr. J. H. Holmes. It is one of the most delightful hotels west of New York.

Anderson Springs in Lake County are ready for business. They are in first-class shape, and when it is said that they are "as attractive as ever," it is the only recommendation necessary for the continuance of its large patronage.

Right on the shores of Clear Lake, in Lake County, is located the Hotel Benvenue, one of the most picturesque and delightful resorts in that section. Many improvements have been added since last season and a large patronage is expected this coming summer.

The Hotel St. James at San Jose is progressing rapidly under the new management of Mr. D. C. Halsey. The entire front of the hotel is to be rebuilt, and in a few months' time the St. James will be one of the best hotels south of San Francisco.

Witter Springs in Lake County are this year under the management of Mr. Max Aman, who fully understands how to cater to his guests. The Springs are remarkable for the wonderful cures of blood diseases, etc., and they will no doubt be liberally patronized this season.

The Hotel Westminster at Los Angeles has been doing a splendid business all winter long, and will have a liberal share of the summer trade as well. It is splendidly managed and its cuisine is simply beyond criticism.

The Hotel Brewster at San Diego takes the lead among the first-class hotels of the Southern City, and has enjoyed a steady trade through the winter. There is no better kept house in the South.

The Bordwell at Riverside is the best hotel in that town and has captured all the select trade.

The Hotel Rowardennan at Ben Lomond opens for business May 15th. It is again under the able management of Mr. W. E. Veazie, who conducted it in 1897.

The Natick House at Los Angeles will soon have its additional story completed. The addition will be accompanied with all latest improvements in the hotel line.

Tourists wishing to make a few weeks stay convenient to San Francisco, are reminded that the Hotel Metropole, Oakland, is the most delightful hostelry in this neighborhood. Connection can be had every twenty minutes.

Visitors to Southern California should not miss a trip to the Ostrich Farm, only thirty minutes from Los Angeles by electric car. The interesting exhibition is well worth seeing.

We learn that the Hotel Nadeau, Los Angeles, has enjoyed a very flattering trade since Messrs. Palmer & Co. assumed control. It is right in the heart of the city, and several thousands of dollars have been spent within the past few months to keep it always abreast of the times.

Santa Cruz this year will see its best trade go to the Hotel St. George, the only strictly first-class hotel in the city. The old Sea Beach Hotel on the hill is out of date now, and the select and refined element are taking quarters at the new St. George, where they are always assured of a good meal and modern accommodations.

The popular Skaggs' Springs of Sonoma County will again remain under the direction of Mr. Mulgrew, its former proprietor, who has now conducted it for the past four years. It is not necessary to say anything further than this to those who have been there within that period.

The Horton House at San Diego has had an excellent season. Last fall it was completely remodeled within, including private baths, etc., and the public have appreciated the innovation by their increased patronage.

The sixth winter meeting of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, beginning April 3rd, will be run over the Oakland Track. Monday the Pacific Coast Jockey Club officials will take charge of the Oakland Track for two weeks and run off the program that has been scheduled at Ingleside. This is a praiseworthy action on the part of the Ingleside management, as it shows that they have no idea of repudiating their contracts, but that on the contrary, they mean to keep forth with the horsemen so far as it lies in their power.

The Wife—The minister hit you pretty hard to-day, John.

The Husband—I'm very glad you enjoyed the sermon, my dear.

Attendant—Your governess is outside, sir.

Young American—All right. Put a blanket over her and let her stand.

HOTEL VENDOME.

A few months ago the Hotel Vendome at San Jose, Cal., was partially destroyed by fire, but as the old saying goes, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." This seems to have been exemplified in this instance, for this splendid hostelry is again open for the public, and still under the direction of the popular manager, Mr. George P. Snell. The new portion of the building has been rebuilt upon the most modern plans, and the older section remodeled throughout, so that the entire edifice is practically a new structure. Thirty-six new suites of apartments have been added, each provided with large and elegantly appointed bath-rooms, toilets, closets, etc., and every up-to-date device in the way of comfort, convenience, and sanitation has been adopted.

In both the old and new buildings, steam heating, electric lighting, plumbing and general improvements have been made to conform with the newest and most approved plans. The new dining-room, with its magnificently arched ceiling, delicate tints and splendid lighting, will be a most attractive feature. The dining-room for children and nurses has been greatly enlarged and improved. In brief, the new Hotel Vendome is, in the truest sense of the expression, a modern hotel, affording every essential for the gratification of the most refined and exacting idea of luxurious comfort.

Skaggs' HOT SPRINGS

SONOMA CO., CAL.

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First-class Hotel and Stage Service.

Morning and Afternoon Stages. Round Trip from San Francisco only $5.50. Take Tiburon Ferry at 7.30 A. M. or 3.30 P. M.

Terms, $2 a Day or $12 a Week.

References: Any guest of the past four years' Patronage constantly increasing—last year unprecedented.

J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

GLENBROOK,

Lake County, Cal.

Beautifully located, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. Home comforts, home cooking, and in fact an ideal resort for a summer outing.

Main Hotel and Cottages are now lighted with Acetylene Gas throughout.

REMEMBER

If you want to hunt,
If you want to fish,
If you want to recuperate,
If you want the best of recreation,
If you want pure air, sunshine,
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate,
You will find all at **Glenbrook.**

Postoffice (money order) and telephone connections everywhere.

For rates, pamphlets, Address,

O. W. R. Tredway, Proprietor.

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CALISTOGA, CAL.

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Stages leave Calistoga daily, except Sunday, at 11.30 a. m.

HOWARD SPRINGS, LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Are 2,300 feet above the sea, no fog, climate perfect. Hot mineral plunge and tub baths, fine medicinal drinking water. Excellent fishing and hunting, postoffice and telephone. Rates $10 to $12, with special terms for families. Round trip from San Francisco, via Calistoga, $10 (including fine stage drive).

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Take cars for Calistoga, arriving at 10 a. m., connecting with stage, arriving at Springs at 5 p. m. For accommodations and further particulars, address,

MRS. R. J. BEEBY, Proprietor.

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA; central, first-class, moderate rates, new sanitary plumbing, electric bells.

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Every day in the year Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars leave Oakland Mole for Chicago and the East.

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LAKE COUNTY.

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Rates at Hotel from $8 to $12 per week.

For further particulars, address.

MAX AMAN,
Witter Springs,
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VALLEY ROAD

The San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Co.

Trains are now running between Stockton, Fresno, Hanford, Visalia and Bakersfield, connecting with the steamboats of the California Navigation and Improvement Co., leaving San Francisco at 6 p. m. daily, excepting Sunday, and Stockton at 7:15 p. m. daily. The Company is also extending its line between San Francisco (Point Richmond) and Stockton as rapidly as practicable.

For time table, or other particulars, please address:

JOHN MOSS, Traffic Manager.
General Offices: 321 Market St., San Francisco.

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If you want to be considered "up to date" in every respect, see that the name in the crown of your hat is that of ————

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J. A REDEMEYER,
Proprietor.

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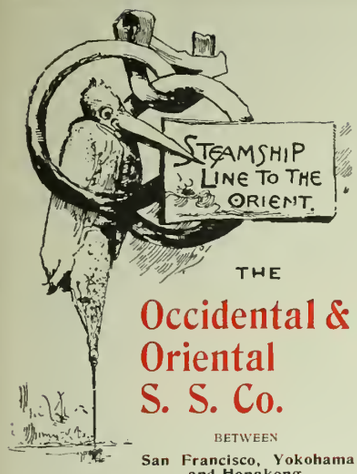

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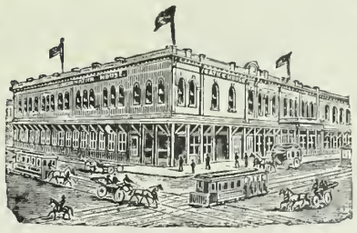

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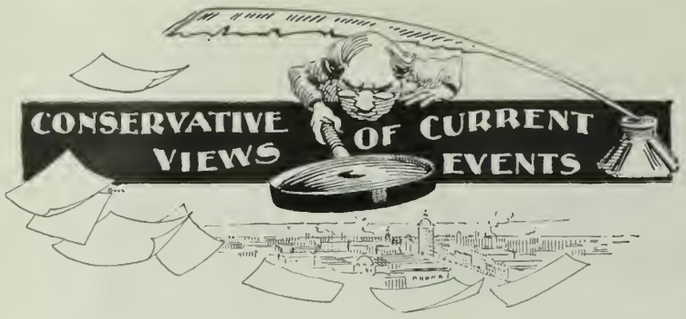


TAXATION AND BOND ISSUE.

THE ONSLAUGHT made on the resources of the taxpayers continues to be pushed with unrelenting vigor. The numerous views of interested progressive parties receive official hearing in accordance with the supposed political influence wielded by the presenters. The atmosphere is filled with shouts for this improvement from a certain quarter of the city, and for that betterment from another section, each faction urging its claims to precedence. The east, the west, and south are all appealing to the Supervisors to consider their wants and provide funds either by tax levy or bond issue to at once prosecute the completion of the various requirements of their section. The burden of all these wants may be summed up in the modest request for new sewers, modern pavements, water, gas, electric lights, schoolhouses, engine-houses, new hospitals, zoological gardens, and Panhandle Extension of Golden Gate Park. A pretty formidable array of wants when added to the regular yearly demand of seven million dollars for the support of the municipal government.

That some of the above propositions are meritorious, none will deny, but to incorporate such a list in one gigantic scheme of progress, on the plea of absolute need, coupled with a growing taste for art and beauty, would seem to be a departure from sound business reasoning, that, if persisted in, would end in disaster and ruin to many.

* * *

WHY NOT WAIT until the New Charter goes into effect, which provides for a board of public works, who if possessed of the proper qualifications, and are *honest*, will take time to systematically plan and superintend such important work as is now called for. It will be remembered that a commission of able citizens was recently at work on plans for the rearrangement of our sewers, and had made substantial progress when they were summarily dismissed, and no reason given. It is also *significant* that there is great haste displayed in appointing appraisers to value property along the line of the proposed extension of the Panhandle, and engineers to estimate cost of sewers and street paving. How is it that suddenly the people became aware that these improvements must be prosecuted on the impulse of the moment and without well-devised plans? It is a notorious fact that the past has not been prolific in good, substantial, or economical sewer building, street paving, or any other public venture in which the city has been a party. Nevertheless, the taxpayers are willing to furnish the necessary funds for streets, sewers and needed schoolhouses in outlying districts, where it can be shown that the work will be under the supervision of skilled and honest engineers; but when these substantial and sanitary needs are made *secondary* to the opinions of art associations, architects, and the chariots of the rich, in the proposition to bond this city to the extent of not less than six million dollars for an addition to Golden Gate Park, then it is time to *pause*, lest we should shoulder a load that will *crush* many taxpayers, who even now cannot pay expenses.

* * *

THE NECESSITY that now exists for street and sewer work was not brought about because the people failed to furnish funds; but because of the shameful and extravagant character of workmanship and material, coupled with the barefaced acceptance by the city Street Department and Board of Supervisors.

Has the character of the city government improved to such an extent that we cannot wait to see the workings of our New Charter, and how that abused Street Department will flourish under the management of the Board of Public Works? We think not.

The Park Extension, or Panhandle Extension, presents to the people of this city a problem of a more serious nature. We start out with a project whose foundation and structure is based upon an extravagant indulgence in a luxury that the conditions and numbers of our people do not warrant. This is an embelishment—a beautiful garden, artistically laid out and pleasing to the eye, nevertheless, a costly luxury.

Are the taxpayers of this city so burdened with this world's goods that they are willing to indulge in landscape gardening at a first cost of six million dollars, with a yearly addition of about two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for interest and maintenance? The answer is—No. You have only to look at the enormous sum of seven million dollars paid into the city treasury each year, and note what you receive in return. You are also reminded that notwithstanding this huge contribution for the yearly support of a city government whose population does not exceed three hundred and twenty thousand, a large *deficit* is regularly declared, and then another turn of the taxation screw.

If, then, the public funds have been so badly handled in the past, what can be expected in the future, and especially in anticipation of a large bond issue?

EVEN THE CHILDREN ENJOY "THE TRAVELER." Bushnell Photo.

* * *

WE ARE TOLD that three million five hundred thousand dollars will suffice for the Park, while less than half that sum will be required for the absolute needs. Truly—luxurious tastes at public expense are growing apace.

The people have for years been regaled with solemn pledges by supervisors, school directors, mayors and other officers seeking preferment. How many have retired to private life with the commendation of the public? How many have been trusted a second time? How many have kept their pledges? History records but few.

What has so suddenly taken place in the financial condition of our people that they should be asked to ignore the absolute wants leading in the direction of prosperity, and fly to a desire for landscape gardening, at a cost of millions?

If we are to bond this city let it be for such practical and beneficial requirements that will yield solid and tangible return, and at the same time beautify that section which for many years has shocked the eye of the stranger as he crossed the threshold of our city.

Formulate a comprehensive plan of sewerage, adopt the most approved style of pavements suitable to the different sections, locate the needed number of schoolhouses, then place this work under the supervision of skilled and honest engineers, with instructions to prosecute the work in an economical and systematic manner, and holding them to a strict accountability for the quality and cost of the undertaking. With such a plan, and for the above purpose, the people would be willing to vote for the issue of bonds.

* * *

OUR WORTHY MAYOR is a strong advocate of the Panhandle Extension. He sees much that is beautiful in this enlargement of our Park, and would, seemingly, give it the preference in the issue of bonds. But he is a wealthy man. It has never been his misfortune to wrestle with the practical side of life. He has never felt the pinch of the breadwinner; his has been a life of luxury, and it is, therefore, not surprising that his education was in the direction and cultivation of a taste for high art and fine things. Unlike the average taxpayer, he does not feel the pressure on his purse-string. His holdings are of the finest, yielding large and constant revenues, and hence, it is not astonishing that he is in favor of this expensive Park Extension.

* * *

THE UNDUE HASTE displayed in urging at this time this costly addition to our pleasure-ground, indicates an ignorance, or indifference of the fact that the people of this city have not fully emerged from the depressing conditions prevailing for the last six years. Wait awhile. Let us see a little more prosperity. Let us test the workings of the New Charter. Proceed first with sewers, streets and schoolhouses, and when we *can afford* it, indulge a little more in additions to Parks.

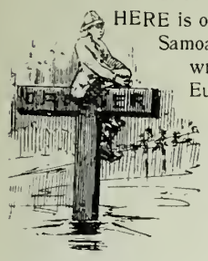
The great pleasure-ground of the world, the City of Paris, has been referred to in connection with the subject of our park addition, and we are told of the wonderful benefits derived because of the extensive and beautiful pleasure-grounds. But we were not informed that the treasury of the great French Republic, as well as the treasury of the great City of Paris, furnished the funds for production and maintenance.

* * *

BEWARE of the issue of bonds. Our rulers for years have been politicians, who are not in office for their health; spoils, first, last, and all the time. Therefore, tax-payers, beware. Don't be hasty, take time to try your New Charter, and note its workings. The Panhandle won't run away. If good men are elected under the new order we will save money by delay, and if they should be of the same old stripe, we will have saved ourselves from ruin.

THE SAMOAN CRISIS.

J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.



HERE is only one good point about the Samoan crisis. So much evil has been wrought, so many lives, both European and native lost, that the three powers which are supposed to control the group, will be compelled to arrange a settlement on a permanent basis. There must be no more dallying with the problem because it is a hard one to solve. England, Germany and the United States must lay aside their mutual jealousies and agree upon some mode of government which will conduce to the permanent welfare of the Samoan natives, who, after all, are the chief people to be considered in the matter.

As far as the two English-speaking nations are concerned, this happy state of harmony has been reached. England and the United States are in perfect accord as to the best method of dealing with the Samoans and protecting their national interests in the group. It is only the Germans who are dissentient. Actuated by a somewhat exaggerated sense of national pride, the Germans are apt to magnify the importance of their commercial interests in Samoa, and to overlook the fact that the civilization and education of the natives has been entirely carried out by English-speaking missionaries at the expense of English and American subscribers.

It is remarkable that on the two occasions when a white party has been openly attacked by Samoans, the trouble has occurred on the German plantation of Vailele, a few miles to the eastward of Apia. The plantation is beautifully situated on the edge of a lagoon, and the Superintendent's house looks out over the reef, with its line of curling white breakers, to the limitless expanse of the blue Pacific. It was here, just ten years ago, that the Germans tried to land a force of some hundred sailors, with the result that they lost nearly half their little party. Behind the house the cocoanut palms, planted in regular avenues, stretch back for miles, until the thick bush which covers the mountains of Upolu is reached. At this altitude and distance from the sea, cocoanuts will not grow to advantage, and so the plantation comes to an end.

It must have been just on the outskirts of this plantation, close to the little village of Magiagi, that the recent sad affray between the British and American bluejackets and Mataafa's warriors took place Magiagi is one of the most picturesquely situated little villages near Apia. It stands right on the borders of the plantation, ahd its inhabitants have for years been an endless source of trouble to the German overseers. No white man, be he trader or missionary, has ever yet devised a method which will teach the Samoans that it is wrong to steal food. The natives have seen the land owned by their fathers occupied by the Germans and turned to commercial uses. They do not realize that the land was fairly bought in the old days by that pioneer Pacific trader, Goddefroy, at a price, of course, ridiculously low. All they understand, or care to understand, is that they are debarred from the use of their own plantations, and that they have to travel weary miles into the bush if they wish to grow a few taros or yams.

Magiagi takes its revenge by getting up during the night and helping itself liberally to the cocoanuts and yams grown by the German. The Superintendent, Captain Hufnagel, told me once that these depredations cost the company thousands of dollars annually, and if this was the case in times of peace, it is easy to understand what has happened since the war broke out. Though the German Consul has persistently supported Mataafa, and encouraged him to fight the English and American sailors, it is hardly likely that Rose's countrymen are highly delighted with his action. Many thrifty Germans have of late years bought pieces of land near Apia, and started plantations. The cultivation of cacoa, which grows splendidly in the genial Samoan climate, had become almost a craze. Everyone was anxious to plant this most valuable crop. Some samples of cacoa sent to San Francisco last year, were pronounced by the dealers here to be the finest on the market and it looked as if a new era of industrial prosperity was about to dawn upon Samoa.

All this work of years has been undone in a week. Every house in and around Apia, excepting those actually fronting the beach, has been looted by Mataafa's savage warriors. Even Vailima, the historic home of Robert Louis Stevenson, has not been spared. How completely the whole Samoan situation has changed is indicated by this fact. Ten years ago the gifted author was the greatest friend of Mataafa's people. He it was who championed the Catholic chieftain's cause, in season and out of season. He it was who secured the release of Mataafa's chiefs from captivity, who supplied all their needs, and helped to shield Mataafa from German wrath. In return the chiefs simply worshipped Stevenson, and to show their gratitude in a practical manner, made a splendid road leading to Vailima.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND UNDER ONE FLAG.

This photograph is of special interest, having been taken on the field of battle when the forces of Uncle Sam and John Bull stood side by side in conflict with the warriors of Maatafa near Apia, Samoa.

That was only ten years ago. To-day, the same men, or their sons, have looted and destroyed Vailima, whilst a shell from a British ship has completed the work of ruin. By the irony of fate, this loss, which is directly traceable to the German intervention on Mataafa's behalf, falls entirely on the shoulders of a German citizen. Only a few months ago the Vailima house and plantation was sold to Herr Kunst, a wealthy Hamburg merchant. And when Kunst arrived in San Francisco a few weeks ago, the first news he heard was that his property had been completely ruined. Stevenson spent years of loving labor and many thousands of dollars on this pet establishment of his. Vailima was his pride, he won it from the primeval bush, and his body is buried on the top of Mt. Vaea, overlooking the once beautiful house and gardens. What would he think to-day if he saw the wreck?

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

ELAINE HOLLIS.

What do you suppose I heard a man from Mexico say the other day?

He was talking about his part of the country, and its telegraph system, and said that all the lines were made of copper wires so they might be strong enough to hold the weight of the birds and monkeys that crowd them at night. Only fancy being put to bed by your mother on a telegraph wire.

And wouldn't you think that a monkey would prefer more comfortable lodging than can be found by climbing a telegraph pole?

Besides I shouldn't imagine that the birds and monkeys would get along together very well in such narrow quarters. You know how you like to chatter after you are stowed away in bed at night before you have begun to get sleepy. Well, birds talk in their own fashion, like people. Now suppose the young birds should chirp and chatter to each other in the night time and wake up some cross old monkey? Why, he might put out his paw and scrape the poor, dear little things right off that wire, and you know how far it is to the ground, because some of you have lost a kite on a telegraph wire, and perhaps cried ever so little because you couldn't get up there to untangle it.

No, it is very much better to be a little boy or girl in a downy home nest, tucked in safe and warm, than bird, a or even a good-natured monkey on a telegraph wire after dark in Mexico.

Perhaps not all of you have heard that there is a dog hospital in San Francisco, but there is. The doctor there knows all about dogs, no matter what their breed may be, and he can tell just what ails them, as soon as they are brought to him.

He is a pretty good friend for a dog to have. Of course his little patients—they are mostly little, although sometimes a great big St. Bernard calls on him—don't tell him where their bad feelings are, or where it hurts them most, because no doctor has yet learned to speak the dog language properly. But all the same, their physician looks at their tongues, and feels their pulses as carefully as if they walked on two legs instead of four, and it's really surprising how the dogs seem to understand. They make such good patients, too. No matter how bitter their medicine is, they take it without so much as a whine or the least bit of a howl, which is more than can be said of some boys and girls that I know.

At this hospital, there are once in awhile, some very wealthy and aristocratic dogs who are accustomed to living in much luxury. Some of them are valued at many hundreds of dollars on account of their breed. That is one great difference between dogs and children, for no money can buy a dear little child from its parents, whether it be sick or well.

Speaking of dogs, the largest collection of pet dogs in the world is owned by the Duchess of Marlborough, the American girl who is now mistress of Blenheim Castle in England. This particular breed of dogs has been famous for two hundred years, the Marlborough family having kept up the kennels all that time. The Blenheim spaniels have a young lady nurse apiece to take care of them.

SOCIAL SIDE OF HONOLULU LIFE.

MARY L. TAYLOR.

With the passing of Princess Kaiulani, whose disappointed life was recently brought to an untimely close, another chapter has been added to the interesting story of a people whose race has been well-nigh run, and whose existence among the nations of the earth will soon be but history. The native dynasty having fallen, and the power of the government in the hands of practical, money-making Americans, the customs of the country will rapidly disappear, and he who would see Hawaii must lose no time in doing so.

To one enjoying an ocean trip what can be more delightful than seven days on the water, each bringing him nearer the tropic of Cancer? The sky and sea become a brighter blue, the atmosphere grows gradually warmer, and we finally realize we are in the tropics at last. One asks, "Is the tiny cloud on the far horizon really land?" The cloud slowly unrolls itself into a beautiful green island—green with a verdure that never fades—and we view Diamond Head, bronzed with lava that has lain cold for centuries. Rounding Diamond Head, we pass Waikiki Beach, note the glorious mountains and valleys with an azure light overhanging them, pass through a narrow channel between walls of coral, and find ourselves at the dock where we are watched by an interested crowd, thoroughly cosmopolitan, being composed of Americans, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and dark-eyed Kanakas. A hasty transfer to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel is made, where a homelike cottage is procured, and one of our party is heard to say, "If paradise is like this, then I want to go there." There were the shaded streets, and the pretty houses peeping out from under the palms, the banana, the monkey-pod, and the lantana trees.

Coming as strangers, how should we amuse ourselves, what should we see? It did not take us long to discover. We had heard of the hospitality of the people of Honolulu and we were about to experience it. The first duty of a tourist is to call on President and Mrs. Dole, and also upon Minister and Mrs. Sewall, on their first reception day. That duty performed, one is free to accept invitations from any source. People one has never heard of call, and in less than a week it is expected that call will be returned; never have I been in a place where calls are returned so promptly. In this way, after only a few weeks' stay, one feels well acquainted. Garden and card-parties are the most popular forms of entertainment. In no spot on earth could there be a more picturesque setting for a garden party than under the magnificent banyan, cocoanut, banana, majestic royal palms and fern trees, aided, of course, by the light and fairy-like costumes of the ladies. How different are their card-parties from the conventional ones in our city homes! There, no artificial light is needed, but rather is the game played in some unique lanai, perchance overlooking the waters at Waikiki, where one sees a panorama of beauty by day and by night.

If a resident wishes to show a guest marked attention, he invites his friends to a luau or native feast. A woven grass-matting is spread on the ground, and the guests sit on this, Turk fashion. In the center of the matting are various sized calabashes made of wood, which contain the food. Roast pig is indispensable at a luau, and it is always baked in a native oven in the ground. Raw fish, raw squid, poi, taro, the native fruits, sweet potatoes, and mixed dishes of various ingredients with impossible names, the visitor is expected to partake of heartily. Everything is eaten with the fingers; even a napkin would be a curiosity at such a feast. The "table" is embellished with ti leaves, and each person wears a leis or chain of flowers around the neck or head. If the luau be given by natives, the women appear in the most vivid holokus, which, though not picturesque from an artistic stand-point, are certainly in keeping with the surroundings. The luau of the present day cannot be compared with those during the lifetime of the late King, when they were held in the Palace grounds. He was a whole-souled entertainer, and his festivities usually terminated with a hula dance. A few of these dancers still remain, and the girls dance with great precision to the rude music of a wild chant and the beating of native drums.

Nowhere else is driving more thoroughly enjoyed by all classes. It is a common sight to see a hack filled with

Japanese and Chinese, as well as natives and Americans. Nearly everybody owns a horse and vehicle of some description, and those who do not, never begrudge the money spent in hiring a hack or what would be called in the States, a "surrey." There are hundreds of them, and they flit about the place like fire-flies, for the Hawaiian drivers never hold a tight rein. The drive to Waikiki is probably the favorite one. Out King Street to the Waikiki Road, past beautiful homes with gardens that are a paradise. On past cocoanut-groves and taro-patches, where, in the small ditches between, may be caught a glimpse of the goldfish that abound therein. Rice-fields where oxen are used in plowing, lily-ponds where the lilies are reflected as in a mirror, and Diamond Head, looming up like some great god in the distance. Waikiki Beach, the watering-place of Honolulu, where the feathery-topped cocoanut palms extend to the brink of the surf, is reached, and from there it is only a short drive to Kapiolani Park. The whole Island seems like a park. Then there are the drives to the Pali at the head of Nuuanu Valley, and to Moana and Moanaloa Valleys. Mr. Damon, Minister of Finance, has an ideal country home in the latter valley, and there he receives his friends on Saturday afternoons, showing them the old house that belonged to Kamehameha V, several of the rooms being unchanged. Tea is served on the porch, and then an inspection of the grounds is offered. As we turn homeward we feel that we have visited the Garden of Eden.

Sea-bathing and surf-riding are both delightful amusements. Occasionally a good theatrical company will find its way to Honolulu, and is received as grand opera is with us in San Francisco. The house is

aglow with the beauty and wealth of the Islands. The ladies appear in decollete gowns, and the gentlemen in evening dress or white linen suits, night after night throughout the season.

The government band of fifty-five pieces, composed of natives with the exception of the leader, Herr Berger, plays every Sunday afternoon at Kapiolani Park; every Saturday afternoon and Monday evening at Emma Square; and at Thomas Square and the Hawaiian Hotel grounds on alternate Thursday evenings. This takes the people out en masse. They wander into the square and remain for awhile listening to the selections and an occasional song by a couple of native girls with a full chorus by the bandmen. When the concert is given in the hotel grounds it is like a dream of the Arabian Nights.

Awakening from a deep slumber and glancing through the window at the wonderful moonlight, one hears the soft notes of serenading guitar, mandolin, ukele and taro-patch, and the still more musical voices of the serenaders. They play many numbers, and did ever "Aloha Oe," "Aloha to Hawaii," "Pili Aoao," "Ahi Wela" or "Moanalua" sound more sweetly? When they have finished comes the greeting, "Aloha," which means, "Love to you!" It is the Hawaiian salutation and farewell—expressing both the joy of friends who meet and the sorrow of those who part. It is the commonest and sweetest word in the Hawaiian tongue.

Dancing is not very much indulged in, the climate being so warm. At the Hawaiian Hotel on such holidays as Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year, an elaborate dinner is served. After the meal the guests wander to the lanai and parlor, where they dance to the music and singing of the natives. An invitation is issued to the townspeople and all are welcome who desire to attend.

When a steamer leaves for "the Coast" it is a genuine gala day. Everyone goes to the wharf, whether he has friends departing or not, and those who are about to leave are loaded down with leis. Each person wishing him "God speed" brings a leis, and if it be a royal yellow it is put around the hat. There are dozens of other colors hanging around the neck, until one looks like a veritable flower-garden. As the steamer swings away from the dock, the Hawaiian band plays the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Auld Lang Syne" followed by a native air to the accompaniment of waving handkerchiefs and scarfs.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE TOPOCOBYA TRAIL.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

FEW people can realize that it is possible for horses and men to go down such a trail. Even Lieutenant Frank H. Cushing, the daring ethnologist, whose work and travels have made him famous throughout the scientific world, regarded the Topocobya Trail as the most stupendous and awful he had ever been required to traverse.

So there was no wonder that Ninny's face paled when he caught sight of its profound depths. His chest rose and fell excitedly and he exclaimed: "I shall never dare to go down there!"

"Nonsense, man!" said our guide, "pluck up your courage and you'll make it far easier than you think!"

Ninny was the name we had given to the Eastern gentleman who was to accompany us down to the the wonderful Yava Supai Village in Cataract Canyon, and the more wonderful and exquisitely beautiful waterfalls that will eventually attract many thousands of travelers to this scenic region. But before we descend with Ninny and his friends, let us stand and look down and endeavor to see where we must go ere we reach the bottom. We are hemmed in on all sides with sky-piercing, rocky walls, carved by Nature's forces into scores of hideous and fantastical shapes. Just before us is a yawning precipice, and we stand on an overhanging rock from which it is impossible to see the bottom. Drop a stone and count the seconds ere it strikes, then estimate the distance. It is fully nine hundred to one thousand feet. A church tower two hundred and fifty feet high is so much higher than an ordinary house that we shrink from the sight of a "steeple-jack" scaling its heights to repair some damage to the weather-vane; yet here we are three times, nay more, that height, and no way apparent as yet, to make the descent. But here to the left, the guide shows us the way. The trail is but wide enough for a single horse—to pass would be impossible—and it is simply a sloping line ruled on the face of a rugged wall, which, in the dim light (for it is evening and rapidly growing dark) goes down, down, down without end. No wonder Ninny's face blanched. But go we must, and quickly, for we are to camp at the bottom to-night so that we can make an early morning start.

The guide arranged us in single file: Indian first, leading one of the pack mules; I next, with my horse's bridle in hand; then Ninny and his horse, then the Doctor and his steed, followed by Johnny, a wild, reckless pack mule; Jersey, his partner, also packed with a large roll of bedding; a couple of loaded burros, and himself, the guide, to bring up the rear. Holding our breath and hugging the wall to the right, we gingerly stepped on to the trail, following the Indian. It grew darker each step we took, the overhanging walls aiding the rapidly lowering sun to deprive us of the the needful light to pick our steps. In a few moments the Indian "zigged" to the left, then "zagged" to the right, and thus continued, the trail constantly making V's of irregular length of arm. I could look down and there was Che-e-wa with his mule, above me were Ninny and the Doctor, higher still, more mules, horses or burros, and the guide. What a racket, and clatter, and wild chorus of echoings we made as we descended!

Now the trail came to a rougher and more rugged place, where we had to walk circumspectly. We were under a great wall to the right, and the trail was cut out of the solid rock, and it was neither pleasant nor easy for either men or horses to make the steep descent on the slippery, smooth-worn rocks. We passed the danger spot all right, so did Ninny and the Doctor, and Johnny and Jersey also come safely but, alas! the first of the two burros didn't like the steps, and the second burro, desirous of getting rid of his load, began to hurry him and then crawled alongside of him. The path grew narrower again, as the steps were descended, and the trail veered to the left, and hearing the clatter and racket caused by the hurrying burros, and the yelling and swearing of the guide, I turned and looked back and up just in time to see burro number one fairly "shouldered" off the trail and rolling over and over on the steep, rocky slope. It was dark enough to be uncomfortable and yet that rolling burro was clearly to be seen. Here was a frightful pickle! A burro and his load gone; the animal perhaps killed. This was bad enough, but it was only the starting in of our misadventures. The Doctor, being quite a sportsman, had brought his gun, and at the guide's demand had allowed it to be placed in the roll of bedding which was on the overthrown burro. As the unfortunate animal bumped and bounced on his downward career, the gun slipped from the bundle and fell in such a way as to discharge it. The report was tremendous; the result calamitous. Johnny, the mule, always afraid of a gunshot, was so frightened that regardless of consequences he tried to bolt. Dashing past Ninny's steed he nearly knocked that startled animal off the trail, and staggering as he successfully got by, his chest and foreleg struck Ninny in such a manner as effectually to shoot him, with considerable force, off the trail.

I turned just in time to see poor Ninny going over and for a moment was simply transfixed with terror. He would surely be dashed to pieces and it would be

G.W. James Photo.
PORTION OF THE TOPOCOBYA TRAIL INTO CATARACT CANYON, ARIZONA.

our melancholy task to make the return trip to the railway, thence East, with the mangled body of our friend. It was only with the greatest effort I could keep from fainting at the thought. Hastily calling to Che-e-wa to care for my horse, I sprang across and over and around rocks, in places which, in cool blood since, I have wondered I ever escaped from with my life, to see what had become of Ninny. I found him wedged between the branches of a straggling juniper tree and a huge boulder ten or more feet below the trail, the tree evidently having broken his fall. He was unconscious, but, thank God, living and not seriously hurt. How to get him down to the foot of the trail was the next question.

It is wonderful what one can do under the spur of desperation. Lifting him up in my arms, and throwing him so that his head rested over my shoulder, I carried him down by easy stages until a level place below was reached. Here blankets were speedily spread out. I made a careful examination and found no bones broken, gave him a strong dose of spirits, slapped his face with a wet handkerchief and joyed with the others to see him slowly return to consciousness. He was shaken and bruised, but not otherwise hurt, and a couple of days made him feel pretty nearly as well as before his adventure on "the trail."

A CALIFORNIA EXHIBIT OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

ISABEL HAMMEL RAYMOND.

Said a well-known club woman the other day—a woman whose magnificent physique and charming personality make her equal to the most arduous social philanthropic and patriotic duties:

"I protest against my pet club adopting any purpose but that of pure pleasure. In every other club to which I belong I'm confronted the moment I enter by a 'sense of duty,' but when I go there I want to have just a good time—music, not too classical to be delightful; art, not so high that we cannot reach it without a step-ladder; literature that is charming, and soothing, and presents no burning questions; lectures that lead us away to lotus lands—and no thought of politics, or civics, or reform shall intrude, if I can help it, upon the few precious hours I can steal for the rare companionship I find there."

The club spirit reigns in woman's world, and in many organizations the "sense of duty" is strongly to the fore as their inspiration and their reason for being. The California Club is the newest on the list, but the child is already well-grown and thriving. It is still under the regime of its first governing board: Mrs. Lovell White, President; Mesdames Wm. H. Mills, A. R. Cotton, J. H. Jewett, and W. E. Deane, Vice-Presidents; Mrs J. J. Scoville, and Mrs. Orr, Secretaries; and Mrs. Hadwen Swain, Treasurer.

The California is a federation in itself, its various departments for public work and study being each well-organized. Just now the whole five hundred women—women who lead in society, in philanthropic, professional, literary, and artistic circles, and in influence everywhere—are enthused for the success of the Exhibition of the Industrial Arts of California, to be given under direction of the California Club during the week beginning May 20th and ending May 27th. The State Board of Trade is lending aid, encouragement, and valuable advice, and the promise of success is in the air.

At the head of an able "Exhibition Committee" is Mrs. George H. Ripley, Chairman, whose authority in art matters is undisputed.

Amid its many-sided interests the California adheres to one constant purpose—to promote those things that tend to raise the standard of living among the people toward an ideal of cleanliness, wholesomeness, and beauty—physically, mentally, and morally. The ideal is high but the club is modest and does not despise small beginnings. So in this present enterprise there is no desire to assume a critical attitude toward art in California, but rather to afford an opportunity to designers and artisans throughout the State to bring together for inspection, study, comparison, and appreciation all of their handiwork which unites art with utility. All those "cunning workers" in woods, ivory, metals, clays, leather, and textiles who desire a wider public and a more generous patronage, are invited to exhibit their craftsmanship under favorable circumstances, and it is especially desired that there shall be a full department of original design applied to the making and illustrating of books, magazines, and papers, and to any purpose, from the simplest forms to the architectural designing and ornamentation of public structures.

There will be no charge for space or for the entrance of exhibits. In order that the whole people may receive the benefit of this school of instruction in art and beauty, the admission fee will be very small, and the doors will be kept open during the afternoon of Sunday, the 21st of May, so that those wholly occupied during the week may have their chance.

The responses already received from artists throughout the State assure a most interesting exhibition, and it is hoped that wherever THE TRAVELER goes it will carry a cordial invitation to those craftsmen and craftswomen, no matter how obscure, who desire to make their work known. They should apply at once for space, and will be furnished with blanks and rules on application, in person or by mail, to the Exhibition Committee, California Club, Y. M. C. A. Building, corner Mason and Ellis Streets, San Francisco.

IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

JOEL SHOMAKER.

THE Yakima Valley in Central Washington is one of the most famous sections of the Pacific Northwest. It is noted for its wonderful production of hops, fruits and alfalfa, and also as the home of modern irrigation in the Evergreen State. The valley covers an area of 2,500,000 acres of agricultural lands, a portion of which is irrigated by gravity canals taken from the Yakima and Natchez Rivers, flowing from the snow reservoirs of the picturesque Cascadero.

A quarter of a century ago this country was claimed by the Yakima Indians, and but few pale-face colonists dared to tread upon the grass of the red man's hunting grounds. But, with the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway in 1884, the city of North Yakima was located, the Indians kept upon their magnificent reservation, and civilization began erecting finger-marks of progress in the now renowned valley. The city grew, ranches were located, and to-day Yakima Valley has a population of 16,000 happy, refined and generally well-to-do, enterprising people.

Hop-raising occupies the attention of many of the most prosperous and representative citizens. The yards comprise from five to forty acres each, and an area of over four thousand acres is planted to this one crop. During the picking season fully five thousand people, including white men, women, children and Indians, are employed in picking and packing. A good hop-picker can fill two boxes of ninety pounds each in a day and make two dollars as wages. The Indians have their entire families engaged in the work and accumulate several dollars in a week. On Sundays they have a holiday and ride into North Yakima on their ponies to spend their money. All places of business are kept open for the Indian trade. One firm handling general merchandise boasts of having sold ten thousand dollars worth of goods at retail to Indians on one Sunday in the fall of 1898.

The hop plant yields about 1800 pounds per acre. This product when properly dried and baled sells for an average of 15 cents a pound. The hop-grower of the present day can generally cultivate, irrigate, pick, and market a crop for 7 cents a pound. Therefore, the profit is good, even when buyers give but 10 cents. Representatives of all important brewing centers are permanently located in North Yakima, and all are anxious to contract the output of 1899 at 12 cents, and advance money on that basis to care for the growing vines. A hop-yard, with the necessary poles and wire trellises, drying-house and thrifty plants every 6 feet apart, costs probably $150 an acre as the original investment, and the annual maintenance expenses average about $100 an acre. The annual crop of Yakima Valley is nearly one-half that of the State of Washington, which in 1898 was 37,500 bales of 250 pounds each.

Alfalfa is the most abundant of all forage plants in Yakima Valley and the dairy cow has been crowned queen of the fields. The thrifty farmer who puts his land in good condition before planting, and irrigates in the most approved methods, harvests from seven to ten tons of alfalfa per acre. This is fed to the dairy cows, range cattle, sheep and swine and the husbandman garners in a bounteous store of all that money can purchase. The choicest apples, peaches and prunes are grown in this warm mountain vale, and are marketed in every prominent commercial center in the world. Red apples of the Spitzenberg, Ben Davis and other varieties have netted the growers seventy-five cents a bushel during the past winter. Fruits and vegetables of all varieties are evaporated or dessicated, and shipped to the markets of Alaska and the Orient. The receipts of the Northern Pacific Railway Company at the North Yakima office reaches about $75,000 a month for freight and express shipments. Exports consist of food products grown by irrigation, and imports are general merchandise and modern farm implements and machines.

The Yakima Valley has many farm irrigating ditches and the Sunnyside Canal, one of the longest irrigation waterways in the arid West. This has a carrying capacity sufficient for 70,000 acres of desert lands, and the smooth river, 62 feet across, makes a most magnificent stream of soil moisture in a valley which has not more than six inches of rainfall in twelve months. The soil possesses most wonderful productive powers, and all cereals and vegetables of the temperate clime flourish in the hot dry atmosphere when touched by the magic wand of the science of irrigation. Yakima potatoes command top of market prices on the Puget Sound market and all products of the Yakima Valley are eagerly purchased by dealers and consumers. This delightful mountain-walled, chosen vale, like many other favored localities, had its boom days, and passed through the panic of '92-'96 leaving numerous wrecks of homes and business houses strewn along the financial pathway. But the branches of prosperity stung by the parisites of depression have revived, and once more the emblem of progress floats in the breeze.

HOP-PICKING SCENE.

IRRIGATED VINEYARD NORTH YAKIMA DURING HARVEST.

PICNICKING ON LOON LAKE.

A street scene in North Yakima during the harvest season is an interesting sight to the traveler. Looking from the palatial car-windows the tourist beholds several thousand Indian warriors, young and old, wrapped in their gaudy-colored blankets. The numerous camps near by show the squaws and young maidens bedecked in holiday apparel, the boys dressed in buckskin, carrying bows and arrows, and the cooing papooses peeping from their peculiar cribs, the picture of barbarian innocence. At such times the hotel accommodations are almost inadequate and the vacant lots are the tented fields of thousands from the Puget Sound country, engaged in hop-picking, alfalfa harvesting or fruit packing. When the red men have plenty of money, and the work is about completed, many of the older braves array themselves in the ancient dress of their tribe and indulge in a sham war dance for their own amusement. This characteristic western pow-wow frightens the tourist but is merely applauded by the citizens as a free exhibition.

Yakima Valley includes several small towns and villas, among them being Zillah, Mabton, Sunnyside and Toppenish, noted for alfalfa, sorghum, and fruit-growing. There are sixty school districts in the county, which is also Yakima, and the fifteen leading church societies are well represented by handsome edifices and good congregations. The rivers are fed by several pretty little trout streams from the mountain canyons, among these being the Ahtanum, Cowiche and Wenasall, formerly well-known Indian camping-grounds. In the distant Western horizon Mt. Ranier towers far above the surrounding peaks, exhibiting a perpetual snow-crowned head, while Mt. Adams and Mt. Tacoma, two of the beautiful Cascade sentinels, smile upon the fertile valley and send forth cooling breaths when the thermometer hovers about one hundred degrees on the shady side of the little cottages.

The city of North Yakima, situated on the confluence of the Yakima and Natchez Rivers, is the largest shipping point of Central Washington. It is laid out after the pattern of Salt Lake City, having wide streets bordered by shade trees and irrigating ditches. The population numbers about four thousand people, chiefly from the middle East. It is the county seat and the permanent location of the Washington State Fair Grounds. The Hotel Yakima is the favorite resort of the traveling public, while the Bartholet follows closely as a first-class traveler's home. Three banks are necessary to transact the great volume of business and receive the deposits of savings made by the industrious ranchers in the Yakima Valley. The city is well supplied with suitable business houses, representing all lines of commerce, has three local newspapers and most elaborate schoolhouses. The Yakima Commercial Club includes over one hundred leading business men and advances every legitimate industry giving evidences of permanent prosperity.

Many Eastern tourists and health-seekers locate temporarily in North Yakima to spend the summer or winter in the delightful climate. The summers are long, and the bright sunshine is almost continual, without a raincloud, cyclone or tornado. Persons suffering with pulmonary troubles find relief within a few days after making homes in the valley. The hop-yards emit a remarkably healthful odor, which overcomes all nervous complaints, hence entire families may be seen camped in wagons and tents around the big fields, where they make money at picking and regain the treasured boon of health. An occasional "Chinook" wind from the Japan current of the Pacific passes up the Columbia River and creeps through the mountain passes into Yakima Valley, and makes glad the souls of the rancher and farmer by its invigorating and strengthening elements of soil moisture and health-giving ozone, and in consequence this section can be hardly recommended to the medical profession. Such is the unvarnished story of Yakima Valley, without any desire for booming real estate, or any business propositions.

A BIT OF FREE TRADE.

BOURDON WILSON.

TIM McClure was foreman of the Paso del Norte roundhouse. He was also the breadwinner of a family in which there were several mouths to fill—hungry little mouths for the greater part, and for whom Mrs. McClure found a deal of cooking necessary.

The family had remained in the East when Tim started for Mexico in search of employment; but now that his ability and faithfulness had been rewarded by rapid promotion from fireman to engineer, and thence to foreman of the roundhouse, he was receiving a monthly stipend that would enable him to establish his household goods in Paso del Norte. He had never taken kindly to sleeping on the hard earth floor of a bare adobe house; nor could he eat with relish the food, *sans peur*, all right enough, but scarcely *sans reproche*, served by the immobile-faced Wah Kee, who conducted the fashionable restaurant of the place; and he longed with the longing of a homesick schoolboy for the coming of the time when a well-cooked supper and a comfortable bed would await him at the end of a day's work. And so when he converted his first month's pay as foreman into a Wells Fargo money-order, wherewith his wife should defray the expenses of the family's transportation to Paso del Norte, a thrill of anticipatory pleasure ran from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes.

The family arrived in due course of time, and Tim proudly headed the procession that wended its way from the depot to the adobe house he had prepared for its domiciliation. He had furnished the house as luxuriously and artistically as his purse and taste would permit; but in a country where the manufacture of house furnishings is limited to sheepskins and matates, and a country whose import duties are all but prohibitory, he had been able to accomplish but little, if viewed from the standpoint of the average American woman, and Mrs. McClure was one of these. Her disappointment was keen, nevertheless she made a brave effort to stifle her feelings, and succeeded fairly well in doing so, until, in her inspection of the premises, she arrived in the kitchen. There, the tiny sheet-iron camp stove, and the meager array of culinary vessels that met her view, caused her utter collapse.

"Oh Tim, Tim!" she gasped, "how ever will I get enough cooked for the children on that—that toy?"

"It isn't much of a stove," Tim admitted, stroking his chin ruefully, "but it is the best that money would buy in Paso del Norte. You know, my dear, cooking stoves are not made and but little used in Mexico."

"Well, why on earth did you not order one sent out from St. Louis?" rejoined Mrs. McClure. "Men are so thoughtless," she added, petulantly.

"But Mary, you do not consider the cost," protested Tim. "Such a stove as you are accustomed to would cost a hundred dollars to put it in the house."

"A hundred dollars!" snapped Mrs. McClure, contemptuously. "Why Tim, you can get an elegant stove and all its furniture for only thirty dollars."

"In St. Louis, but not here," replied Tim. "You forget, my dear, that we are a thousand miles from St. Louis, and that the freight charges would amount to something. But say the stove, laid down in El Paso, Texas, just across the river, would cost not more than forty dollars, it would cost sixty dollars more to get it brought over here."

"What!" gasped Mrs. McClure. "Sixty dollars to move a stove one mile! Tim McClure, have you lost your senses?"

"No, my dear, not quite, I hope," Tim replied humbly. "But you do not seem to know that an import duty must be paid on everything brought into Mexico; and on stoves the rate is about one hundred and fifty per cent of their value."

The greater part of Mrs. McClure's life had been spent in the inland city of St. Louis, a charming city in many respects, but one in which such things as import duties and customs officers are unknown save to a favored few, and it required of her husband a lengthy explanation of the tariff question, and his most solemn assurances to persuade her that he was not jesting.

"Why, Tim!" she exclaimed, when he had finished, "it's an outrage, and no better than highway robbery! Is there no way in which we could evade the payment of such exhorbitant charges? Can't we have the stove hauled across the river some night, and the customs officers know nothing about it? It seems to me that we could, and we don't care whether the Government of Mexico has any money or not."

"But, my dear, do you not know that there are some people who look upon smuggling as a sin?" Tim asked, good-humoredly.

"Oh fudge! What do I care what silly people think," Mrs. McClure retorted. "Just let them come and live in this barbarous country, where the conveniences of civilized life are unknown, and they will soon come to their senses. Tim, we just must have a respectable stove," she went on urgently. "Why I don't see how I am to cook a thing fit to eat without one." And much more to this effect she added, with the result that Tim finally promised to get the stove, provided he could devise means for importing it, duty free.

It was not a sense of the moral wrong of smuggling that had caused Tim to hesitate, for he was no novice in the art of clandestinely introducing articles of merchandise into the Cactus Republic, but he knew that the entire frontier was patrolled night and day by a numerous and vigilant customs guard, past whom it would be all but impossible to smuggle so cumbersome a thing as a stove. It would be a risky undertaking, at best, he thought, as he sat in his office the next day, pondering on the subject.

AMONG THE NAPA COUNTY HILLS. X Rea Photo.

True, he remembered Wah Kee had smuggled over a stove a few months before, by taking it apart on the Texas side, and bringing it over one piece at a time, concealed in the mysterious folds of his oriental garb; but that was a small stove. And he himself had once succeeded in bringing over a large ham by the simple expedient of strapping it to his back and then keeping his face turned smilingly toward the customs officer who inspected the car; but he would not care to repeat so dangerous an experiment now that he held a position of some importance. He finally hit upon the plan of taking the stove apart and lowering it, piece by piece, into the tank of "El Buey," the sturdy switch-engine, on some occasion when it would be on the Texas side of the river. But upon obtaining the dimensions of the stove Mrs. McClure wanted, he found that the larger parts would not pass in at the manhole.

None of the plans that presented themselves to his mind contained any assurance of success, and he would have given up in despair had not his better half kept the subject fresh in his mind, not only with words, but with the poor quality of the meals she set before him, as well. As a last resort, he decided to confer with some of his friends—those most adept at eluding the vigilance of the customs guard. At his request, the men he selected gathered in his office one morning, and a conference that lasted an hour or more followed; every face was smilingly confident when it was concluded.

"The scheme'll win, Tim, never fear," cried one of the party. "The guards think they're getting mighty smart, and so they are; they've caught on to nearly all the old tricks, but they'll never suspect this one. Just make a bold play and bring over the stove in broad daylight, right under their noses, and they'll never see it."

The stove was at once ordered, and when it arrived in El Paso, the car in which it came was switched, at Tim's request, to the connecting track, there to await the unloading of the stove. Along in the afternoon of that day, the switch-engine, with Tim standing on the forward foot-board, went scurrying across the river. It was gone but a short time, and when it returned, it was observed by those of the railroaders who were idling about the yard that there was something queer in its appearance.

Standing on the truck platform of the engine, just in front of the boiler, was a dark object that seemed to be a part of the engine; within it a fire was burning fiercely, and from its slender pipe, which passed up along the engine's smoke-stack, a roll of black smoke was pouring out and mingling with that of the engine, to all appearances emanating from a single chimney.

When the engine had reached the custom-house track it came to a standstill, and the guards, who were always swarming at that point, gravely and somewhat perfunctorily examined it for articles of a dutiable character. They discovered nothing, in spite of the united snicker of the Americans who witnessed the scene, and the engine was allowed to proceed to the roundhouse, where it was received with a wild hurrah by the railroaders who had gathered there to welcome it.

Under cover of the darkness, the stove was carried that night to the McClure mansion, and on the day following Tim and his conspirators sat down to a feast of which no housewife in the "States" would have been ashamed. It of course became known within a short time after the episode that some splendid flap-jacks were turned out every Sunday morning at McClure's, but the customs officials simply scratched their shaggy heads and said nothing.

It seems her husband had been out very late, celebrating—it was one of those holidays—and as he came home in the rose flush of the morning he thought it would be a capital idea to take a bath on getting home.

First of all—and most important—it would contradict any wrong impression as to his condition, and his wife sometimes had wrong impressions when he had been out all night. We women are so suspicious!

But he went boldly to the bathroom and was soon splashing around as gayly as a canary. In fact, he created such an unusual commotion that his wife woke up and went to see what was the matter.

Suddenly he saw her gazing through the door with a look so cold and contemptuous that it struck a chill to his very heart. But he made a dive for the soap and went on industriously with his ablutions.

"What are you doing there, Peter?" she asked him.

He made the effort of his life to seem *debonair* and perfectly sober.

"Can't you see what I'm doing, my dear?" he answered, with another prodigious splash. "I'm taking a bath."

"Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to take off your underclothes?" she asked him, with a frozen inflection, as she passed out of sight.

THE CALIFORNIA SPINY LOBSTER.

C. F. HOLDER.

THE lobster is represented in tropic and semi-tropic seas by a very similar form, known in the books as the spiny lobster, but on the Florida reef as the crawfish (sic crayfish), and on the Californian coast as the lobster. The crawfish is about the same size as the lobster and resembles it in a general way, but the body is rougher, covered with sharp spines and colored differently. In the lobster the front legs are developed into gigantic claws, the right one being out of all proportion to the size of the animal, and in every sense a crusher, while the left claw is higher, and a cutter. In the crawfish (*Palinurus*) the ten legs are alike, with a single point, the first pair being merely a little larger. In a word, there are no biting claws as in the lobster; again, the lateral antennæ in the spiny lobster are enormously developed, becoming "whips" or spine-like organs. The lobster, then, is well protected, while the spiny form is defenseless.

On the Florida reef *Palinurus* is a yellow tint, with splashes of red. It affects shallow water, preferring the lagoons, where it makes its home beneath large masses of coral. They are valued as bait and for the table, although in no sense compared to the lobster. During the day the crawfish is never seen abroad, realizing its defenseless condition. When cornered, it faces the enemy and brandishes its whips, presenting a ferocious appearance, which is but the cover to abject helplessness, as the animal is at the mercy of the nurse-sharks and other fishes which prey upon crustaceans.

The California *Palinurus* is not a shallow water form, preferring depths from twenty to forty feet. Possibly this is due to the fact that there is very little shallow water about the islands off shore where the principal fisheries are located. All the islands off Southern California are surrounded by fringes of kelp, with sunken ledges from which masses of short weeds grow. These constitute the home of the spiny lobster. Along the mainland the same conditions hold, often the long beaches being protected by kelp, which grows upward in fifty or sixty feet of water.

Apparently it has never occurred to the Portuguese and other fishermen of this coast, to build a smack with a well in which to carry their fish alive, after the manner of the ingenious Yankee fishermen, who think nothing of running down to the Gulf of Mexico, and formerly supplied fish to the Havana market, catching them in the gulf and carrying them in their wells to Cuba.

Perhaps the finest catch on our coast comes from the island of San Nicolas. Tons of the big crustaceans are caught here and taken to the mainland, some ranging from twenty to thirty pounds. So abundant are they that several tons can be taken in a short time by the use of ordinary lobster pots. The animal feeds upon dead animal matter, fish being its preference, and if not obtainable, seaweeds are eaten. The breeding season varies to some extent with locality, and may be said to be from April to the middle of July, giving it a wide margin. The young are remarkable little creatures, passing through several stages before they resemble the adult. During the molting season the crawfish is absolutely helpless and is eagerly sought by sheepshead and spotted sharks.

At this time the crawfish retires to some crevice in the rocks and goes through what is a remarkable operation; not merely shedding its shell, but the lining of its stomach and part of the intestine. The operation is accomplished with more ease than might be expected, from the fact that the lime salts in various parts of the animal are absorbed. The carapace splits, forced upward by muscular exertion and casting hairs. Out of this opening the crawfish pulls itself, the flesh, from the absorption of the salts, having become watery and soft. It is now a "soft shell," utterly helpless, lying prone upon the bottom, its only salvation, the mimicry which the new and paper-like shell bears to its surroundings. Daily the new skin grows harder, calic carbonates and phosphates are deposited, and soon the new coat is a shell, hard and flint-like, covered with points and sharp edges. Despite the fact that thousands of eggs are deposited by each female, the young in their free-swimming stage form such attractive baits to small predatory fishes, perch, bass and others which swarm in their locality, that comparatively few escape.

A story is being told which, if not altogether true, at any rate serves very beautifully to illustrate the American characteristic of giving slight heed to rank and place as against efficiency and daring and supreme achievement. The story has to do with Mr. McKinley, and it relates that while visiting one of the camps during his recent Southern tour, he chanced to be strolling about unattended, and sought to pass a certain line which was patrolled by a vigilant sentinel. The sentinel promptly stopped him and demanded the countersign.

SPINY LOBSTER.

"I don't know the countersign," said Mr. McKinley.

"Then you don't pass," said the soldier.

"But," said Mr. McKinley, "I am the President of the United States."

"I don't know about that," replied the imperturbable sentry; "but if you haven't got the countersign you couldn't get by here even if you were George Dewey himself!"

A Somerset, Me., man got out of a serious financial fix in an odd way. He became insolvent, and in order to secure the services of a lawyer, offered as a fee a life insurance policy on a man in Boston. It was a straight life policy, with no surrender value. The bankrupt had loaned money to a young man many years before and had taken the life insurance policy as security. The young man refused to pay the premiums after a while but the holder kept the policy in force. The lawyer took the rather dubious fee. About two weeks later word came from Boston that the man insured was dead. The lawyer soon collected the several thousand dollars, and, although legally entitled to the whole sum, he merely deducted his fee and paid over the remainder to the bankrupt, who was able to settle up with his creditors and get a little start again.

THE FAMOUS LOON LAKE.

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

Nestled among the foothills of the Colville Mountains is located Loon Lake, one of the most picturesque and romantic bodies of fresh water to be found in Eastern Washington.

This lake is situated about forty miles due north of the city of Spokane and is reached by railroad. It is about midway between Spokane and the British Columbia boundary line.

Loon Lake is a perfect liquid jewel, and has for its setting a rugged framework of mountains. All about this lovely lake tower lofty mountains, whose precipitous sides and rough summits are clad with a straggling growth of pine and tamarack.

The scene is wild and picturesque, the frowning mountains vividly contrasting with the placid lake, whose deep blue waters gently lave the base of these vast upheavals.

This lake is about three and one-half miles in length; its width varies from one-quarter to one mile. The long way of the lake extends almost due north and south. The shore line is very winding. For most of the distance around Loon Lake a broad and beautiful sandy beach extends.

The lake is deep—very deep; in places it is almost bottomless. The waters are very cold and clear, but when viewed for any distance the lake's surface has a deep blue hue, strongly suggestive of indigo. It is fed by several small streams that flow from the amphitheater of lofty mountains surrounding the body of water. There is no visible outlet to Loon Lake. Strange as it may appear, there are no trout to speak of in this beautiful lake. Some years ago the lake was abundantly stocked with fish by the government; perch and black bass and the varieties which now people its clear, cold depths. Its location, and the beauty of its waters, and the environments, all combine to render Loon Lake a favorite place of resort. During the summer season the white sandy beach is lined with tents. Hundreds visit the lake to camp on its shores, hunt in the mountains, and bathe and fish in its crystal floods. Truthfully, it may be termed the Lake Tahoe of Eastern Washington. As a "mountain gem" Loon Lake is the peer of its sister lake which lies like a radiant dream amidst the rugged fastnesses of the great Sierra Nevada Range.

As Loon Lake is easily reached within a few hours by rail, it is the rendezvous for picnic parties and excursions. Thousands of gay picnickers visit the lake every week during the sweltering days of the summer solstice.

PESTS OF ORCHARD AND VINEYARD.

Fruit-growers and vineyardists in Fresno County have troubles of their own in the unwelcome shape of vine-hoppers and cutworms, both of which pests have put in an earlier appearance than usual this year. It is much easier to detect the thrips or vine-hopper than the cutworm. In some localities in the raisin county the vines are literally covered with the insects, and there is already a drying of the foliage as a result of the steady inroads made by them.

A lively enemy, indeed, is the hopper. Swarms of these tiny but voracious insects light on the leaves and young shoots and literally absorb the life of the vines by robbing them of their foliage This causes a drying up of the leaves that should serve as a shelter for the grape clusters about the stem of the vine. No satisfactory remedy for ridding the vineyards of the pest has been found. The Fresno *Republican* says that John S. Dore of West Park is now trying a new scheme—that of trapping them.

Down in Fresno it isn't the early bird, but the early cutworm that gets the best of it. In some vineyards as many as ten or a dozen have been found on a single vine. They attack the tender shoots and cause the vines to wither by sucking out the sap. The ruin they cause is such that it would easily be mistaken for the work of jackrabbits.

He will be a public benefactor who successfully devises a remedy for these pests of orchard and vineyard.

OUR THEATERS.

OF COURSE it is not in the nature of things that the newspaper critics and the managers of theaters should regard each other with feelings of brotherly affection. The reputation of the one depends upon his veracity. The business of the other suffers or prospers in proportion to the critic's adherence to the truth. It is the special province of the critic to act as go-between for the public. All people are not first-nighters. A large percentage of the theater-going classes awaits the Tuesday morning or evening verdict before deciding upon what playhouse to patronize.

And here cometh up the critic as a flower. By his printed words of praise or blame he has much to do with the business of the box offices the remainder of the week. He can shoo the public away, or woo it to the play—the reader will generously excuse my accidental rhyme.

The critic, therefore, who is honest, proceeds to roast a bad play, or a play badly presented. His literary and professional conscience are at peace, but not so the breast of the theater man. His annoyance rankles and smoulders within him. He commits mild murder in his heart of hearts. The critic knows all this, and is invulnerable, but the breach between them widens from year to year. They meet with apparent friendliness, but silent enmity.

And this will always be the case. The critic will dislike the management because the management dislikes a presence that menaces its pocket. Praise for a good show may be forthcoming as an antidote to the roast which resulted in frosty business, but the theater man chafes at being at the critic's mercy. And this is why they do not dwell together in that state of brotherly love which the Good Book counsels us to cultivate.

LILLIAN BURKHART.

The Versatile Comedienne, in one-act sketches at the Orpheum.

I have frequently wondered how it seems to the theatrical woman to be made violent love to by so many different men.

I have likewise frequently wondered how it seems to the theatrical man to be made violent love to by so many different women.

Some day I shall select somebody for a victim and interview him upon this perplexing—not to say complex—subject.

The actor, particularly if he be a leading man, must experience a surfeit of that sort of thing. By "that sort of thing" I mean the nightly weeping upon his manly breast of some sweetly sad heroine with troubles that she insists upon confiding to his shirt front instead of to a policeman; and the frantically demonstrative embraces which he is compelled to undergo when the chances are a hundred to one that these large doses of affection are entirely distasteful to him; and lastly, the kisses which he is obliged to give and take in the name of histrionic art.

The stage kiss has always been more or less of a mechanical mystery to me, anyhow. The majority of them appear to be a miserable makeshift for the real thing. I recall but three or four instances when the participants evinced the least bit of realistic interest in the matter.

And the heroine—how tiresome it must be to precipitate one's self ker chunk into the arms of a man for whom one cares less than the proverbial straw!

Away with the empty demonstrations of deathless love that the stage folk must perform year in and year out! I will none of them, for I know that they must pall most frightfully upon the surfeited taste. But the mummers have my sympathy. In their heart of hearts I am sure that they half the time detest that which they are supposed to ecstatically enjoy.

Julia Marlowe is wearing in her play, "Colinette," a $2200 gown. Its costliness lies mainly in the train thereof, which is made of Nile-green velvet and magnificently embroidered with silver lilies. The amount of money that the successful stage woman is compelled, by the popular demand for elegance in gowning, to spend on her wardrobe, makes it easy to comprehend why comparatively few actresses retire wealthy.

The stage man, however, who stars, is not so heavily handicapped. True, in what are called costume plays he is required to sink lump sums of money, but never is the variety of garb necessary in his roles that the stage woman must own and display. Yet the number of men who leave the stage with private fortunes is less than the number of women. The secret of this is the naturally extravagant habits of stage people. As a rule they are large-hearted and, therefore, liberal spenders of money. They look not to the future; and when poverty comes, there is always the Actors' Fund to fall back upon, for the stage takes good care of its own.

Mr. T. Daniel Frawley, despite some predictions to the contrary, is making a go of his theatrical venture in Washington, D. C. Recently Harry Corson Clarke scored one of his usual big hits in the same city, his inimitable personation of man in the sere and yellow leaf being a genuine treat to appreciative Washingtonians and others of the nation's capital.

One does not look to the vaudeville stage for good acting, but rather for clever specialties. Therefore, one is never disappointed. But to find good acting—nay, to find an artiste with the spark of genius brightly glowing in a refined, captivating personality, is a positive and surprising pleasure. The foregoing is apropos of Miss Lillian Burkhart, in comedetta at the Orpheum. This dainty and spirited young woman has brought to the vaudeville stage a refreshing, refined presence which serves as a delightful contrast to the feminine material usually in evidence. "Extravagance" is a pretty little bit of farce in Miss Burkhart's hands, and she has an excellent support in James R. Macurdy. The tendency of vaudeville in one-act plays is toward buffoonery. This appeals to the gallery, but is difficult of patient endurance by those of cultivated tastes. To the latter, Miss Burkhart's work is doubly welcome. It of a verity "elevates" the vaudeville stage, and sets an example which wise women with histrionic bees in their bonnets would do well to follow.

Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra is one of the best in the country, and beloved by all Orpheumites.

Other "turns" in the current Orpheum program deserving of individual mention are those supplied by Al and Mamie Anderson, colored comedians by name and nature. "Al's" fun is spontaneous and thoroughly enjoyable. They are a clever pair in their line, and always an acquisition to the bill. New people now at the Orpheum are: the Jackley Wonders, advertised as "society marvels;" John and Harry Dillon, comic songsters; George W. Day, monologue comedian; and the three Rio Brothers, novelty ring artists.

Roland Reed and Isadore Rush in "The Wrong Mr. Wright" are at the Columbia. The play is not new to San Francisco, but is worth seeing whenever presented by these talented people. Mr. Reed is too well known to need introduction and recommendation. The same is true of Miss Rush, one of the few women on the stage who can personate the mannish type without offending the beholder. She is one of the best gowned actresses on the stage, and dry goods being an indispensable part of the passing show, it is necessary for every actress who would be successful to know *how* to dress. This art is interpreted charmingly by Miss Rush.

ISADORE RUSH.

At the Columbia with Roland Reed in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

The Columbia will shortly present "On and Off," a comedy that Charles Frohman's comedians made a success of in New York. It is said to be so funny that even the blasé stage hands behind the scenes are in side-shaking paroxysms of laughter while the piece is in progress.

Other announcements made by the Columbia management are Henry Miller, in a revival of "Hamlet," and also in "Lord and Lady Algy;" and Effie Shannon as Marion Walton in "The Moth and the Flame."

At the Tivoli "The Geisha" is being delightfully sung to appeciative audiences. Miss Lichter is heard to excellent advantage as O Mimosa San. Miss Meyers is especially musical as Molly Seymour. Mr. Pruett's fine voice is well adapted to the work required of him as Fairfax. Two of the Tivoli's favorites have reappeared in "The Geisha" cast—Miss Tillie Salinger and Miss Georgie Cooper. Other parts deserving of praise are the Marquis of Mr. Stevens and the Chinaman of Mr. Swain. The public is fortunate in having this charming opera within reach at the Tivoli's nominal admission fee.

The Alcazar has given a highly creditable performance of "Captain Swift," with Ernest Hastings in the title role. Miss Juliet Crosby and Miss Adelaide Fitzallan did careful, intelligent work in their respective roles of Stella Darbisher and Mrs. Seabrook.

San Francisco does not seem to be fully alive to the fact that there is a newly furnished Grand Opera House on Mission Street, and that the Southwell Opera Company is an organization of talented people. Sousa's opera, "El Capitan," is as good a performance for the money (twenty-five and fifty cents) as could be desired. There is abundant evidence of intelligent stage management, and the company should do well financially during the remainder of its sixteen-weeks' engagement here. THE BOHEMIAN.

HOW LOTTERIES ARE DRAWN.

J. M. SCANLAND.

OF THE people who patronize lotteries, very few know how they are drawn, or have the remotest idea of the great advantages the lottery dealer has over the ticket-buyer. The buyer takes everything for granted which he sees printed in the lottery circular. He trusts his money to a corporation doing an unlawful business, and which may cease to exist any day, refuse to pay prizes or to return the purchase money, and he has no legal redress.

Even if a lottery is fairly drawn the chances are about 28 to 1 against the ticket-holder winning any prize whatever. For example, I will illustrate this by the Louisiana Lottery, the drawings of which I frequently witnessed in New Orleans before the octopus was driven from the State:

In this lottery there were 28 times as many tickets as there were prizes to be drawn, and the foreign lotteries now in existence have the same ratio, and are conducted on the same plan as the original Louisiana Lottery. This concern based the monthly drawings on 100,000 tickets at $20 each, aggregating $2,000,000. There were 3600 prizes, aggregating $1,100,000. It will thus be seen that the company "reserved" for itself $900,000, or 45 per cent of each dollar realized from the sale of tickets. Then, the ticket-holders were permitted to gamble for 55 per cent of the money they paid in. But they had no means of knowing whether more than 100,000 tickets were placed in the wheel or not. They took the word of the officials for that, and must do so now in each of these foreign lotteries. However, admitting that only the stated number of tickets is placed in the wheel, the chances are still great against the ticket-holder, especially as 45 per cent has been taken out by the officials. But should the full number not be sold during some dull month, this is no advantage to the public, for the company keeps the tickets, places the full number in the wheel and competes with the outside ticket-holders for the winning

SUMMER RESORTERS.

of the prizes. Even this would not be so bad were there not a "little joker," which can be, and no doubt is, sprung to save the large prizes to the company. The tickets containing the amount of the prizes are placed in gutta percha tubes, about an inch in length, and are easily concealed in the palm of the hand, especially by an expert in "palmistry."

The drawings are in public, but may as well be conducted in a back room, as the Chinese lotteries are, so far as the protection to the public is concerned. The three "commissioners" paid by the lottery company, sit upon the stage like figureheads, as they are, and pretend to exercise a supervision over the drawing. There is on the right of the stage a glass wheel about six feet in height, and on the opposite side of the stage there is a smaller glass wheel about three feet in diameter. Clerks are seated in the background to record the drawings. In front of the big wheel are 10 canvas sacks, each marked 10,000. These are the tickets or drawing numbers. No one has counted them to the spectators and that is all they know about the number in the sacks. In front of the little glass wheel are 4 leather sacks, each marked with the number of prize-slips they are supposed to contain—the 4 sacks aggregating 3600. The spectator takes that on blind faith, also. Without any perlude, or invitation to any of the spectators to come upon the stage and investigate, two of the commissioners walk forward and each one takes his position by the side of his wheel.

This is the cue for the entry of two heavy men, who come on. The red wax seals of the sacks are cut away, and the red tape strings are displayed with an attempt at theatrical effect. The "heavy" supernumeraries then empty the sacks of tubes into the wheels. The 10 sacks, containing the numbers from No. 1 to No. 100,000, are emptied into the larger wheel. As each sack is emptied the wheel is given several revolutions so as to thoroughly mix up the tubes. Simultaneously, on the opposite side, a man is pouring the contents of the 4 sacks into the smaller glass wheel, which is also revolved so as to mix up the tubes and inspire the confidence of the spectators. These 3600 tubes, similar in size to the others, contain each a slip of paper on which is printed the amount of a prize, ranging from $100 to $100,000. The wheel-turners now stand aside and two small boys come upon the stage, from opposite sides, as if they were about to attempt a "double song and dance." The boys are blindfolded, as another guarantee of good faith, and each takes his stand by the side of a wheel. A commissioner unloosens a glass door or panel, about 4 inches square in each of the wheels. Each of the boys draw from their respective wheels, simultaneously, one of the tubes and hand it to the commissioner who stands near him. The commissioner at the large wheel takes the slip of paper from the tube and sings out, "No. 400." The commissioner at the smaller wheel has taken out the prize slip and answers "$100." In the small wheel there are no blanks—each of the 3600 numbers is a prize, and the drawing is finished when 3600 numbers have been drawn out of the larger wheel, for that exhausts the prizes in the small wheel. The drawing lasts for about two hours, and the sing-song of the small prizes becomes monotonous, and many of the fortune-hunters fall asleep, but are finally awakened when a commissioner shouts in his loudest strain, "$100,000," and holds aloft the ticket with the air of a stage-struck tragedian.

During this while the "little joker" may be introduced and save the $100,000 capital prize—for it is easy. A little side-pocket can, without detection, be inserted just on the inner side of the panel of these wheels, and in one pocket may be placed the tube containing the capital prize and in the other the number to win it. At a preconcerted signal the boys can simultaneously draw from their respective wheels these secreted tubes. Their being blindfolded does not prevent this. This neat swindle was charged against a certain lottery, and with good grounds for those charges. It was also proved that the "palming" process had been resorted to in more instances than one. This is done by the commissioners concealing in their hands a tube containing the figures of the capital prize, and a number to win it, held by the company. At a preconcerted signal each man would produce the tubes they had concealed or palmed, and in the place of these would palm the tubes just drawn from the respective wheels. This may not be done by the foreign lotteries now in existence, but it can be done and undoubtedly has been done; for $50,000, or even $20,000 or $10,000 is a tempting bait, especially to a gambler, and one who has the opportunity and little, if any, chance of detection. No one is permitted upon the stage during the drawing except the lottery officials.

Another trick of the lottery, which is for advertising purposes, is to pay a person $100 or $200 to sign a receipt to the effect that he drew a certain large prize in a stated drawing. The lottery "pushes" its sales into new districts by this means, and hundreds purchase tickets on the strength of this paid advertisement. Of course a few small prizes are won, but they are very few, and the companies do not depend upon these to push the circulation of their tickets. There is nothing fair in a lottery, even when "squarely" dealt.

THE TRUE STORY OF "LITTE PACHE."

A lively little relic of an exciting raid on an Indian camp down in Arizona is Little Pache, herewith seen for the first time in print.

Some three years ago a detachment of Uncle Sam's regulars, accompanied by Colonel John Slaughter, a brave Indian fighter, went on a warhunt after a band of renegade Apaches, then located at the entrance of Cave Creek in the Chiricahua mountains. At approach of the soldiers the Apaches took to the brush, leaving their wickiups and campfires, and caring only to escape to cover, from which they could fight to safer advantage. And the only living thing left in camp was a frightened little Indian girl, hiding in a wickiup, where her squaw mother had left her to her fate.

Colonel Slaughter is as kind-hearted as he is brave. He put the Indian baby—she was only two years old—on the saddle in front of one of the cavalrymen, and sent them back as fast as horses' hoofs could fly, to the San Bernardino Rancho, a tract of land some eighty miles square, in the border line between Arizona and Sonora. This was the Colonel's home, one of the few land grants confirmed in the United States' courts.

When found, Little Pache, as they named

Fly, Tombstone, Arizona, Photo.

LITTLE PACHE.

her, had on a funny little dress made of an old election banner, the gaudy strip of muslin having been among the many things stolen by her people when they raided the store of the Hand Brothers shortly before, killing one of the latter. Around her shoulders, as seen in the photograph taken when she was brought to civilization, was a leather strap, such as is used by Indian mothers to carry children on their backs.

All that Little Pache could say was "Chi!" which was meant to call attention to what she wanted. To-day she is the bright, affectionate, Americanized little girl which the camera has caught playing in a monster pile of squashes. Her home with Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter is a most happy one. For companions she has a little darky boy, a little Mexican girl, and a white boy, nephew of her benefactors and, like herself, adopted as members of the Slaughter family.

It will be interesting indeed to note, from year to year, the moulding of Little Pache's character, under the kindly, refined influences of an American home.

This, That and the Other

LILLIAN FERGUSON.

California's Fighting First will be home within a year from the date of departure last May—at least that is the latest assurance from Washington. But rumors regarding the regiment's return have been flying hither with such frequency and contradiction that we have grown skeptical in our old age and don't believe anything we hear. When the cable sends the glad message speeding their actual embarkation for home, sweet home, we shall have faith in their ultimate arrival, and not before.

But what will California do with her boys when she gets them back again?

Imprimis, they will be bountifully fed, of course. That is all right; but after that—what?

The "boys" will come back to take up the white man's burden of earning a livelihood. Their places have meanwhile been filled by others. They are no longer part of the great mass of human machinery in the business world. Those who left professions sacrificed a patronage that was the result of years of toil. Those who left salaried positions and grooves paid by daily wage, must remain idle, or crowd out the men and boys who took their places. The business of war has temporarily unfitted them for the business of daily life. The comfortable, accustomed routine has been exchanged for the excitement of battle and the enervating effects of climate upon the body. Illness and disease have fastened upon many of them so firm a hold that restoration to health is forever impossible.

What, then, will California do with her boys when she has greeted and feted them, and made songs in their honor?

Allow them to starve or beg for work? Expect them to get out and hustle for employment after giving their best energies to Uncle Sam, facing the enemy, stopping bullets, and living in the steaming trenches on hardtack?

California should make it her especial business to pave their home-coming with something more substantial than flowers; more lasting than a banquet. California should see to it that every man of the Fighting First who wants employment can get it by filing an application with a bureau, organized for that purpose.

Give our brave soldier boys all they can eat and drink when they reach San Francisco. Give them such royal welcome as men never received before. Cheer them, love them "for the dangers they have passed." Give them a chance to enjoy a hard-earned, well-deserved rest.

And after all this has been done, oh merchants and men who employ, give the soldier boys of the First California Regiment that necessary adjunct to mundane welfare—"a good job."

Eighteen trunks and a bulldog. That is the baggage just brought to New York by the Vanderbilts, bride and groom.

Only eighteen trunks—and one dog. Strange. How is it that the young couple have started out with such pinching, penurious economy in the matter of clothing? Perhaps they feel a bit poverty-stricken on account of losing a few hundred thousand at the fire in their country house the other night. There must be some reason for the fact that they will try to worry through a whole fortnight at Newport with such a scant allowance of duds.

Eighteen trunks. Why, that isn't more than nine apiece. Willie's coats and hats and trousers jammed into nine trunks—dear, dear! And only nine more for all of Birdie's summer togs? Incomprehensible.

One hates to see a bride and groom who have been accustomed to plenty of everything, beginning life on such a meager allowance of dry-goods. They can't possibly change their costumes more than four times a day. How mortified they must be. Only eighteen, did you say? Poor things!

WHY THE SUMMER GIRL IS SAD.

Not gayly flits she as of yore
To mountain glen or sandy shore;
Ennuied and dull the weeks will pass
For each neglected, lonely lass.
She doesn't care a straw this year
That lovely summer days are near.
What matters weather, when the men,
Alas, are far beyond her ken?
'Tis harrowing to think that they
Are just six thousand miles away.
Instead of kneeling at her shrine
And begging her to dance or dine—
Unshaved, foot-weary, fed on beans,
They're fighting in the Philippines.

I wonder if the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has made Engineer Morris Sheehan a present? It ought to. I am not raising my small voice to dictate to that mighty corporation its duty. I merely offer a suggestion. I hope it is not needed and that a handful of yellow railroad gold is already stowed away in the brave engineer's jeans.

Everybody may not know that Engineer Sheehan saved a trainload of lives from disaster the other day. He was bringing the Sacramento local down at thirty miles an hour, when it struck a curve in a cut, near Midway, Alameda County. The engine passed the curve; not so the tender. The latter left the track just as it reached the turn, and off came the first baggage-car trucks.

Engineer Sheehan, feeling the sudden jar, glanced back and then forward. One hundred yards away was the embankment. With perfect coolness he slowed down and stayed by the engine until she came to a standstill.

For a distance of one hundred and fifty yards the rails, roadbed, and ties were ripped and twisted. Some of the steel rails had been cut in two by the derailed trucks.

The track where a terrible accident was thus averted, is one of the best built sections on the road. Nobody knows why the tender jumped. By stopping the train as slowly as possible the danger of the cars bunching up and being telescoped was avoided.

I wonder if Engineer Sheehan's jeans are any heavier around the pockets than they were before his admirable presence of mind was manifested?

Thirty-one infants of male persuasion born in San Francisco have been named Dewey in honor of America's Admiral of the Navy. This is a flattering testimonial to the great Commander, and doubtless he appreciates the spirit in which the christening has been done. But it will pall upon him in future years, and he will find that the penalties of greatness are indeed harassing to the spirit.

In his serene and peaceful old age, with honors thick upon him, our adored Dewey will have his slippered comfort disturbed daily by such items as this staring at him from the printed page—for every city in the United States has its pro rata of babies tagged with the magic name of the hero of Manila Bay:

"George Dewey Gilhooley was arrested to-day for horse-stealing. Although young, he is one or the most reckless characters in the Northwest."

Or, "Dewey Badman, leader of a daring gang of counterfeiters whose operations have been a source of annoyance to the government for years, is at last in jail."

Or, "Dewey Pillbox, the wife-poisoner, was electrocuted this morning. He died game, but this was consistent with his notoriously evil career from childhood."

Or, "Dewey Darklantern, convicted of burglary in the first degree, has been sentenced to San Quentin for ten years."

There really should be a law making it a misdemeanor to name babies after great men.

One of the few poems of the century that can be called a masterpiece is Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Reading it slowly, thinkingly, understandingly, one is impressed with two things—the rugged strength and grandeur of the lines conveying the poet's thought, and the weakness and insignificance of the verse that most of us are writing.

The poem, as a poetical production, is fine, forceful, musical. One need not admire it the less if one be an aristocrat by birth and breeding, wholly out of sympathy with the theme. That its appearance should make a sensation was inevitable, masterpieces not being a drug in the literary market.

F. A. Webster, Oakland, Photo.

CALIFORNIA INDUSTRY.

Mr. Markham did not know that he had accomplished anything particularly out of the ordinary when he completed his poem. By merest chance he read it aloud to somebody who is in the habit of delving for the genuine in literature as eagerly as a miner delves for gold. The somebody was Mr. Bailey Millard, whose volume of short stories, entitled "She of the West," is one of the year's best book entertainers. Mr. Millard pounced with the joy of discovery upon this "gem of purest ray serene" and put it into print.

Western writers, wake up. The time has passed by when the good or the better will suffice. The best is demanded. And those who would be admitted to the new school of Californian literature a-growing up, would better be concerning themselves about their eligibility.

It is declared by an authority on rodents, in a recent magazine, that mice can sing. Good gracious, who would have suspected it?

"All mice," says this student of natural history, "are really singers, and can be heard by each other—perhaps, also, by their hereditary foe, the cat—but it is only now and then that one sings in exactly the right tone to be heard by the human ear."

This is pleasant news. Hereafter, when I am awakened by sharp squeaks in the walls of a house where I may chance to be, I will not allow it to interfere with my peace. If it occur in some country hotel, where I am staying over night on a newspaper detail, instead of blessing (?) the fates for condemning me to such inconvenience, I will calmly turn over and go to sleep again, good-naturedly saying to myself: "There's dear little Tenor Rodenti trying his high C;" or, "Diva Gnaw-ma is practicing her scales;" or, "The Symphony Cheese Club seems to be in unusually good voice to-night."

Possessing this knowledge, no person with music in his soul, could be cruel enough to place baited-trap obstacles in the path of a mouse's melodic education.

In this magazine, too, I am introduced by a traveler along the Amazon, who has made the collecting of birds for museums his specialty, to a distant relative of the crane family, by name the warracabba.

This unique bird has a voice like a steam calliope, black plumage and pea-green legs, which are naked of feathers above the "knees," so that at a distance the fowl looks somewhat like a reincarnated Highlander. The Indians of British Guiana declare that once upon a time when the earth was visited by a deluge, Sigu, the heavenly arbiter of animal destiny, led the creatures to a hilltop and bade them remain. Disobeying, the hungry warracabbas ventured too soon in search of food, and were immediately set upon by starved ants that devoured their legs to the bone.

For usefulness and tractability this engaging bird certainly has no superior. The reader is assured that it will become devoted to an individual, following such a friend all day; will herd sheep and drive ducks and chickens home to roost; at times, being of vivacious temperament, will dance and scream as though crazy, but if its owner be reading, will stand thoughtfully on one leg and assume an air of gentle sadness. Early in the morning it will enter one's apartment and utter a cry that can be heard from Twin Peaks to Goat Island, then salute its awakened owner by bobbing its head and bringing its wings and tail down turkey-wise, after which salaam it delicately withdraws.

Personally, I should not care to have a warracabba tagging at my heels all day. The likelihood of its being run down by one of Collis P. Huntington's trolleys would tend to make me nervous. But its usefulness as an automatic alarm clock appeals to me strongly.

Undoubtedly a warracabba is a safe investment. He who imports one will make no mistake, for this amiable fowl thrives cheaply on grain, and having excellent flesh for table use, may in emergency, be served as a Sunday dinner.

IN DREAMS.

In dreams I tread the old familiar way,
The tangled path where sweet the linnet calls;
I see the pool wherein the water falls,
And the cool glen where dusky shadows play.
In dreams I lean to look in tender eyes;
I hear the vibrant voice I used to know
When life and love were mine—my own.
And lo,
My desert blossoms into Paradise!

ITEMS.

The Hotel Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz Mountains opened on the 1st of May. Mr. W. E. Veazie is lessee.

Summit Soda Springs in the Sierras have been rebuilt, and will be ready for business on time. They will remain under the management of Goulden & Jacobs.

The Tallac House at Lake Tahoe will open early in May. Mr. Lawrence, the proprietor, reports a larger number of bookings for June than in any previous year.

Deer Park Inn, near Lake Tahoe, will this year be managed exclusively by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Scott.

Social gayety is already manifesting itself at the Hotel Benvenue, Lakeport, and yachting parties are the order of the day. Bowling and dancing are also in order, and every indication points to a delightful season at the Benvenue.

The well-known Gilroy Hot Springs have recently been leased by Mr. R. Robertson, who will be remembered as the proprietor of Paraiso Springs for many years. Mr. Robertson is making extensive improvements throughout the grounds and buildings, and old patrons of this favorite resort will hardly recognize it on their next visit.

The popular resort at Glenbrook, Lake County, will have further improvements this summer. A new dancing pavilion with billiard-room attached is in process of erection. Trout fishing is reported as unusually fine, so that altogether the patrons of Glenbrook will have plenty of opportunities of having a jolly good time.

The well-known resort of Capitola, near Santa Cruz, is now under the management of Mr. F. M. Smith, who for many years was connected with the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco. Mr. Smith thoroughly understands catering to the public, and we may look for a host of improvements and splendid service at this popular spa.

LESSONS IN JOURNALISM.

Joel Shomaker, the well-known practical western writer, gives ten written lessons in journalism by mail. He studies the education, character, and disposition of every pupil, and writes just what is needed for the reporter, correspondent, editor, and author. He gives instructions on preparing and selling manuscripts, suggests local and general markets for literature, and prepares the pupil for active, practical work. His lesson on "How to Run a Newspaper" is alone worth the price of the ten weeks' course. Write him at North Yakima, Washington, for full information.

WHITMANIZED VERSION OF MOTHER GOOSE.

A London paper, *The Clarion*, is responsible for the following amusing Whitmanized version of the familiar classic from Mother Goose, in which the cow jumped over the moon:

Here is the poem of me, the entertainer of children,
See! a cat is passing through my poem:
See—it plays the fiddle rapturously:
It plays sonatas, fugues, rigodons, gavottes, gigues, minuets, romances, impromptus—it plays the tune that led to the defunction of the aged cow;
But most of all it plays nocturnes—and plays them protechnically, as befits the night time.
See the moon shining in the pellucid sky;
See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains of the Stradivarius, throws off her habitual languor and leaps over the moon.
O me! O pulse of my life! O amazement of things!
Why so active, thou cow?
Why so passive, thou moon?
See the dog.
He grins and runs through the city,
Seeing humor in his surroundings.
Have all dogs so keen a sense of humor?
See the dish, maliciously meditative.
See, it takes advantage of the general confusion and absconds with the silver spoon.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

TWILIGHT IN LIVERMORE VALLEY.

CLARENCE URMY.

The sun has set, and the evening skies
Begin like rosebuds to unfold.
While on the distant mountain height.
Still linger faint, stray gleams of gold.
Like kisses pressed by angel lips,
Or touches of God's finger-tips.

Like wreaths of purple violets
The hills around the valley lie,
And Mount Diablo's lofty peak
Towers high into the twilight sky—
A stately sentinel it seems
Guarding a land of dusk and dreams.

Up through the western mountain pass
Night breezes wander from the bay,
And whisper tender dreamland tales
From sandy beaches far away,
Where flying foam and beaming star
Clasp hands across the harbor bar.

Hesper unveils her lovely face:
I hear a star-voice downward fall
From some dim, distant lattice height.
Above the far cerulean wall;
"Peace, peace," it calls, and all is calm
Beneath the night's o'ershadowing palm.

AGGIE NAWLDO

[The following bit of American humor is taken from *The New Orient*, published in Manila. It is signed, "Carson, 1st Wash. Vols."]

Aguinaldo,
You conceited little
Measly, Malay moke,
What's the matter with you?
Don't you savey enough
To know
That when you don't see
Freedom,
Inalienable rights,
The American eagle,
The Fourth of July,
The Star Spangled Banner
And the palladeum of your liberty,
All you've got to do is to ask for them?
Are you a natural born chump?
Or did you catch it from the Spaniard?
You ain't bigger
Than a bar of soap
After a day's washing,
But, be dashed, you
Seem to think
You're a bigger man
Than Uncle Sam.
You ought to be shrunk.
Young fellow,
And if you don't
De-Malayize yourself
And catch on
To the golden, glorious opportunities,
Something is going to happen to you.
Like a Himalaya
Sitting down kerswat
On a gnat,
Or an Esquimeau
After a wolf
On our Alaska's lone shore.
If you ain't
A yellow dog
You'll take in your sign
And scatter
Some red, white and blue
Disinfectant
Over yourself.
What you need, Aggie,
Is civilizing,
And goldarn
Your yellow coonskin.
The American boys
At Manila
Will civilize you.
Dead or alive.
You'd better
Disband yourself
And scatter your thugs
And Macabee bees
And all your other bees and hornets
And fall into
The procession of progress
And keep time
With the American pace
Before you fall
Under the Juggernaut car, or
Into a hole in the ground,
Like so many
Of your fellow Malays
Before you.
Understand?
That's us.
U. S.

THAT REMINDS ME.

"War is a great undertaking," sighed Alger.

"Well, you ran it like a great undertaker," said Miles.

***

"Why, this monument is crooked."

"Yes, so was the deceased."

***

"When the Philippines are really ours, what will we do with them?"

"Keep on recapturing them."

***

Cumso—It is said that onions will cure the grip.

Cawker—What is recommended as a remedy for the onions?

***

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a colonel?

Professor Broadhead—A colonel, my son, is usually a large man, with the courtly manners of a crown prince and the stomach of a common, everyday camel.

***

What's one man's meat may be another man's canned roast beef.

***

Counsel—What is your age, madam?

Witness—Forty-seven, sir.

"Married or single?"

"Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life, and if it is of any interest to the Court, I don't mind saying that I have worn false hair for nearly thirty years."

"Hem! That is all, madam. There is no use in trying to shake the direct testimony of so truthful a woman as you are."

***

The fact that early impressions linger long in the memory needs no proof, but an interesting illustration of it happens along now and then.

"There are men," said Jones, "whose simple personality is more persuasive than any oratory could be—who can impress you more powerfully with a gesture—a wave of the hand—than if they uttered whole dictionaries of words. Did you ever come across such a man?"

"Oh, yes," replied Brown. "My father was a man of that kind. I came across him, as it were, quite frequently. It was when I was across him—across his knee—that a wave of his hand always impressed me most powerfully. Ah, yes!"

***

Don Quixote read romances till his wits,
By nature weak, became extremely hazy,
The modern reader quite collected sits—
It is the writers only who go crazy.

***

"Would I were a bird!" she murmured.
And he murmured, "Would I were a cold bottle!"

***

"I care not," said the capitalist, "who makes the laws of the country so long as I can help form the trusts."

An enthusiastic professor had advocated the advantage of athletic exercise. "The Roman youth," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast."

The Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

"Mr. X. is dead," said lady of Somerset. "He was good and kind, but he was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London; but we shall meet him in heaven."

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THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.
General Office, 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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PROMOTION OF TRADE

It is reported that not less than fifty thousand tourists are at present in Southern California, and all the hotels and boarding-houses have been doing the best business they have experienced for many years. In accordance with the usual custom the bulk of these visitors will come north, beginning this month. It therefore behooves our hotel men and our other institutions for the promotion of trade to advertise their wares and the attractions of the north in the early summer months.

If we folks in the north had one-half the energy and concentrativeness of our southern neighbors, we could reap the harvest to which we are entitled; but a large proportion of us are prone to sit in our chairs and await the patronage which we believe is due us—working on the old '49 principle that "all things cometh to him who waits."

COMMERCE TWO BILLIONS YEARLY

We learn through the Treasury Bureau of Statistics that the month of February, 1900, has made the most remarkable record of any February in the history of our foreign commerce. The exports during that month have averaged five million dollars for every business day in the month, and the total exports were over $119,000,000, or more than 25% greater than that of any preceding February. Not only are the exports larger than those of any preceding February, but the excess of exports over imports is also much larger than in any preceding February, surpassing those of 1898 by nearly 25%, and being more than 50% in excess of that of any earlier year. February is a month of heavy importations, and it frequently happens that the imports exceed the exports, so that an excess of $50,000,000 in exports over imports in February makes the record of the month a remarkable one, despite the fact that the importations which amounted to $68,000,000, were slightly larger than those of any preceding year except 1893. The relative importance of the February 1900 record will be more clearly seen when it is stated that the average February exports during the last ten years were $76,000,000 per month, while the total exports of February, 1900, as already stated, were over $119,000,000; on the other hand, the average February imports of the preceding decade were $61,000,000, making the average February excess of exports over imports during that time $15,000,000 while that of February, 1900, is $50 991,612. This makes the total exportation for the eight months ending with February about $75,000,000 greater than that of the corresponding months of the fiscal year 1899, and makes it apparent that our total exports in the fiscal year ending June 30th will exceed those of any preceding year by probably $100,000,000 and carry the total commerce of the year considerably beyond the two billion dollar line.

N. Y. JOURNAL NEWS SPASMS

On the evening of March 24th the celebrated (?) New York *Journal* was dumped in San Francisco upon an unoffending and inert public. Among its prominent spasms of "news" was an illustrated article depicting the prevalence of the terrible bubonic plague in one of the healthiest cities in the world—San Francisco, And the ingenious staff of artists on that New York pretender added flavor to the article with a cleverness worthy of a better direction.

The asinine course of our own local Board of Health in quarantining the Chinese quarter of San Francisco because of a "germ" they never found, was primarily responsible for the bursting of this bubble in the *Journal*, and the people of California are justified in holding both the instigators and the libeler guilty of one of the grossest insults that has been offered to our fair city in many a day.

A "SNAP" SHOT.

The New York *Journal*, through its dual connection at both sides of the continent, is in a position to know the truth or falsity of an alleged plague at either end of the line, and it seems incomprehensible that one or the other should circulate a tale that cannot but be harmful to a community upon which these same scandalmongers depend for their existence. It is more remarkable, however, that a business community should tolerate such aspersions, for they have it in their hands, if they only knew it, to dictate terms to a disloyal sheet. It is bad enough to disseminate a disagreeable truth, which, however, is not condemnable except as to the prominence that may be given it, but to attempt to fortify our city gates against our commerce and our visitors by a network of spiders' webs, is irrational, reprehensible, and criminal, and yet the deception "works" as though these bars were made of impenetrable steel.

San Francisco has not now, nor never had, a case of bubonic plague, and has not suffered from even what might be termed an epidemic, liable to all large cities, for over thirty years, and statistics show that San Francisco ranks third among cities of the United States of over 200,000 population in the minimum percentage of the death rate per thousand of population.

R. H. WEBSTER VS. SCHOOL BOARD

The recent tilt between Mr. R. H. Webster, Superintendent of the Public Schools of San Francisco, and the Board of Education, of which he is an *ex officio* member, carries a significance which the daily press has not the time to editorially submit to sober-minded people. Supt. Webster is well and favorably known through his connection with the San Francisco High School more than sixteen years ago. He was practically idolized by the classes under his tuition, because of his intellectuality, his identification with the juvenile spirit of those he taught (for he was not many years beyond his pupils) but principally because of his fairness toward them all. His sense of justice was pre-eminent, and there were no "favorites," and he never hesitated to say what he *thought*. In time this chief characteristic bore fruit in the respect of all his associates, and it has yet to come to our notice through his later career that this early principle has not governed his every public movement. Therefore, when Supt. Webster undertakes to criticize the acts of his present confreres, we know it is not an idle rebellion, but a stand for justice and fairness and good government, for which he is tacitly responsible to the public of San Francisco in his capacity of the "Director General" of the school system of this city. Mr. Webster enforces the spirit of his convictions, and his public statement of the irregularities indulged in by the present Board of Education is convincing, and as temperate as the situation justifies. Men of this calibre should receive both the moral and substantial support of all fair-minded citizens, who appreciate justice, integrity, and the conduct of our public departments on *strictly business principles*. If we had a few more Websters in the other branches of our municipal government who had the nerve and independence to kick against these periodical bunco games, the public would be grateful, and a leash would be placed around the necks of our voracious representatives. Give such men the reward due them.

BUNCOED AGAIN.

The campaign is over. The New Charter with all its paraphernalia and glittering promises has been installed, and the wheels of the new government are now in motion, while the taxpayer looks on and counts the cost of the lubricant asked for, to keep its axis from becoming heated.

The New Charter was the shibboleth of reform—economy and efficient service. It was the power to overturn the blighting influence of the political machine; it was the hope of all good citizens, who could see in its provisions the long looked for gleam of light leading on to a prosperous era for the city. Economical management, competent officials, the employment of only such numbers as would be required in similar occupations in private life, a full return for wages paid, as well as a total and complete ignoring of politics in all departments of this promised model government—all this was held up to the anxious gaze of the citizen voter.

Reduced taxation was one of the forcible arguments, competent commissions, who would honestly disburse the public funds, and would not overload their departments with an excess of employees; civil service that would extend to each applicant a fair chance in the race for employment. Merit was to be the only standard, and the whole fabric of the city government was to rest on a foundation only in the interest of the people, and thus did the citizens once more take into their confidence the promoters of this would-be clean management of our municipal affairs.

* * *

That trust continued for a period, and was somewhat strengthened by the appointment of what at the time was supposed to be non-partisan commissioners whose ability and standing was sufficient guarantee of all that was promised. But a change seems to have intruded itself into the councils of these men of wisdom. The old story of patronage is again to the front, and party workers are busy with their claims for services in the last and future campaigns.

The little expose in the matter of the selection of a Chief of Police was the first serious shock to the nerves of the confiding public, and a shudder of doubt at once took possession of the too often buncoed people. The jealousies of the so-called educators of the community (the pure and unspotted press) laid bare the various schemes that had been planned to place the police force in the hands of a clique, inimical to the public welfare. The wrathy editorials and shameful hurling of low billingsgate, opened the eyes of the citizen to the falsity of the assurances of the leaders of the movement in municipal reform, and the sad reality broke in upon the credulity of the voters when, in the shuffling to perpetrate this outrage, the skirts of his honor, the Mayor, appeared to be not wholly free from the tinge of politics. His sly hand was seen in the background, pulling the strings in the interest of others than the public. And hence the shock and chagrin of the good citizen who had enthusiastically supported his honor in this reform.

* * *

Alarm is now making rapid strides among the people. The dread of the same old story—buncoed again—is taking the place of cheerful confidence. Doubt now fills the public mind, and as the curtain rises on our new city government, politics and politicians are the scenes and actors presented to the audience. The change from the old to the new is, as far as developed, painfully disappointing. The skeleton of high taxes, large increase in numbers of employees, and high wages is still in evidence, but little in the matter of economy has yet been projected. Fat places for friends are, however, provided, same as of old, and loud talks of what is to be done to corporations and others who have heretofore dominated at the City Hall. The large deficit has been thoroughly discussed, appeals to heads of departments to retrench, with the same stereotyped answer—need more funds—while the full force is retained at advanced wages. Politics must brush away the needs, and party strikers retained, departments cannot contribute to reduce the deficit. And just like their predeeessors in office the oft repeated resort to extinguish the street lights becomes the favorite course with these artistic and reform gentlemen of the new city government.

* * *

Think of it, ye men of art, who have been so active in advocacy of covering the city with parks, while the streets are in darkness at the hours when it is the habit of thieves to break in and steal. And ye men whose brains are racked with the studies of sanitation and visions of epidemics, what will be your prophecy when street cleaning has been reduced, and thus enlarged the breeding scope of the deadly germ?

The answer will go out to you as it will go out to the people This is a reform government, free from politics. Its head, like many others who may have gone before, is a good speaker, promises many things, favors art and all pretty things, and approves extinguishing the street lights from the midnight hour. And thus will the honest friends of the change to supposed good government look on with fear and suspicion at the management thus far displayed in handling the city affairs. At this early day the people are in doubt as to what will be the result of this new charter, and are wondering if they will be *Buncoed Again.*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.
Taken for THE TRAVELER by the Stanford Studio.

AMEND THE CHARTER.

The errors and flaws in the new organic law of this city are coming to the front as the days pass by. The supposed restraints upon department expenditures do not appear to restrain. Nor does it restrict the number of employees to the basis of business requirements. Notably has this been shown by the efforts of the Board of Health to resist all appeals of the supervisors in the direction of economy because of the heavy deficit. An attitude of open defiance to any move looking to a reduction of expenditures, has always been the position of this department. They clamor for more funds on the plea of protecting the public health, an expression that has heretofore had great weight with many. But of late years the people have looked on and witnessed the recruiting of a large sanitary force at heavy expense to the taxpayer, patiently waiting for the promised millennium of health as a result of this scientific handling of the public funds, and when accounts are balanced, it is found that the death rate has not been reduced. Sickness as of yore is the heritage of man; colds are as common, fevers and all other ailments torture the body, and the human frame suffers the penalty of imprudence as before. This huge attack on the public treasury has not produced the benefits pointed out. We note the heavy cost, but cannot discover a corresponding benefit.

We are treated to lectures on sanitation and other kindred subjects. The timid are made more so by prophecies of impending peril, of an epidemic assault, and all sorts of technical arguments are put forward to convince the people of the danger hovering over them, unless a free lance is allowed the department in its drafts on the city's strong box.

* * *

The history of our Board of Health in connection with its liberality in the expenditures of public moneys does not commend it as a careful financial syndicate; and the unfortunate disposition of the medical gentlemen to make politics the overshadowing remedy (given in large doses to the people) is to be regretted, and tending to subordinate an honorable profession, to a grasping scramble for patronage and place.

A glance at the past will remind the community of the long quarantine of the oriental steamers, covering a period of seven months, driving from this port more than one-half our oriental commerce, throwing into the lap of our more liberal minded northern neighbors a plum that has been well nursed and cared for.

Memory also brings to light the attempt to condemn two large school houses with a ukase declaring diphtheria epidemic in the vicinity. The reason then given was the presence of vaults in the distant yard, where they had been for many years. Rumor said a large plumbing job was at the bottom. However, a physician who was on the Board of Supervisors and had been on the Health Board, knocked the pretty scheme in the head, and opened the schools, but with a badly frightened lot of parents as a result.

Another scare more recent—the announcement by the city bacteriologists of the bubonic plague on the body of a Japanese drowned from a China steamer—also proved to be a fake. Lastly, the absurd and reckless placing under quarantine of the whole of Chinatown, declaring the existence of the bubonic plague within our city; publishing to the world under official sanction the greatest fake of all.

* * *

Therefore, with so many serious and far-reaching blunders, would it not be wise to amend the Charter? Abolish or at least change the personnel of the Board of Health. From the past and present actions it is clear to the layman that a physician in public life takes

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53.

OWLS, OYSTERS AND OAKS.

ESSAY BY A FACETIOUS PHILOSOPHER.

There was an owl sat in an oak
Wisky, Wasky, Weedle!
And every word that he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

The owl never gives itself away by talking too much. There is perhaps nothing else in the animal kingdom so silent and conservative as the owl except, maybe, the oyster.

Sometimes men get credit for knowing a great deal because they don't say much, and sometimes men get credit for knowing a great deal when they can talk and talk and talk, but I suppose it wont do for us to judge always that the silent man is always wise, nor that the talkative man knows it all.

The owl doesn't talk much but I notice it prowls around at night when all nature is asleep, wisky, wasky, weedle, seeking what it may devour, fiddle, faddle feedle.

I like the oyster better than the owl; you can't eat biled owl, but raw oyster! Um—S-L-U-P! Of course the oyster can't sit upon an oak tree in the moonlight and ask everybody who, who, who they are? But on the other hand, the owl can't stick its head in the marsh mud and stand upside down and drink salt water for a living.

Let us not despise other people because they aint as smart as we are, and again let us not despise other people because they are smarter than we are; and still again, let us not despise any body. There is a place for the owl and a place for the oyster, and if the owl sits in the tall oak and looks his wisest, and the oyster gurries in the mud and does his best to make himself toothsome and palatable, then they are both doing the best they can and not grumbling because they were not born rich or stylish.

The owl is the only bird that can turn around and see the back of its neck. The oyster can't do this. The oyster can catch a fellow's finger and give it an everlastin' gee-whizzin' pinch, and squirt water up through the mud, and the owl can't do this.

You can do something I can't, and I can do something you can't, but we needn't quarrel about that.

Oh, yes. Speaking of the owl, do you know how many kinds of owls there are in California? Nine; the barn, great horned, screech, long-eared, short-eared, great gray, saw-whet, burrowing and pigmy owl.

My text said the owl sat in an oak. Maybe you would like to know something about the quercus, or oak family.

There are about six varieties of the oak family in California, the white, fulvous, Kelloggs, huckleberry-leafed, evergreen, and California chestnut oak.

The large, wide-spreading oak of San Mateo and Menlo Park, is the white oak, and there are at least three other varieties to be found near San Mateo.

Wisky, Wasky, Weedle.

An observer mentions the instance of a raven having lived sixty-nine years; a pair of eagle owls, one of which is sixty-eight and the other fifty-three years old; a Bateleur eagle and a condor in the zoological gardens at Amsterdam, aged fifty-five and fifty-two; an imperial eagle of the age of fifty-six, a golden eagle of forty-six, and a sea eagle of forty-two; and many birds of the age of forty downward are also recorded.

It seems that carrier pigeons are not the only birds that have the sense of returning to the spot from whence they fly, though it may be hundreds of miles distant. Mr. John B. Crowson, of Germantown, Pa., saw a robin struggle to get free from string in which it was entangled, resulting in a broken leg. It was lame accordingly, but when as usual the birds of his class went south for the winter, he was also missed from his accustomed spot. The bird was noticed to return year after year. What compass they use to take such flights and return is truly mysterious.

A method of utilizing electricity collected by kites is said by the daily press to be the object of experiment by Prof William Eddy, of Bayonne, N. J. He uses three tailless kites, 2000 feet of threadlike copper wire, an iron rod, and a simple switch, and has progressed far enough to utilize the intense intermittent current for photographic and laboratory purposes. He says, according to the New York *Herald*, that "the system may become a powerful factor in army signaling, and that the future promises to disclose a means of lighting great sky-scrapers with electric fluid from the clouds. We await the result with interest.

A MINIATURE MONOPOLY IN THE LAND OF THE JAPS.

J. F. LARKEN.

Probably one of the smallest and I might say most interesting bits of railroading to be seen in any country, runs between the pretty little sea-coast town of Atami and Yoshihama in the Province of Izu, Japan, its length being about seven miles.

Arriving in Atami late in the day, after a twelve-mile tramp over the Ten Province Pass, our time being rather limited, we decided to start sight-seeing early the following morning, by visiting the 1500-year-old temple of Izusan, three miles distant, one of the principal points of interest to the traveler.

Mine host, in flowing kimono, with repeated bows and continuous smile, informed us that Atami was quite a railroad center, and that a train would convey us to the temple in quick time. We accepted his offer, though rather regretting, after two days' hard walking in search of native customs, scenes, etc., to again find ourselves on the tourist-beaten track. Happily our impression was erroneous, as the following morning, on reaching a miniature car-house, the "train" was backed out.

The accompanying picture will assist you in imagining our surprise.

The "engineer" on the front platform gave a long blast on a horn, and we were off at a lively pace. Gripping a hand rail on each side of the rear end of the car, two powerful little coolies were pushing and puffing at a great rate. When under good headway or going down grade the pushers would jump on the rear platform to rest. The "engineer's" duty, on the front platform, was to apply the brake, blow a warning horn on rounding curves, and try his level best to hang on.

JAPAN'S RAILROAD ODDITY. J. F. Larken Photo.

The photo was taken while we were side-tracked, waiting for a down "train." Young Japan, you will notice, is both numerous and inquisitive, and does not shy at a camera.

This miniature monopoly runs its distance through tiers of rice paddies and fine groves, skirting the sea of Japan, some 450 feet above its level. In America a trip of this character, occupying five hours, the services of a private car and three men, would cost dollars, while in Japan, including tip for coolies' tea, 42 sen, or 21 cents our money, was the tax.

The celebrated *Kago* of Japan is another native institution of locomotion, but is used exclusively in the mountainous districts. It is nothing more or less than a basket, supported on a bamboo pole, and carried at each end on the shoulders of two Japanese. The weight that can be sustained in this way is remarkable.

AMEND THE CHARTER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

as readily to politics as a duck to water, and a medical politician don't make an economical official.

If it is necessary to have a health board, it should consist of, say four business men and one physician, which last member would supply an abundance of medical talent, from which the business members may form opinions according to its value.

The great injury to the business of this city can scarcely be measured. The wheels of commerce were almost stopped, because our official medicos willed it so, and for at least three-fifths of that long seven months' oriental quarantine, not a case of sickness appeared on any steamers arriving at our port.

A furious onslaught was made on milk wagons and adulterated foods. For a time the raids continued, and like all spasmodic reforms, subsided and the people live on as before.

The layman thinks it unwise to place the public health into the keeping of political medical men whose only ambition appears to be the creation of an unlimited number of places at large salaries, at the expense of the taxpayer.

We would urge the Charter amendment. Place the health board, if we must have one, in the hands of business men; men who will look out that the trade of the city is not severely physicked by too frequent doses of unnecessary quarantine.

A BOER COURTSHIP.

There is something comic in the way a Boer manages his love-making, says an exchange. Having asked the permission of his father to court a certain damsel in the neighborhood he proceeds to buy the most strikingly-decorated and loudly-colored saddle cloth for his steed that he can possibly obtain.

Having made his preparations he mounts his most spirited horse and journeys to the lady's home, but instead of seeking out the object of his affections he respectfully asks leave of her father to court her. The old man cautiously refrains from answering, but consults his wife, and the youth joins the younger members of the household. No further notice is taken of the suitor for the rest of the day, but if the parents approve, when the rest of the household retire for the night, the mother solemnly approaches the young man and maiden with a long, lighting tallow candle. This she places on the table, then takes an affectionate farewell of the couple, and retires. This is a sign to the lover that his suit is acceptable. As long as the candle lasts the young couple are allowed to sit up and talk.

THE MISSIONARY FROM SAN SALVADOR.

S. M. KENNEDY.

THE transport was ready to sail for Manila. Forward and aft her decks were crowded with soldiers: every porthole had as many faces jammed into it as space would permit, and the rigging was covered with uniformed men, holding on like so many monkeys. Three long, loud blasts from the steamer's whistle, a peremptory "let go" from the captain, and the troopship swung slowly out into the stream. Cheers from the shore, answering cheers from the steamer, more whistles—and then gradually the crowd on the dock dispersed and went its way.

The Lonely Man stood at the end of the pier, leaning against a barrel, and watched the vessel picking her way in and out among the shipping, until she rounded Alcatraz and passed out of sight. How hollow all that cheering had sounded to him, and how its echoes, still ringing in his ears, seemed to mock and jeer at his despair! He turned his eyes towards San Francisco, that city he had journeyed to with so much hope, but which he now hated with all the bitterness of disappointment.

Along the water front could be seen those loungers familiar to the place. The Lonely Man looked at them and sighed. Why, he mused, do they always haunt the docks, those idlers, where so much life and bustle and business is forever going on? Why are they eternally crowding around the incoming ships, watching the workers discharge the cargo; and why do they hang about the outgoing vessels, where the noise and rush of creaking wagons and busy men make a continual din?

Why, indeed, why was he there himself?

That settled it, for he knew the subtle fascination there is for the idler in seeing others work. The water front at San Francisco saw many men such as he every week of the year. Some were idle because they loved idleness, others were idle because they could not get work, but no matter the cause, the docks were the daily rendezvous.

The Lonely Man looked further off toward the tall buildings and towers, toward the hills where stood the stately homes of millionaires, and then to the heavens, looking so clear and blue that cloudless afternoon. Why had San Francisco been so unkind to him? Had he not tried hard enough to obtain employment? Did none of all those great warehouses and establishments require a man who was willing and anxious to work the very flesh off his bones in honorable labor? They were usually polite, those men he had called on, but what of it? "Sorry, but we have nothing to-day;" "Come again later on if you do not find anything." But now his last piece of gold had melted, and his cash on hand amounted to just one dollar and twenty cents.

With a shudder he turned his back on the city and looked out over the water. How bright the bay appeared in the sunlight, with its far-stretching shores, its hilly islands, and those stately ships riding at anchor! How the whitecapped waves danced and sparkled as they rushed by, racing with the westerly breeze and the incoming tide. But the lap-lapping of the waters against the piles beneath the dock made dismal music for the Lonely Man. Would that monotonous sound never cease? Was it there to worry his nerves and drive him off? Or stay—perhaps the waters were calling him to them. Calling him away from torture, away from daily rebuffs and disappointments. No more nights of troubled sleep. No more awaking in the morning to the knowledge that life is bitter and hope dead. No more— No, not that. That would be cowardly! Still, what was he to do? No work, no friends near, and but one dollar left!

Down he sat on a pile of rope, his head in his hands and his heart crushed. The waters were calling, and why not go? His pride would not let him beg, nor would it permit him to send word to those far away who would aid him. Why not go and end it? Yes, he would, that very night. But oh, how cold and black those waters look after dark? How hungry they seem when the sun goes down. Well, they would hunger for him no more. He knew of a quiet place further down where he had sat many a time and looked toward the Golden Gate. He had often thought of those Argonauts who had sailed in through that gate to find so much gold—and he, who was willing to work for so little, could not get the opportunity. Yes, he would go there and await the darkness, and then end it.

He started down the dock and out on the street. The laughter of those stevedores jarred on him, and he hurried along to get out of hearing. No one noticed him. People passed as if unaware of his existence. He knew the world could get along without him.

He saw a crowd in the distance—something must have happened. Down another pier he trudged, to where a motley gathering was gazing at a queer-looking little steamer. It flew the flag of a small, Central American republic. It was weather-beaten and top-heavy. Its cut was curious, and its rigging extraordinary. The Lonely Man was sailor enough to see that. But with it all, that was no reason for the crowd. He drew nearer and found that the gathering was listening more than looking. He listened too, and heard sweet music, and looked more closely and saw that it came from the throat of a tiny canary.

How that little fellow could sing, even though his perch was in a dirty cage, far away from his native land. He seemed to be half throat and half heart, and he used all of both to tell his divine story to that strange company of hearers. It appeared as if the bird knew he had an appreciative audience, for he never ceased except when necessity compelled him to take an extra breath, and never stopped but to begin again. The listeners comprised busy men and loungers, soldiers and sailors, black and white. There was no noise, no disturbance; all were in an attitude of attention. There stood an English ship-captain, with his ruddy face and brawny frame. Near him was a wiry Kanaka from distant Honolulu. Close to the vessel was a group of soldiers, whose uniforms were soiled and worn—they had just returned from the Philippines. Not far from them was another group, looking spick and span—they would soon sail for the same islands. There were tramps, policemen, and men who looked like cut-throats, all were listening intently. Severe looks softened, stern faces relaxed and bright faces smiled.

And while the little songster held his audience, what of the Lonely Man? He listens and thinks, and no longer sees the water, nor the steamer, nor the crowd around him. He is looking at a picture—a pretty home on the outskirts of an Eastern city. He sees a house surrounded by tall trees, a spacious garden, and a number of familiar faces. He sees the fields in which he used to race, the hills that once were his delight to climb, and the youngsters who were his playmates in days gone by. Distinctly they appear before him. Then the door of the house opens and he enters. There are the same rooms—the same furniture and pictures as he knew them long ago. There are his father and sisters, and there too, is his mother—his mother of whom he was so fond. She calls him to her, strokes his head and kisses him, and asks where he has been.

Tears come to his eyes now. Yes, where has he been? Back again in the home of his boyhood, back again with his mother.

The bird's song ceases, but he still hears the voice that asked where he had been. Where had he been? Did she mean where was he going? To the quiet spot further down, from where he could see the Golden Gate?

No, not now.

The Lonely Man turned away from the water, walked briskly up Market Street, and entered the little hotel where he was living. The landlady saw him as he ascended the steps near what she termed her office. "Here is a letter for you, sir," she called. A letter for him? That was unexpected. What could it be? The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59.

THE STRANDED "GLENMORAG."

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

During the past twenty years a number of large sailing vessels have been lost off the mouth of the great Columbia River. Some of these vessels have gone ashore either north or south of the river, and, with but few exceptions, have proved a total or partial loss. A few vessels have run on the sands, and, favored by winds and high tide, have been got adrift again.

These marine disasters are by no means due to the dangerous character of the coast, or the treacherous nature of tides and currents of the Columbia River. In most instances the vessels have gone ashore during the darkness of night, or when a dense fog prevailed. Navigation and commerce have been protected by every reasonable safeguard along that part of the coast in the way of light stations buoys, etc.

Tillamook Rock Station is located some twenty miles below the mouth of the Columbia. It is south, and is near the coast. Eight miles off the mouth of the river is anchored the lightship. North of the Columbia are two light stations, one on Cape Disappointment and one on McKenzie's Head. Just across from Cape Disappointment stands the lighthouse on Point Adams.

Under favorable circumstances and conditions, vessels are safe enough. But shipmasters often lose their

THE BIG IRON ENGLISH SHIP AT LOW TIDE.

reckoning, and thus make fatal and disastrous mistakes. During the prevalence of heavy storms and dense fogs these lights cannot be seen, and so, many a noble vessel drifts on to its fate, and many human lives are lost.

One of the most important marine disasters was the stranding of the large iron English ship "Glenmorag." This vessel drifted on the sands at North Beach during a heavy fog at night. This happened several years ago. The stranding of the "Glenmorag" was attended with but small loss of human life. Only one man was killed while the officers and crew were being landed. Another sailor was badly bruised up. All efforts to get the huge ship afloat proved unavailing, and she was finally abandoned. Subsequently the vessel was sold by the owners and was broken up for old iron. Comparatively, the "Glenmorag" was a new vessel, and was valued at nearly $100,000.

At extreme low tide the vessel was almost entirely out of water, as she is shown in the picture. Her keel worked down some distance in the soft yielding sands, which prevented the vessel from going over on the beams end.

Fortunately for the crew, the beach was level and sandy, and so the landing was made with little peril.

WOODMAN, SPARE THOSE TREES.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

THERE is a report circulated that James L. Sperry, for thirty-five years the owner of the Calaveras and South Park Groves of California big trees, intends selling his Calaveras property to an eastern firm who will convert these trees into commercial lumber. Such vandalism should not be permitted; we need our big trees, not only to benefit our climate, but because this special variety of tree is indigenous to no other country in the world but California.

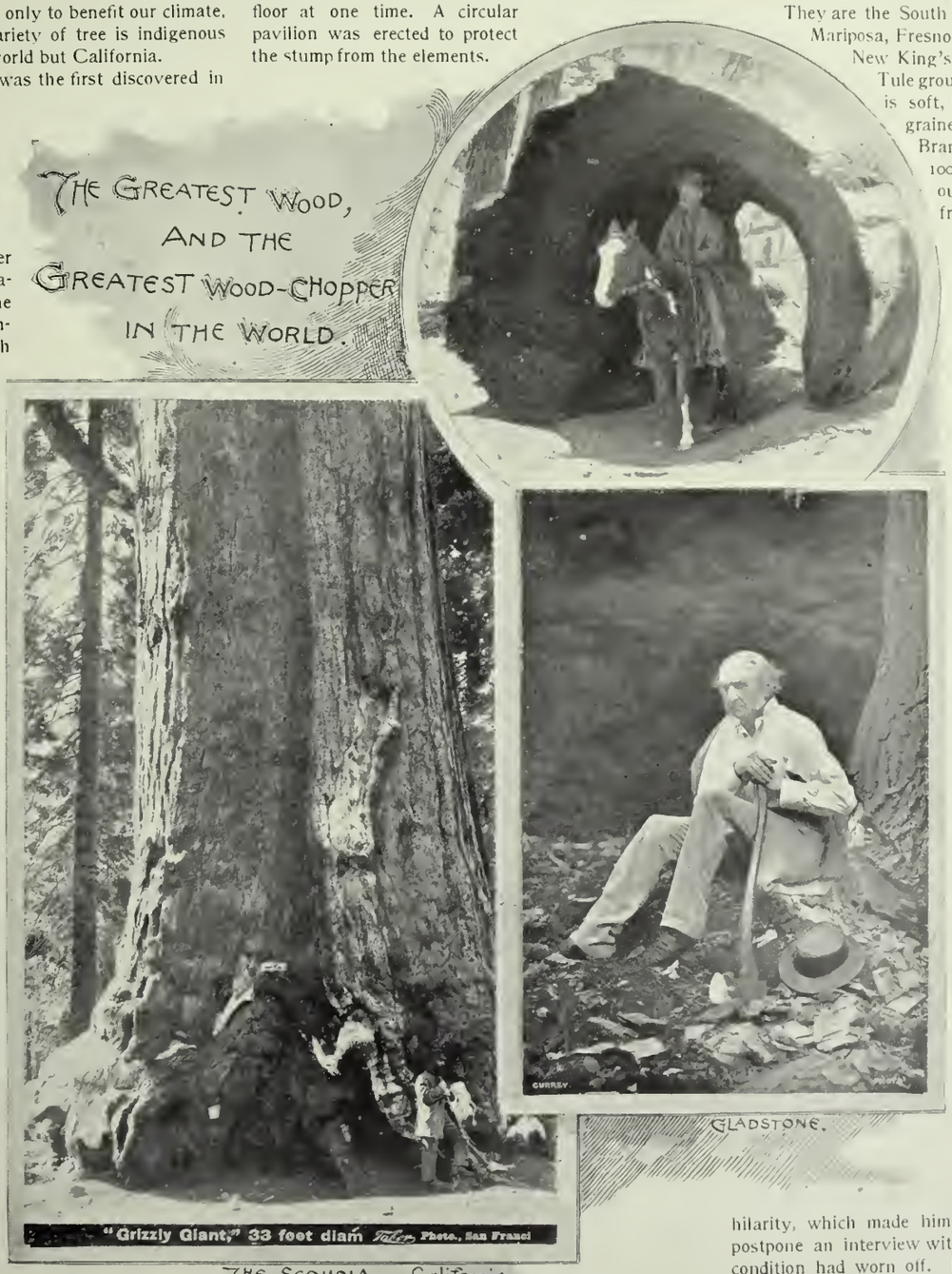
As the Calaveras grove was the first discovered in the State, it should be preserved by the State, if for no other reason than as a historic landmark.

In the spring of 1852, A. T. Dowd, a well-known hunter of California, was employed by the Union Water Company of Murphy, Calaveras County, to supply the workmen engaged in constructing their canal with fresh meat. One day in hunting for game he ran down a large bear and succeeded in wounding the animal, though not fatally. In the hot chase which ensued, he came unexpectedly upon one of these gigantic trees. He returned to camp that night empty-handed, and in telling the story of the wounded bear and the wonderful tree, he was listened to with manifestations of disbelief. However, a few weeks later, he convinced the party of the existence of the trees by suddenly bringing them upon one of the biggest specimens in the grove.

News of the marvelous find soon spread to scientific circles, and many eminent botanists began the classification of what was to them a new species; though subsequent analysis proved it to belong to a genus already classified and named by the noted botanist Endlicher, *Sequoia gigantea*, after an Indian chief of the Cherokee tribe, called Sequoyah, who invented an alphabet of eighty-six characters, each representing a syllable, by means of which his tribe could enjoy a written language. Chief Sequoyah died in 1843 at the age of seventy-three.

The Calaveras grove contains in all but ninety-seven trees, but it is the most accessible of all our big tree groves, being about two hundred miles from San Francisco and on the way to the Yosemite Valley.

During his ownership Mr. Sperry has taken great interest in preserving the trees; and no doubt would sell the same to the State or National Government in preference to private individuals, that our big trees might be worthily preserved. Prior to his ownership the greatest vandalism had been perpetrated. The tree first discovered by Dowd was stripped of its bark to the height of thirty feet and sent East for exhibition purposes. Later it was sent to England and placed in a room in the Crystal Palace, where it was destroyed by fire. The stripping of the tree naturally killed it, and it was taken down. As chopping it down was impossible, pump-augers were employed and five men were kept busy twenty-two days before they finished the work. The stump of this tree was planed and polished, and turned into a dancing floor. With a diameter of twenty-five feet, it is said that thirty-two dancers, together with spectators and musicians to the aggregate number of forty-nine, were accommodated upon this floor at one time. A circular pavilion was erected to protect the stump from the elements.



THE SEQUOIA. California.

The above illustration represents, as indicated, the largest Sequoia in California, and is therefore typical of its class. This engraving was published in THE TRAVELER just seven years ago, and is reprinted as a striking illustration of our giant redwoods.

This tree was only 302 feet high, with a circumference of 96 feet; several trees yet standing that are a greater number of feet in height.

The "Keystone State" tree is 325 feet high; "Gen. Jackson," 319; "Mother of the Forest," 315. But the prostrate giant known as "The Father of the Forest," which has lain on the ground for years in its hollow, limbless, and barkless condition, indicates a height, when standing, of 435 feet, and a girth of 110 feet. The figures are from actual measurement.

At one time the *Sequoia gigantea* was found in Monterey County, and in places as far north as Shasta County, but now they are confined to a much more limited area. They grow at an altitude of five or six thousand feet, and always on the western side of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, but never in the Coast Range, though the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or redwood, grows only on the Coast Range. These two trees differ very materially, though belonging to the same genus. There are only ten groves of *gigantea*, while there exist thousands of acres of redwoods.

Of the ten groups the Calaveras grove is the best known, though the others are equally interesting. They are the South Grove, Tuolumne, Merced, Mariposa, Fresno, Dinky, King's River, and New King's River, and the Kaweah, or Tule group. The wood of these trees is soft, light, pliant, and straight-grained, and looks like cedar. Branches are seldom seen below 100 feet, and then they shoot out short in every direction from the trunk. This gigantic specimen of vegetation is grown from a minute seed one-fourth of an inch in length and one-sixth in width and thin as paper. The *Sequoia gigantea* bears but two kinds of leaves, those on the young tree and on the lower branches of the large one being very small, five-eighths of an inch long and one-eighth wide. They are set in pairs opposite each other and on little stems. The other kind of leaves grow on the branches that have borne flowers; and are likewise very small, are triangular, and lie close down to the stem.

So it is to be hoped that every Californian who has any pride in his State will use his influence to avert the impending calamity, for the big trees are among the treasures of the State, besides being one of the seven natural wonders of the United States of America.

Frau Hingstermeier, the wife of Herr Hingstermeier, the lion tamer, was what may be termed—to put it mildly—a virago, and held Hingstermeier in absolute subjection. The lion tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he would better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters. The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little jollification and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return. "Where did you sleep?" she demanded. "In the cage with the lions," he replied meekly. "Coward!" hissed Mrs. Hingstermeier, with a look as one robbed of her just dues.

This year the olive crop of southern Italy and Sicily is a total failure, owing to the ravages of the oil fly, which appeared in unusual numbers on account of the prolonged drought of last summer and fall. The loss to the provinces of Bari and Lecce is estimated at $12,000,000.

TH' CASTLE O' EDINBORO.

M. E. G.

ON THE summit of a great rock, almost five hundred feet above the level of the sea, stands Edinburgh Castle, frowning darkly down upon the beautiful city beneath it. As you pass slowly up the Firth of Forth you get a first view of it from the vessel's deck, the most prominent feature in all the city, standing out boldly and grandly against the sky. The rock upon which it rests was the site of a stronghold so long ago that there are no authentic records of it in Scottish history. But of the present buildings none date farther back than the eleventh century.

Those who visit Edinburgh, from a distance, I am told first seek out Holyrood Palace as the most interesting place from an historical standpoint.

"A deserted palace, where no monarch dwells."

But surely no place has more interesting associations than this great Scottish stronghold where the gallant Kirkaldy of Grange held out for thirty-three days against the English under Sir William Drury, and finally surrendering, was let down, with his brave companions in arms, over the front, by a rope.

You approach the fortress by a fine wide esplanade, which formerly was only a narrow ridge, now used for drilling purposes. Here on this wide glacis Lord Forbes, Lady Glammis, and several earlier Reformers suffered death. Crossing the drawbridge which spans the deep, dry fosse, you pass beneath the archway and find yourself within the castle's walls. Further on is the Porticullis Gate, over which, in the old State's Prison, many illustrious captives were confined. The walls are six feet thick in places, and the windows very small and heavily barred. Standing within the narrow room, directly above the gate, one can easily imagine how hopelessly the Earl of Argyll gazed through the self-same narrow bars, down upon the Scottish guards below.

Still further on is perhaps the most interesting part of the castle—in point of age—Queen Margaret's Chapel, a small, barn-like structure, built of stone, sixteen feet long and ten feet wide. It is the smallest and most ancient chapel in Scotland, having been built in 1093 by Margaret, Queen of Scotland. For many years it was neglected and used as a magazine, but was finally restored and adorned with three small, stained-glass windows. One cannot realize its great age for it is perfect and entire.

Opposite, upon the King's Bastion, stands one of the most famous cannons in the world. It is known as Mons Meg, and is said to have been made in the fifteenth century. It was used in many a famous siege and battle, and bears deep scars upon its iron carriage. The view from the bastion, where it stands, is unsurpassed in Europe, for it embraces a magnificent range of land and sea, village and town. Over the bastion one looks down hundreds of feet to the city's streets below.

Over these rocks tradition states that long ago a brave captain with thirty stalwart men climbed up one dark night and captured the fortress and all its guards, they having been guided by a soldier who had been accustomed, some years before, to steal away from the castle when not on duty, and by means of a twenty-foot rope reach the rocks midway between the bastion and the street; and thus, continuing downward, visit his sweetheart in the town below.

The inner quadrangle contains buildings which for centuries formed the Royal Palace and stronghold of Scotland's kings and queens. There a long line of sovereigns were born, lived and died, and here many a dark and evil deed was committed that never came to light.

In a little room at the southeast corner of the quadrangle, Queen Mary gave birth to James I of England, between nine and ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th of June, 1566, and through a little window in the same chamber he was lowered in a basket by a rope to be taken away and baptized.

The guide who conducts you through the castle tells an interesting story of how years ago the soldiers were pounding on the walls of Queen Mary's room and found a place which gave back a hollow sound. A portion of the wall was removed and a box was taken out which contained the body of a child wrapped in cloth-of-gold. Upon one corner of the cloth were embroidered two letters—one the letter I, the other being too indistinct to be made out. The child was at once replaced, the stones put back in their places, and everything again sealed up.

"And to whom did the child belong?" I asked the old guide.

He shrugged his shoulders, and looking out over the parapet, said slowly and discreetly—"Lassie, many things happened long ago in royal families that would not be tolerated now."

And who knows but that the little child, sealed up in the wall of Queen Mary's room was not by birth a king, and dying when he came into the world, as many a young prince did, was replaced by a child of humble parentage?

On the east side of the quadrangle is the Crown Room, where you can view the ancient regalia of Scotland. The crown, which bears the initials of James V, is said to be as old as the days of Robert Bruce, and it was last worn by Charles II. Beside it lie the sceptre and sword of state. With the regalia are shown the royal jewels bequeathed by Cardinal York to George IV.

Stationed within the castle are Her Majesty's Royal Scots, a great body of straight, strong-limbed young men who are made up of Scotland's best. Every day at eleven o'clock they march out of the fortress preceded by the regimental band, and the Highlanders with their bag-pipes. Before them, on splendid horses, ride their captains, faultlessly attired from head to heel. A blast from a bugle and they halt, then commence a series of beautiful military maneuvers with remarkable precision and quickness. An hour is passed in this way, the troops marching, counter-marching, firing, and charging as one man.

The most noticeable thing about these soldiers is their extreme youth, few appearing to be more than twenty-two years of age. Everywhere in the city one sees them—when off duty—their bright coats adding color to the picturesque scene. Every night a squad of seven men is sent down into the city, where they march up and down its streets, seeking out those soldiers who may have drunk too much "old Scotch," and fallen by the wayside. This body of men is known as the "drunken squad," its name explaining its duties. However, one is surprised at the quietness of Edinburgh's streets, considering the large number of soldiers stationed at the castle.

And as you are whirled away to peaceful Melrose Abbey, the last glimpse you get of Scotland's great city is of the mighty fortress, with its red-coated sentinels, perched on its eternal rock, a monument to those who suffered torture and death within its walls. So strong and impregnable it seems, so mighty and so grand, you do not like to think that modern civilization has made it possible to raze it to the earth in a single day.

A GLIMPSE OF OLD-WORLD GRANDEUR.

A GREAT VEGETABLE "WART."

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

The vast forests of the West present many wonders. In wandering amidst the great timber regions one often comes across queer and unnatural growths. Recently a party of surveyors while out in the Coast Range of mountains in Oregon, came across a most singular formation. A huge, white-fir tree stood in the center of a little opening in the great forest. Only a few feet from the ground the trunk of the tree had enlarged to an enormous size.

All around the tree a great excresence, or vegetable "wart," had grown. It was many yards in circumference, and extended for some distance up the trunk. Above this most singular excresence the trunk rose straight to a great height, and tapered symmetrically. Out from the wooden "wart," a number of fungus growths were found, some of them very large, and of odd and fantastic forms. What had caused such a singular enlargement of the trunk was a mystery. The tree seemed vigorous and healthful.

The following game is one of the most interesting and exciting that can be played for evening or part of an evening, by an intelligent and good-natured company. It is founded upon the frequent use of the first personal pronoun in the conversation of almost everyone we meet. A young lady once tried to cure herself of egotism by fining herself every time she used the pronoun denominating her very own self, and found that when the first sum went down upon her striving, she had just $13.24 to give to charitable objects if she so desired.

With the company all pleasantly and cozily seated in a circle, elect two or three "scorers," and a "quizzer." Designate a penalty or a booby prize for the first one who says "I" ten times, and a reward for the one who says it least, and then let the quizzer have at them. Each must answer every question asked him or her, fully and circumstantially; otherwise a count is the penalty for the failure. Allow all who may wish to assist incidentally in the quizzing, and to interject any remark they may wish.

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scots is credited to Ian Maclaren. A train was at a station, when a porter put his head into a carriage and called out: "Any one for Doun? Change for Doun! Any one for Doun?" No one moved, and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotswoman turned to a lady sitting near her and said: "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

CYCLING A MILE IN A MINUTE.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

A WELL-KNOWN cyclist named C. W. Murphy, having frequently asserted that he could ride a mile in a minute on a bicycle if he could only get a fast enough pacemaker, Mr. H. B. Fullerton, Vice-Consul of the League of American Wheelmen, and a special agent of the Long Island Railroad, determined to give him an opportunity of making his statements good. Arrangements were made for Murphy to be paced by a locomotive over a stretch of track five miles long, which was used only on special occasions for the transfer of trains between the two main branches of the system. It was decided that Murphy's attempt to perform the feat should be made the principal attraction of the State meet of the League of American Wheelmen, which took place at Patchogue, L. I., a few miles up the railroad. The place chosen was a straight stretch of the railroad about two and a quarter miles long, three-fourths of a mile being allowed for the pacemaker and the rider to get up speed, and half a mile for them to slow down. The stretch was almost level. The first 1500 feet having a rise of 10½ feet to the mile. The railroad track and bed, not being used for heavy or fast traffic, were lightly constructed with 56-lb. rails and 6-inch by 8-inch ties with sand and gravel ballast. The cyclist's track was supported on ties cut to exact length and laid on the inner flanges of the rails. On the ties were placed five planks (1 inch by 10 inches) dressed on both edges and on the top. These were laid close together, and the ends met lengthwise on the tie. That there might be no doubt about the length of the course, the mile was measured with an engineer's steel tape under the supervision of Mr. P. D. Ford, chief engineer of the Long Island Railroad, and was remeasured by Mr. J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, who acted as referee.

A MILE IN SIXTY SECONDS.

Some trouble was experienced in a rather unexpected quarter, viz., in getting an engine that was capable of attaining the required speed with a previous run of only three-quarters of a mile. The first engine that was tried took sixty-eight seconds, sixty-seven seconds, and sixty-two seconds in three successive attempts to cover the measured mile. Another engine made its first trial in sixty-eight seconds, and its next in sixty-five, Murphy riding behind it on the second occasion. Then a more powerful locomotive, with 18-inch by 24-inch cylinders, was tried, and succeeded in covering the mile in fifty-six seconds.

On the day of the public trial, the selected engine drew one passenger-car, on which were the General Superintendent, the Chief Engineer and the Superintendent of Bridges and Buildings of the Long Island Railroad, Mr. H. B. Fullerton, with several engineers and representatives of the press. There were five timers, all men of wide experience in athletic sports, each of whom was stationed at an open window of the car, and carried a stop watch with split seconds. When there was any difference between them, the slower time was taken by the referee. To protect the cyclist from the violent wind produced by a large body moving with great rapidity, there was constructed at the end of the car a wind shield, made of tongued and grooved lumber on a frame of scantling. The shield was flush with the sides and roof of the car, and extended five feet beyond the end of the platform. Below the level of the car floor the sides of the shield sloped inwards until the bottom edges were between the rails and the board track. Also below the car platform, and in front of the shield, was a protection intended to turn aside the wind and dust. Thus the shield was closed at the top, sides and front. To guide the cyclist, a strip of wood painted white was nailed vertically to the center of the car platform. The mile was marked at its beginning and end by large flags, one green and one red, on the right hand side of the track.

The rider, C. W. Murphy, was twenty-eight years of age, and weighed 154 pounds. He rode a Tribune racing machine, geared to 120, and weighing twenty and a half pounds. The engine did its part of the work well, covering the first quarter of the measured mile in fifteen seconds, the next two quarters in fourteen and two-fifths seconds each, and the last quarter in fourteen seconds, making fifty-seven and four-fifths seconds for the whole distance. Its average speed was 62.28 miles per hour. From the car platform there projected a fender of iron tubing, placed at such a height that the front wheel of the cycle passed under it, while the fork would strike against it. During the early part of his ride the cyclist kept inside the shield, but after striking his cycle several times against the fender, he fell back about fifteen feet, and rode the rest of the distance actually outside of the shield and just ahead of a great vortex of dust and debris swept along behind the train. After he had completed his mile, he rode up to the car until he struck the fender, when those on the platform pulled him and his cycle which hung to his feet by the toe-clips, on board the train. During one of his preliminary trials Murphy, on dropping back from his position just behind the engine, had narrowly escaped being violently thrown from his cycle by the strong currents of air, and his object in getting on board the car was to avoid the danger of a serious accident resulting from this cause.

After his wonderful ride, Murphy said that at no time during the performance did he feel that he was working up to the limit of his strength, but that he observed a violent vibration of the track, though the air in which he was riding was quite calm. He said that when he dropped back from the car he felt a little more disturbance of the atmosphere, but that the vibration was much less serious. This vibration was doubtless due to the passing of a heavy engine weighing ninety-one tons over a lightly ballasted track.

Murphy asserts that on a perfectly quiet track a cyclist can follow any pace that is set for him by a locomotive, and that rapid pedalling and coolness of head are more necessary than great strength.

I am indebted to *The Scientific American* for the above details of a remarkable and interesting feat.

A young man went to serenade a Quaker's daughter, but by mistake got under the wrong window and serenaded the Quaker. After singing several love ditties, he sang "Home, Sweet Home," when the old gentleman, rising from his bed, went to the window and said: "Young man, if thee hast a home and a sweet home, as thee sayest, why don't thee go home?"

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

ILLUSTRATING THE INCONSISTENCY OF HUMAN NATURE.

MARION HILL.

Personages

HE—A young fellow, bright enough to enjoy playing the fool.

SHE—Also young, and foolish enough to enjoy pretending to be bright.

IT—Her very young brother, able after a little study to take a hand in any game.

SCENE—A street corner; crowded thoroughfare. HE and SHE (with IT in tow) meet delightedly, and converse where they meet, undisturbed by the fact that they are snags in the legitimate course of pedestrians.

HE—It's funny, meeting you here!

SHE—It's funny you should say "funny" when you mean odd!

HE—It's odd you should say "odd" when you mean unexpected.

SHE—Oh, well, I only said "odd" to "even" up.

(HE and SHE laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh, while the companionable IT uncovers its fangs sympathetically, though IT is beginning to get bumped about by the irate pedestrians who are eddying past with scowls.)

HE—You catch a poor fellow up so!

SHE—Isn't that kinder than turning him down?

(Both immediately cramp up with another attack of cachinnation, in the throes of which HE prods his cane backward into the abdomen of one unoffending citizen, while SHE twirls her parasol into the eye of another.)

HE—Let's be serious. I am going to ask you Unanswerable Questions.

SHE—Go ahead. I have some of my own. Two can play at that game.

(At the word "game" IT pricks up its ears and studies to see whether three can play.)

HE—Why does a man refuse to believe in the truth of a PAINT sign until he gets a convincingly dirty demonstration upon his fingers?

SHE—Why does a woman who is writing a letter always put off using a blotter until she has experimentally rubbed the last-written word into a smear?

HE—When we make public guys of ourselves by stumbling over a bump in the sidewalk, why must we always glance behind us to eye the obstruction with reproach?

SHE—When we smash our very nicest teacup, why do we consider it a part of the obsequies to painstakingly fit all the pieces together before throwing them away?

HE—When a fellow is in the street and sees a pretty girl friend walking towards him, why does he grin long before the proper time, why does his collar stick up and cut his neck, his cuffs come down and chafe his knuckles, and why do his legs stiffen into stilts so that he walks by jerks, bows like a marionette, and passes her in a lather of perspiration?

SHE—Why do we never realize the full wit of some remark made to us until we are alone in a street car, where we sit and smile and make faces and chuckle painfully at nothing till every soul in the car thinks we are crazy?

HE—When we walk downtown and save five cents, what is the logic by which we convince ourselves that we have earned a ten-cent cigar?

SHE—Why is it that never in our lives do we talk so loud as when we make a response at the wrong time in church?

HE—Why is it that no strange water-faucet will condescend to work properly until it has squirted a jet into our left ear, then into our right eye, and sprayed affectionately all over our new necktie?

SHE—When we knock at a door and somebody calls "Who's there?" why do we find it impossible to mention our names, equally impossible to say "I," and end by grinning a feeble "me!" in defiance of all our grammar?

IT—(Having finally mastered the rules of the game, and being bumped into desperate revolt). Gosh! Why is it when two people haven't a thing to say to each other, they always get in everybody's way to say it?

SHE—(sweetly). Well, good-by. I must be going.

HE—(having already backed). Good morning. Good morning!

IT—Quit jerkin' me! Ain't I a-comin'?

THE "TRAVELER'S" LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, March 14, 1900.

DEAR "TRAVELER": Perhaps God *is* good to the Irish! He has been better to the English, though, for in the first breath of good news from the front we were wafted from the Emerald Isle into grey, foggy, dear, blase old London.

I was so glad to get home to my tarnished silver and sooty floors; housekeeping here is an art. The fog plays the very old Nick with plate, toilet articles, and the piano strings, while the soot ruins the linings of your dainty frocks. Thank Heaven the chemical cleaners and chimney sweeps are cheap!

How the war news was received in town! Who can picture the scenes for you to read? The whole world went suddenly mad; business houses "shut up shop" for the day, and employer and clerk joined in the mighty procession, alive with flags, horns, trumpets, drums and fifes, that moved incessantly and untiringly, hour after hour, until another day had dawned. There were old men who, forgetting old age, became children again and played in the streets with each other; every red-coat and khaki was a signal for a reception such as few soldiers will ever get again; women cried, like silly, old, soft-hearted woman always does, and joined their male relations in the eternal march. All the traffic stood rooted to the spot where the war news had first reached it, for what cabby could drive through such walls of human bricks? The public bars reaped a harvest, for in extreme cases of sorrow or joy London goes on a jag extending into days, hours and weeks. Before Big Ben tolled midnight, London was "dead to the world." Then human voices took the place of horns and drums and "Rule Britania" and "God Save the Queen" floated upward to the God of War, who, if He *has* an ear for music must have closed His ears to the terrible discords that arose, punctuated by hiccoughs, to His mighty throne.

The element of patriotism permeated everything; the theaters were decorated with the tri-colors and Union Jacks; impromptu battle scenes were shoved into tragedy and pathos; swords clashed and old uniforms were resurrected for the evening performance; the leading man stopped in his action to recite or sing a patriotic ditty; as for the military dramas—well, I think the curtain hasn't fallen yet.

Every horse, dog, donkey and cat is wearing a decoration of some sort. As far as the eye can see, there's only one thing not gaudily decorated, and that's the undertakers' wagons and horses, and I'm betting even they would prefer the colors to the heavy, sombre crepe.

To-morrow the dear, old Queen, who has passed most of her late months in weeping over the terrible British reverses, and sending sympathetic, touchingly-human telegrams to her officers and soldiers, comes into town to let London see her. As she has decided not to go to foreign lands where she has been so caricatured and insulted, you may imagine how she will be greeted when her subjects see that parasol, black dress and cap Whatever else the world may say of her, she is that greatest, sweetest, most noble and loving thing of all—a womanly woman! She's playmate, sweetheart, wife, mother, grandma, and sovereign, rolled into one, and I shall be there, God, weather and rehearsals permitting, to help swell the chorus that will greet her when the train pulls in from Windsor to Paddington.

This is one picture; here's another. The good news has, alas, not altered the state of financial affairs. Stocks are clear way down out of sight: coal and bread are still clear way up out of the reach of many; the influenza still rages in all its deadly fury; no manager is risking a new production; even the high salaried vaudeville artist finds himself with cancelled contracts; revivals do not even pay for the lighting of the theater; the outgoing steamers for New York are crowded with people going to America until it blows over; many companies have been called in, and theaters closed; singers have started to teach voice; pianists, piano and all other artists likewise in their separate professions; the ballad concerts are few and hardly patronized, most of them having some sort of an "ad" to beguile the lonely shilling from the pocket of the passer by. This is what I read to-day as I drove homeward. "To each purchaser of a three-shilling seat will be given a coupon entitling him to a chance for this beautiful fifty-guinea piano, which will be raffled off at the end of the concert." So you may know that professionals are not in the seventh heaven of delights, and many are heart sick over business prospects.

George Musgrove, the Australian manager, and the present owner of that wonderful Klondyke, "The Belle of New York" is, in having shipped her to her native land, about to tempt the fickle Fortune again by taking a great English grand opera company to Australia, sailing about Eastertide. He has left Belle No. 2 to pick up her skirts throughout the provinces, leased the Shaftsbury to Lederer, and with two such winning cards, will probably win a third in his native land.

We shall have a lively tussle between Lederer, who brings the entire New York Casino Co., (all save Edna May) over to the Shaftsbury Theater, the former home of the "Belle" and Kerker and Morton at another London theater with another American company, headed by the popular Edna.

It will be a fight between—or rather a race between—lovely Mabel Gilman, our California girl, who has been such a help to the late Augustin Daly, with her beautiful voice, nimble feet, graceful body, good talent and expressive face, and the popular Edna Mabel will have most of the original "Belle" company with her, and Edna, the stars of the opposition company. Anything coming from Kerker and Morton, with Edna as a central figure, is bound to be a success. The only question is, "How big a fight will the others put up?" Just at present the odds are in Lederer's favor.

Ellen Beach Yaw has had to abandon her professional career, as her health will not permit it. Her place, as Mme. Guy D'Hardelot's protege, is now being filled by Miss Hortense Paulsen, a singer from Los Angeles, who interprets D'Hardelot's beautiful songs splendidly.

We are promised a sensation this season in the "coming out" of Miss Jeanne Langtry, the sweet daughter of that notorious Lily. She is to be presented by Mrs. Cornwallis West, and as she has been kept in strict seclusion during her childhood and early girlhood, and away from the influences surrounding her mother, all London is on the *qui vive* as to her behavior and appearance.

Just a word in closing as to style and fashions. The short-waisted Empire is ruling us again; yokes are everywhere with plaits falling to the ground; even the opera wraps of lace are made in "Mother Hubbard" fashion. The tight skirt still prevails, and I see but few with the box-plait at the back, while the foot fullness is still fashionable. Ribbon ruffles are used on everything, collars, revers, skirts, cuffs and bodices. It is really wonderful what a bolt of ribbon will do these days. The straw hats are in themselves so gaudily shaped that they need but little trimming Velvet is still "swell" and rich.

And now the clock warns me of "First act, please!" and I must scoot. Yours, ROMA.

ENGLISH COURTS OF LAW.

All entrances to the new Law Courts building in London are guarded by uniformed officers. The new building occupied by these courts is painfully plain, there being no attempt at ornamentation. There are many divisions of the court of Queen's Bench. There are several courts of law and an equal number of equity. There are courts of law devoted exclusively to commercial business. There is also the probate and divorce division, which division is exceedingly active. Divorce cases are tried by jury. There is scarcely a court room in this country so meanly furnished as the room occupied by the court of the Lord Chief Justice of England. The walls are coarsely plastered and in no wise adorned. The attorneys and barristers occupy benches placed in a semi-circle with a narrow desk in front of each. These benches are so close together, that when one sitting in the center has occasion to go out, all those between him and the end of the benches have to arise to allow his departure. Barristers and judges wear wigs and gowns. The jury occupies a box, the floor of which is on a level usually with the platform occupied by the judge, and within a few feet of him. The witness box is on the same level and between the judge and jury. The witness, as well as the barrister who conducts the examination, stands. The volume of business transacted in the court is marvelous. Justice is accurately and swiftly obtained, due possibly to the industry and ability of the judges. Judges in England are paid salaries which always command the best talent. Witnesses talk back with greater freedom than in this country. Leading questions seem to be the rule instead of the exception. Jurors are expected to take notes of the testimony, a desk and writing material being furnished each juror. Sir Charles Russell, the Lord Chief Justice, is about the only man about the courts who speaks the English language without drawl, stammer, or evidence of affectation. The reason perhaps is that Russell is an Irishman. The English bar is composed of educated high grade lawyers. The business is conducted methodically and with great rapidity. The active man in court is the barrister. He has no intercourse with the client. The client employs an attorney, and the attorney employs and pays the barrister. The attorney prepares the case for trial and furnishes the barrister on paper everything necessary for him to know. The attorney is on hand in court, but only as a prompter to the barrister.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE STOMACH.

Dr. Max Einhorn, of New York City, made a communication to a medical journal some seven years ago regarding "gastrodiaphany," in which a miniature Edison lamp in a special mounting, attached to a soft rubber tube containing a wire, was introduced into the stomach, so that an examination could be made of it. Dr. Einhorn described a camera for photographing the interior of the stomach, but owing to technical difficulties, the camera was not constructed by him. Such a camera has, however, been perfected by Dr. Fritz Lange, of Munich, Germany, on almost the identical lines given by Dr. Einhorn.

The camera is a marvel of compactness, and is constructed on exactly the same principles as all cameras for taking moving photographs, although, of course, there is no attempt made to combine them so as to project the actual operations of the stomach. The camera itself is swallowed by the patient, and it contains a small electric lamp for illuminating the walls of the stomach. A photographic film twenty inches long and a quarter of an inch wide is wound at the bottom of the camera. One end of the film is fastened to the cord, which runs freely in the tube. When the cord is pulled the film is drawn slowly past the lens. The cord and the conducting wires must, of course, be swallowed with the camera itself. When the camera reaches the bottom of the stomach, the surgeon begins to pull the cord, which runs the film past the lens. The electric light is then turned on, and after the sensitive film has been impressed with the image, the current is turned off and another section of film is brought into play, until the requisite number of pictures have been obtained; then the entire apparatus is withdrawn from the stomach

It is easier to relate what modern science will accomplish than what it will not, but for investigations of the stomach, photography certainly takes the palm over the X ray.

An American preacher was holding forth to a somewhat wearied congregation when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery and beheld a little fellow pelting the people with peanuts. The clergyman was about to administer, *ex cathedra*, a sharp and stinging reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth, anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice, "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the folks awake!"

OUR THEATERS.

THERE appeared in a recent issue of the *Chronicle*, on the theatrical page, a reminiscent joke about Edwin Booth and Henry Irving. I read the paragraph. It wound up without point or climax of any kind. I wondered where the laugh came in. "Surely," thought I, "I am unusually stupid to-day. There must be some fine shade of humor in this, some subtle wit that my enfeebled comprehension cannot grasp at first reading." I read it again carefully, but with no better results, and gave it up, disgusted with the time lost in puzzling my none too capable brain with alleged witticisms related of great men. Glancing down another column later, I came unexpectedly upon a paragraph which had got lost in the composing room shuffle. It was the missing link, that is to say, the tail of that half-told joke. Thus does the printer make trouble for us all—himself included.

I see by an Eastern paper that Nat Goodwin, in an interview, has denied with considerable asperity, the rumor that a divorce was hovering around the Goodwin dovecote. Maxine and he, it seems, are as happy as two honeymooners, and Nat is a good provider, paying his handsome wife a salary of $200 per week, beside a share of his profits, which are well up in the thousands each season. Perhaps no husband ever came for the severalth time to the altar of matrimony with a worse reputation than Nat, whose divorce record was strewn with marriage wrecks when he won his leading lady's consent. But it appears that Nat, supposed to be a very devil of a husband, is goodness itself with the woman who happens to know how to manage him. And Maxine knows. She gives him absolute liberty. She never questions his comings and goings. If he is

HELEN MERRILL. Thors Photo.

A Tivoli favorite who has returned from a professional tour in the Antipodes.

away a week at a time—two, three weeks—and she don't know where he is, there is not a hint of curiosity in her greeting of him when he finally "shows up." That's the secret of the whole matter. But then, Miss Elliott is an unusually philosophical young woman, and not crazily infatuated with her husband, which of course, makes all the difference in the world.

The local Johnnies are goggle-eyed over pretty Norma Whalley, now at the Orpheum with Walter Jones in a 'comedy scream." The dashing Norma is the most attractive woman who has happened into town these many weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew—whose appearance immediately revived the moss-covered gag perpetrated in the long ago about "John Drew and Sidney didn't"—have been a leading factor in the bill's success lately at the Orpheum. Other good turns on the bill at present writing are Misses McCoy and Sam Marion; W. C. Fields; Weston & Yost; Nielsen Sisters; Imperial Moorish Acrobats; Howard Thurston, and Flatow and Dunn.

For ten weeks "The Idol's Eye" blinked at crowded Tivoli houses. After this record-breaking run, it has been replaced by the musical extravaganza, "Manila Bound," an opera on the popular lines of "Ship Ahoy" and "Widow O'Brien." The plot hinges upon the efforts of a retired banker to marry off his daughters happily. Ferris Hartman rushes the fun through at rapid pace in the role of the banker. A funny part is played by Alf Wheelan as a retired lawyer. Tom Greene is a naval officer, Phil Branson

NORMA WHALLEY.

An attraction offered by the Orpheum.

a suitor of one of the daughters, William Schuster a boatswain, Frances Graham a society leader, Annie Myers and Helen Merrill the banker's daughters, Julie Cotte a French maid. For specialties there are a "Hoot Mon" and golf ballet, and all sorts of sailors' revels. The action is local in its setting throughout, the main deck of the battleship "Wisconsin" being a fine stage production. Frank Daniels' "Wizard of the Nile" follows.

Alf Wheelan, by the by, thinks that it is rather hard lines, getting into newspaper notice. During the production of "The Idol's Eye," Ferris Hartman was made the subject of stories galore in the dailies, while the genial Wheelan, who shared equally with "Teddy" the nightly applause of spectators, because of his big hit as the "Hoot Mon," was not given a line outside of the theatrical criticisms. Now advertising, with stage people, is as the very breath of life. So one day when Mr. Wheelan met a newspaper reporter, he asked why a fellow couldn't get a write-up once in a while. "You can," promptly replied the reporter, "if you'll only do something worth noticing." "What, for instance?" inquired the Hoot Mon. "Why, you might fall out of your balloon," was the cheerful suggestion. "Egad, I'll do it," responded Wheelan. And sure enough he did, a few nights later, but never a line appeared in the papers. He hunted up the reporter. "I say," he demanded, "how about that story?" "What story?" asked the reporter. "Why, I risked my neck and pitched myself out of the balloon as you told me to, and divil a word did you print about it." "Oh," replied the reporter, "you should have hurt yourself, you know. Broken a leg, or your neck. Then we would have given you at least half a column." And that is why Alf Wheelan is of the opinion that local papers are a difficult sort to work for tree ads.

As THE TRAVELER goes to press, the Alcazar's announcement for the first week in April is 'Quo Vadis;" that of the Columbia, Willie Collier in his new farce, "Mr. Smooth;" Grand Opera House, "El Capitan."

"On the Suwanee River" is scheduled at the California for the week of April 1st. It is declared to be "as sweet as an orange blossom."

Paderewski has come and gone, and not once during his stay did the women go hysterically wild over him. Now, this would seem to be a hopeful sign that good common sense has become fashionable among women. I would it were so, but am of the opinion that this wholesome state of things was merely the result of reaction. You see, Mr. Pad—etc. followed too closely on the heels of Walter Damrosch, and if ever a man was adored with gushing demonstrativeness by the women of this town, the great Dam—etc. is that man. Fevers like this run their course, and when feminine heads have cooled off, what can be expected for the next idol but lukewarm worship? And now let us have a surcease of hero worship for a season. Amen.

Pretty Helen Merrill, who is again with the Tivolians, says pleasant things about the people down in Australia, where she has been singing for some months. They are hospitable toward the actor folk to the last degree of generosity, opening their hearts and homes to the entertainment of their stage favorites. But they don't know how to dress—dear no! Miss Merrill is grateful for their goodness, but is glad to get back among women who wear stunning gowns and are a delight to the eye.

The Alhambra continues to give its patrons the best of lively entertainment of a varied character. The house deserves all the success that it gets for its courage in playing against odds, as San Francisco was pretty amply supplied with theatrical amusement places before the Alhambra opened its doors. The changes of bill have been made with an earnest endeavor to keep first-class talent to the fore, and I am glad to record that the public is appreciating the fact. The Alhambra promises some excellent features for April—and that is no April joke, either.

"El Capitan" at the Grand Opera House has passed as a pleasant dream, and that delightful comic opera, "The Beggar Student," is now on the boards, the cast including Edith Mason, Hattie Belle Ladd, Bessie Fairbairn, Thos. Persse, Wm. Wolff, etc. April 6th will witness the closing performance, and commencing the 7th the students of Berkeley will give a series of eight performances for the benefit of their track fund. The clever farce at Stanford University given by the students on March 29th, was pronounced unusually successful. THE BOHEMIAN.

THE MISSIONARY FROM SAN SALVADOR.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.

envelope bore the name of a firm whose advertisement he had answered some days before. He hastily opened it and read:

DEAR SIR: Your application for a position in the office of this Company has been favorably received. Please call at nine o'clock to-morrow morning to complete arrangements.
Yours truly, STANLEY BEAUMONT,
Secretary.

The Lonely Man climbed the stairs to his room. He was not tired now but he wanted air, so he raised the window and looked out. He could see the bay, away down almost as far as the Heads, but his eyes turned to the spot on the water front where lay the odd-looking tramp steamer, with the flag of San Salvador at its masthead, and the little canary hanging near the entrance of the dingy pilot house.

This, That and the Other

BY LILLIAN FERGUSON

A friend of the goat has risen to the defense of that unlovely but tenacious animal, urging the abolishment as a milk producer of its bovine rival, the arguments used being based upon the goat's accommodating digestion and general healthfulness.

It would really seem that there is reason in his remarks. I do not keep a cow in my back yard, although to my personal knowledge a millionaire on Nob Hill, whose roof shelters children, does that very thing, therefore the lowing of kine in the haunts of aristocracy is an actual occurrence.

But a goat in the rear garden would be a simpler combination of rural and city affairs, and infinitely cheaper.

A goat wouldn't m-a-a-a for hay. A tomato can thrown out now and then would keep the creature from all thoughts of leaving her happy home. An old shoe occasionally, or a last year's shirt waist, would be a pleasing diversion of the menu, and once a year a feast for her goatship of a CHRISTMAS TRAVELER. What more could any goat expect?

The other day a little old man preceded me to the platform of a Castro cable car, which was rapidly filling up with passengers who had tumbled in and out in the usual haste that prevails near 6 P. M. at Lotta's Fountain.

He was so little and so old that when he paused at the door of the car to let me pass in, I drew aside in order that tottering age might be given precedence. But that didn't suit Mr. Methuselah at all.

"No, no," he piped up in thin, cracked tones. "No, no, angels first."

Whereupon I slipped meekly in and annexed myself to a strap.

THE LAY OF A LOVER.

She does not sing. It never makes me sad
To know that from her pretty, rounded throat
There cannot come a single warbling note.
In truth, the knowledge really makes me glad.

She does not sing. Therefore 'tis very plain
That never shrilling tones of hers can reach
The ears of neighbors with insistent screech,
To cause both them and me the keenest pain.

And this is why my joyful praise I fling
In rhyme. I really couldn't love her so
Were she to shriek like other girls I know
In music's name. Thank goodness, she don't sing!

I am fascinated by the glowing eulogies of a snake lady who has rushed into print to tell what she knows about reptiles.

It appears from the testimony of this enthusiastic person that the world is altogether unreasonable and prejudiced in harboring a dislike for reptiles.

After dwelling upon the attractiveness of snakes as pets, and setting forth their claims to our affectionate consideration, she says:

"Another popular fancy is that snakes have particularly keen vision, while the most eminent naturalists say that they are little better than blind, and can scarcely distinguish a man from a stump until he moves. In nine cases out of ten, if a person coming unexpectedly upon a snake will stop immediately and stand perfectly motionless, the reptile will conclude that it has been mistaken, and will either quietly depart, or else curl up and go to sleep again. It is difficult to tell when they are asleep, for snakes have no eyelids—the eyeball is protected by a thick, horny substance, which keeps foreign matter from entering or injuring the eyeball, though it probably obscures their vision."

This surely ought to dispel forever such a silly inclination as taking to one's heels at sight of a snake in the road.

All one has to do is merely to stand stock still and play possum while the snake, eyeing you suspiciously, decides that you are only a guidepost or something, and "curl up and go to sleep again."

THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T WRITE.

"It must be charming to write," she said,
"Delightful above all things, I know,
To sit at a desk, while into your head
The thoughts as easily ebb and flow
As a stream in the springtime, while your pen
Is putting them down to be read of men."

I sat as dumb as a statue cold,
While she babbled blithely of all these things.
For what was the use to there unfold
A tale of the trouble that writing brings?
The hornets' nest that the pen stirs up.
The anger that follows the truthful pen—
Oh, she never wrote for a "Sunday Supp,"
To roast and be read and blessed (?) of men.

If anybody who reads this has a hankering for roaming around after wild buffalo, let him beware, for I have it upon the authority of a writer in a recent magazine that the buffalo "has a temper morose and uncertain." Furthermore, this writer says:

"It is never quite safe to approach them if disturbed in their pasture, or alarmed from their repose in the shallow lakes."

This advice is most excellent and practical, and I shall follow it to the letter.

Never, never, never, shall I take any chances with the uncertainty of a buffalo's temper; and nothing could tempt me to disturb a herd of buffalo in their pasture, now that I have learned that it is not "quite safe" to do so.

Deeply grateful am I to this writer for not keeping his knowledge selfishly from the world, of which I am an atom.

Who knows what I might not have done had I not been warned by him?

Why, I might have walked right up to a herd of wild buffalo sometime, and flourished my handkerchief under their noses, or tried to sprinkle salt on their tails, and perhaps been tossed sky high for it, and never written any more frivolous paragraphs for the handsomest monthly publication in the United States, namely, THE TRAVELER.

It really frightens me to think of such dreadful things happening.

Thanks, Mr. Magazine Contributor, thanks.

Apropos of THE TRAVELER, since writing about the San Francisco milkman in all his iridescent variety last month, and weeping salty tears of disappointment into these columns because I have had such sorry experiences with the dispensers of chemically made milk, my mail has bulged with communications from the fraternity dealing in the product of the humble cow.

Each milkman writes me assuringly that he can guarantee to furnish milk absolutely pure; and I am making a neat little collection of dairy business cards which enterprising agents have showered my way.

I really didn't know there were so many dairies within delivery distance of San Francisco—and such honest dairies, too.

But the point at which I am driving is this:

If a paragraph in this department can call forth dozens of replies within a week after its appearance, it proves conclusively that THE TRAVELER is extensively read.

Wake up, you that advertise and want returns for your money.

Get yourselves into print between these covers—my little bunch of dairy cards is evidence that such is the course of wisdom.

A YEAR AGO.

About this time, a year ago,
Life had lost something of its sweetness,
And no one but yourself can know
The reason of that incompleteness.

If you regretted all along—
Well, if you did, how could I know it?
Even if I were in the wrong,
My pride would never let me show it.

Perhaps it is not very wise,
But memory flies to that September,
When we saw through enamored eyes,
I don't suppose that you remember.

And yet to-night so sad you seemed!
Our eyes met through the whirl and chatter,
While I for one brief instant dreamed
You cared still * * * but, why should it matter?

For wishing cannot bring them back—
Those dear old days of tender folly,
Since I am now engaged to Jack;
And you, I hear, will marry Molly.

I see by the daily prints that somebody has a portable double saw-mill that he wants to sell cheap. I am not looking for bargains in saw mills this week, but perhaps others are, so I pass the knowledge on to whom it may concern.

The burgling fraternity about town has been in hard luck for some time.

Several carefully planned robberies have proved flat failures, owing to the inconveniently thoughtful measures taken against the encouragement of burglary by people with sacks of yellow gold on hand.

Attempt after attempt has been made in vain to bore holes to wealth, and it would seem that the time has passed by when the burgle business can be made profitable and worth a gentleman's while.

Why don't they give it up altogether, these professional looters, and go into politics instead?

I do wish most heartily that all the ailing, headachy women I know would take up a systematic course of physical culture exercises.

First, they should study up a bit, to get acquainted with their five hundred or so of muscles.

Second, they should begin to use those muscles under intelligent medical instruction from some woman who understands this important subject, and make a business of building up flabby tissues.

Third, they should persist in these exercises with faithfulness, every morning in every year.

For the sake of all that is best in life, you women with lopsided figures and heads that have thumping interiors most of the time, stop taking medicines, go in for physical culture, and grow young before you begin to go to pieces.

I notice in the "want" advertising columns of a local newspaper that "General blacksmith wishes a situation." The General might get a job as first assistant to "Minerva" in mending broken hearts.

A real Austrian prince with no less than five high-sounding names has been hustled out, bag and baggage, from a house in New York because he owes two months' rent, amounting to $280—extras not mentioned.

This is certainly a shame. The very idea of putting a prince out on the sidewalk, with the thermometer shivering away down in the seventies below, just because he can't meet a trifling obligation of $280!

Really, those New York landlords must be a sordid, brutal, unappreciative lot.

And the prince was married to an American girl, too; a girl who had left her happy home for him. She is the daughter of a millionaire tomato-catsup manufacturer, but papa wouldn't stand for a royal beggar as son-in-law, hence his cruel indifference to the fact that the prince has been dumped on the pavement.

Now, if we don't treat royal gentlemen better than this, simply because they happen to have no money with which to pay their debts, we run the risk of discouraging their presence in the American matrimonial market. Too bad. And a real prince, at that with five beautiful names!

I have met a young woman who is perfectly contented.

She came from the Figi Islands, where she has lived nearly all the twenty years of her life. She is Scotch-Samoan by birth, and has been well educated in English. With her husband she has been touring this way, after a Samoan wedding.

Now, the mountain Fijis live principally on snakes, frogs, guavas and a taro root called vakalolo. One of their islands is as large as the whole Samoan group. The contented woman did not eat snakes nor affiliate with the Fijis, but so happy has she been amid her tropical surroundings that she cared not a banana peel for our world, and wouldn't have taken the trouble to sail hither, had not her husband's business brought them. He is Scotch-Samoan too, and king of two Polynesian islands, where they will live forever after.

The contented woman will never see THE TRAVELER, nor read the Sunday papers, nor wear Easter bonnets, nor go to the matinee, nor get jealous of other women—because there will be no other woman around to get jealous of.

She is perfectly contented. When shall I meet her like again?

People who burn gas in the houses and flats that they rent, and who think every now and then with vain regret of the little five-dollar piece snuggled away in the gas company's private funds as deposit for the gas meter, have one way open to them to get even. They can own their houses, and thus become exempt from the law that so annoys them.

Of course it is rather expensive to put say $5000, into a home, just to get rid of the necessity of letting a monopoly have a lifetime's use of your own little fiver. But only reflect what joy it is to get out from under the thumb of a heartless, mercenary corporation!

An Eastern paper devotes three-quarters of a column in its Sunday supplement to the fact that a hostess of excessively fashionable social standing recently gave a dinner in which soup was served in small Dresden china slippers. One advantage of the novelty urged in the article was the economy of it, the slippers holding but a thimbleful or so of soup. This certainly takes the premium for silliness. It couldn't have happened in hospitable California.

You can keep whatever you chance to pick up in the streets of Paris.

At least, so the French courts decided the other day, and the decision has made a Boston lawyer who happened to pick up a purse in a hotel corridor just $5000 richer, it having contained that sum in French banknotes. The owner never reported his loss, and so the lucky American is the gainer by five "thou."

ITEMS.

Home seekers are well aware that many "schemes" are afloat to trap them into pseudo-investments. It is seldom that the opinions of THE TRAVELER are given unsolicited concerning the methods and reliability of any concern, but we do not hesitate to cordially recommend the Continental Building & Loan Association, of California, as one of the most substantial on this Coast. They do just what they claim to do, and there is yet a claim to be filed against this institution for violation of either agreements or assurances. When one buys a cheap article of apparel it *is* cheap in all senses—but it does not last. Neither does an unreliable institution. The Continental Building & Loan Association have been in existence over eleven years, and is still under the able management of Mr. William Corbin.

Life at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, goes on right merrily, and in spite of the fact that the hotel is overcrowded, the service has been exceptionally good, and everything moves on like clockwork. There have been so large a number of entertainments in the way of card parties, bowling parties, and dinners given by guests at the hotel to their particular friends, that the social activity has been greater than during any previous season, and the general entertainments less noteworthy. The Green pays special attention to the amusement of its guests, which goes a long way toward maintaining the patronage it enjoys each season.

The Avoca House, at No. 837 Mission Street, San Francisco, is one of the best equipped rooming-houses in the city. It is located on the south side of Mission Street, about half way between Fourth and Fifth, and is therefore convenient to the business and amusement centers.

The building is brand new, and the furniture, carpets, etc., are likewise. It is a delightful hotel for those seeking new and tasty accommodations, and reasonable rates.

One of the best testimonials received by our many California resorts is that concerning Walls Springs in Sonoma County. It comes from Mr. L. Hillis, of Trenton, who was a guest at Walls the past summer for rheumatism. He came a cripple, and left completely cured.

The Kenyon, at Salt Lake City is unquestionably one of the finest equipped hotels in the west, and has been practically crowded ever since its opening. Mr. Don H. Porter, the proprietor, is both progressive and unique in his ideas, and stops at nothing to insure the comforts of his guests. The Kenyon is superbly furnished and enjoys the advantage of being located in the center of all points of interest in the Mormon City.

The Lake View Hotel, at Elsinore, on the shores of a beautiful lake in Southern California, is one of the most attractive spots in the south. Last winter the hotel was completely renovated, and is now under the exclusive and effective control of Mr. C. S. Traphagen. It is noted for its picturesque scenery, hot mineral water and mud baths, and is more than popular among those desiring home comforts, rest and recuperation.

The resorts on the line of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway are among the most attractive in Southern California. The marine and mountain views are exceptionally fine. The climate is ideal, while the opportunities for sea bathing, yachting, boating, fishing, golfing, bicycling, shell gathering and camera hunting cannot be excelled on the Pacific Coast. Long Beach, Terminal Island and San Pedro Harbor are all reached by this line, and they all offer exceptional facilities for the delectation of the tourist.

NEW GOLD.

TO HER EYES.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRAVELER BY LULU SAPPHO CONSTANTINE.

Eyes of the sea, so starry and deep,
No secret of love do you tell.
No tear-drop of pity awakens your sleep,
Nor the ghost of a broken farewell.
But the hearts of adorers forever you keep,
In the light of your magical spell!

"ALLE SLAME MELICAN GIRL"

Oh, Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And she lived in the town of Tac;
And her eyes were blue,
And her curling queue
Hung dangling down her back,
And she fell in love with gay Wan Lil,
Who wrote his love on a laundry bill.

And Ting Tung Told,
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah me,
Sweet Wing Tee Wee;
But his valiant heart had sunk;
So he drowned his woes in a sparkling "fizz"
And he swore that the maid would yet be his.

So bold Ting Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid of the town of Tac;
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea
And never more came back—
For in far Chinee the maids are fair
And the maids are false as they are elsewhere.

LAYIN' FER A FREIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRAVELER BY FRANK S. COLBURN, "THE YANKEE TOURIST."

Say, pardner, what's yer hurry?
Sit down here in the shade o' the tank;
No use for to be in a flurry—
Here's the finest that ever you drank!
It's piped here from up in the hills, pard,
Its nature's own genuine stuff,
Not the poison that comes from the stills, pard,
But the real thing, and not no bluff.
And here's some grub, too, to go with it;
True, it isn't the very best cheer,
It was bummed on the fly as a train passed by
From a good-hearted engineer.
Take it all, I've been eatin' an hour,
But don't throw the paper away.
That's the way when we're out on a "tower"
We cop out the news of the day.
What! You're walkin' around the world, lad?
How I envy you yer fate!
I'd walk if I could, but my pegs is bad,
So I'm layin' fer a freight,
Yes, mine is the same old story—
No better nor worse than the rest.
It's the hankerin' after whiskey
That gets away with the best:
And there's no excuse for forgettin'
When you've charge of a railroad train—
I—I caused a wreck by lettin'
The devil upset my brain.
And ever since then I've been roamin', you see,
And cursin' the hell in the cup!
It was just a short spree, but it meant to me
A life-time of soberin' up.
And I ain't no temp'rance kicker,
But I'll tell you what I think:
When it comes to a question of liquor,
Why, it's only a fool that'll drink.
There's a lot of hypocrite snoozers,
As isn't as good as tramps
That classes us all as boozers
And good-for-nothin' scamps;
But I hold that the real true Christian
Is the one that lightens the load,
Of you or me or any old bum
Of a fellow that's on the road.

Highland Springs, in Lake County, announce reduced rates for 1900. The weekly rates will be from $10 to $12 instead of $10 to $16, as formerly. This liberal concession should fill this popular resort to overflowing.

THAT REMINDS ME.

A Scotch parson once upbraided the blacksmith of the village for not paying his church rate.

"But I never go to the kirk," said the blacksmith.

"That is your fault," said the minister; "the kirk is always open."

A few days later the blacksmith sent a bill to the minister for shoeing his horse. The minister indignantly protested that his horse had not been shod.

"That's your fault," said the smith; "the forge is always open."

***

It was Ethel's first visit to the country, and while there she saw one of her grandfather's horses shod. "My!" she exclaimed on reaching home, "grandpa has a breastpin put on every one of his horse's feet."

***

"George," she cooed, "why can't we get married next Sunday?"

"Well," hesitatingly replied the recalcitrant but manly youth at her side, "we could, I s'pose; but it may rain Sunday."

"George, if it rains Sunday, couldn't we get married Saturday?"

***

"Pardon me, madam," said the weary traveler, addressing the mother of the leather-lunged boy who had been howling for the last half hour with the persistence and continuity with which the water used to come down at Lodore, in the old Third Reader, and is doubtless still coming down. "but can anything be done to pacify and—er—er—entertain the baby? Is there—ah—anything that would please the little fellow?"

"Yes, sir," was the ingenuous reply. "He wants to have the train run over a cow."

***

Market Man—Well, little girl, what will you have?

Little Girl—Have you any horseless radish?

***

"I have been married for fifteen years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door." "Wonderful!" "Yes, she's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."

***

Mrs. J. Brassey Pushe—I confess I'm dying to get my daughter married.

The Brute—Er—what other inducements do you offer?

***

First Watchdog—Do you bark in your sleep?

Second Watchdog—No!

First Watchdog—Too bad! Now, I do, and the family think I'm awake all night.

***

"Christian Science treatment didn't help your sick cow?"

"No; you see, the healer was a beginner, and he couldn't lace the cow and believe that she didn't have horns."

Mrs. Hendricks—See here, Dinah, I gave you four flannel underskirts in the wash this week, and you have brought back only three. How is that?

Dinah—'Deed, I dunno, ma'am, 'less'n dey shrinked. Flannel does shrink somethin' awful, ma'am.

***

A little girl drew a dog and cat on her slate, and said to her mother, "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs, but I drew her with six, so she could run away from the dog."

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS and JAPAN

Select Tourist Parties will leave San Francisco during February and March, 1900. Programmes free on application to THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., S. F.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION

TANFORAN PARK

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts. at 12.15, 12.35, 12.50 and 1.25 p. m., returning immediately after the last race.

THE RAMONA

130 Ellis St., S. F.

A thoroughly first-class house. Quiet and homelike. Location very central. Take Ellis St. cars at 4th and Townsend Sts. Take Market St. cars at Ferries and transfer to Ellis.

Under Management of MRS. KATE S. HART

Send for Circular

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Beautiful Honolulu is a charm forever!

Steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail bi-monthly

Send for "Beautiful Hawaii" to J. D. SPRECKELS BROS CO.

Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney. 114 Montgomery St San Francisco.

Home Comforts

Are rarely to be obtained at a restaurant, but it is just this feature that has made ours popular.

AT "SWAIN'S"

the surroundings are refined, comfortable and attractive. We employ the best of chefs, and our service is neat, tasty and prompt

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Table d'Hote, $1.00, 5 to 8 p. m.

CALIFORNIA UNDERTAKING CO. A. D. CHESHIRE, Pres. and Mgr.

FINEST FUNERAL PARLORS IN THE CITY

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HOW IT FEELS TO BITE A MAN.

TOLD BY A RATTLESNAKE

The sensation of biting a man is simply awful. I have during the twenty years of my life, the greater part of which has been spent in Arizona, bitten all kinds of reptiles and animals with most satisfactory results. The men in that part of the country were well acquainted with me, and while we were by no means on terms of intimacy I must say that I never had any disagreeable dealings with them.

Here in San Francisco it was different. In fact my captivity was due to the impudence of a San Francisco man who poked a noose on a stick over my head and nearly broke my neck.

Ever since that experience I have been singularly nervous about having anything touch me on the neck.

I was put in a box and brought here, where I have for some years been enclosed within a magic prison. There are no walls to be seen, but a mysterious power prevents me from going out or striking at the things which I see. I know that I am not mistaken in this, for a number of other snakes are within the same space and have been baffled in all of their attempts to escape, although they assure me that like myself, they can see there is nothing to stop us but the invisible walls.

On that fateful day a man came in and after in many ways interfering with my natural dignity until I was feeling goaded to the last, he seized me by my injured neck. I struck at him with an awful feeling that it was my own death blow, for you have no idea of the horror that seizes upon one of us when we are compelled to attack a man. I struck so clumsily that I wrenched my fangs loose; the poison from my mouth entered the wound, and I knew that my death would be when the sun went down.

Even with that poison burning through my cold blood and knowing that just as my nature was colder and slower than the man's, so would my sufferings be longer and slower than his, I could not but feel sorry for him.

I had before me a certainty. He had before him a vision of unending torments of the future that his own brain had conjured up and treasured during his life.

I did not envy him. No, I never did envy a man, nor have any of us.

Ever since that first dispute in Paradise we have always felt that a man was a contemptible and despicable creature. They are all alike. The woman I cannot blame so much. One of my ancestors was there and we have from him the story of how it all happened.

The man did, as men have ever done since, all of the talking. He told such wondrous fairy tales, and made such bold and brave promises for the future, that both the woman and my ancestor, the serpent, who was then less guileful, were thrilled with delight.

The woman, while perhaps convinced, was, owing to her timorousness, not persuaded, and my ancestor thought her a very foolish and obstinate sort of person. Being in this frame of mind, and rather tired of the whole performance, as third persons are when watching lovers, my ancestor flew away to a grassy meadow by a waterfall, where he commenced dancing a four-step to a melody which he composed on the spot. At that time, of course you know, as geological records show, we serpents all had voices, wings, and legs.

While thus amused he was terrified by a fearful din, and lightning flashing. Thunderous voices echoed through the air and the rocks were shattered, as the explosions of cannon break windows.

All of the animals in Paradise were drawn by a mysterious force which we could not then understand, but have since found out to be curiosity, which had at that time its beginning.

From the midst of a whirling black cloud flashed the lightning. Then came the awful voice saying, "WHO COUNSELED THIS?" The man replied, "She." "Then," said the voice, "you shall be forever separated." "No," said the man, "it was not she." Then he looked at the elephant as one who had shoulders broad enough to bear the blame, but the elephant looked back at him so fiercely that he was cowed and looked at the lion, but the lion, too, looked at him too fiercely and he quailed. So from one to the other of the animals the man looked, fearing to lay the blame upon any, until his perfidious eye looked upon my poor ancestor, who had but a minute before been blithely dancing.

"'Twas he," said the man, "that counseled us so."

As my ancestor opened his mouth to speak a denial, a flash of lightning from the whirling cloud struck his tongue, cleft it in twain, deprived him of wings and legs and left him speechless and powerless to move but by crawling on his belly. This was his punishment for an offense not committed by him, but by man.

The anger within him, pent up, formed the poison in his teeth, and from that awful time the other animals have always feared the eye of man lest it unjustly accuse them, and the man himself has been punished by being never able to speak the truth since.

I have told my story. The sun is sinking. Soon there will be naught left of me but an empty shell.

CIVILIZATION OF TONGATABOO.

A RHYTHMICAL ABSURDITY.

King Jungareegoo of Tongataboo,
Was a terrible savage just six feet two,
Who ne'er wore a coat nor a vest nor a shoe.
His garments were in fact remarkably few,
Consisting of feathers and fibres run through
The bones of his foes that in battle he slew
(And some of the latter were toothsome to chew.)
But during his wars he had found time to woo
Queen Wongaree Wang from the Isles of Peloo,
A lady adorned with the brightest tattoo
Of mauve and of yellow, of crimson and blue,
And she loved him as savage wives only can do.
King Jungaree's island was charming to view,
The plantain and yam in luxuriance grew,
The delicate palm and the slender bamboo.
To thread the dense forests required a clew.
The animals found were the horned cariboo,
The hardy wild pig and the bison-like gnu,
And a species of miniature kangaroo;
While over the island the sea-gull flew,
The albatross, petrel, snipe and curlew,
The talkative parrot and loud cockatoo
(Whereof there are specimens now in the "Zoo.")

King Jungaree's subjects were savages true,
Tall, black, and athletic in sinew and thew:
They wielded the hatchet and hurled up the boomerang at the birds that were good in a stew,
And chased the wild porker with whoop and halloo;
For favors they were not accustomed to sue,
Each paddled his own independent canoe.
Whilom it perchanced that the good ship Pegu
(From Eiverpool sailing and bound for Loo Choo)
Was caught in a storm that so fearfully blew
That it threatened each moment her life to undo,
Till, torn and dismasted, the wild billows threw
Her on to the isle of King Jungareegoo.
The natives immediately came to rescue,
Give shelter and food to the perishing crew,
Who wandered where fate had conducted them too.
The sailors enraptured the island surview;
'Twas lovely as Eden, and rich as Peru:
Its splendor and verdure would more than outdo
The tropical part of the gardens at Kew;
Till, having explored every nook and purlieu,
They cried, "Just the place, Jack, for me and for you;
We're here, and we'll stick to the island like glue."
They said: and, dear me! what a change did ensue!
They taught to the natives all arts that they knew,
And gave them to civilization the cue.
The zealous ship's-captain, Aminadab Drew,
Exhorted the pagans their creed to eschew,
And built a large chapel, with seats not a few,
Wherein he could guide, and with virtue imbue
Their moral perceptions—so sadly askew,
The nation, thus tutored, began life anew.

They started a "Times" and a "Weekly Review."
They introduced the "Index-Tribune" and read it all through.
And on every occasion they quoted it too.
Of schools and of churches they soon had a few,
A bank and a mint—a royal revenue.
A national debt and a parliament, too.
The body's adornment they kept in full view—
Coat, trousers and vest, superseding tattoo.
The ladies wore chignon, and skirt and fichu,
And all the last modes of the Boulevard and Rue;
They played and crocque'd, sang, painted, and drew,
Danced, practised deportment, and French parlezvous,
And slandered each other o'er cups of Congou.
In short, the old customs gave way to the new,
So very completely that difference of hue
Alone marked the natives of Tongataboo.
But ah! to all blessing will evil accrue!
The Tongatabooliens had reason to rue
Some imports received by the good ship Pegu,
A host of diseases—small-pox and ague,
Consumption, bronchitis, and tic-douloureux—
Played havoc among them; still more, "entre nous,"
Gin, brandy and rum, and "Ben Nevis' Dew,"
Sent thousands of blacks down death's dark avenue;
And as the destroyer will never "koo-too"
To prince, any more than a mere parvenu,
Queen Wongaree Wang and King Jungareegoo
Were soon as defunct as old Brian Boru.

Thus dwindled the nation a few and more few;
No power its vigor and life could renew,
Until the last native, called Palleegatoo,
Distinguished for Latin and Greek and Hebrew,
As learned, in fact, as a Hindoo baboo,
Succumbed of exhaustion when just thirty-two;
And now all the natives lie under the yew,
While Briton and Yankee, Hibernian and Jew,
Have settled themselves on the isle in their lieu,
And prosperously their existence pursue.
On Jungaree's palace they've planted the Union Jack, and appointed a governor who
Is twentieth cousin to my Lord Nozoo.

No more in the woods roams the grim Wanderoo
(An animal mentioned by Mons. Chaillu,
I think, in his "Travels in Eastern Bornou.")
No more the wild pig and the bison-like gnu,
Kick up in the forest their hullaballoo.
But now there's the cat with her civilized mew,
The Alderney cow, with her mellow "moo-hoo,"
The dog and the equines, from racer to "screw;"
And, 'stead of the parrot and harsh cockatoo,
The tender, tame pigeons do dulcetly coo,
And bright chanticleer sounds his loud "doodledoo!"

MORAL.

Thus, sure as the game of Unlimited Loo,
Does civilization the savage subdue.
His chance of existence is not worth a sou;
He fades like the shades that to Hades withdrew;
And when its no longer "il est," but "il fut,"
The funeral wreaths o'er his tombstone we strew,
And give to his ashes the tear that is due.
Yes, such is the moral of Tongataboo.
So, having exhausted the endings in u,
I bid thee, good reader, a courteous adieu.

The following story is told of the Countess of Colloredo, the wife of the Ambassador of Rome:

While in Nice she was in the habit of spending an hour every day before dinner on the terrace of the Kursaal She was seated one evening in an easy-chair, with a little pet dog in her lap and with a liveried flunkey in attendance, when a stout, rather elderly, and faultlessly clad gentleman came up to her and, taking off his hat, said in excellent French, "Madame, I am glad to see you."

The countess stared at him and asked—with an accent on the "you"—"And, pray, who are *you*, sir?"

"I am afraid I must have changed very much since last I saw you," said the other, a trifle of vexation evident in his voice. "You do not know me?"

"No, I do not know you, nor do I wish to know you, monsieur," retorted the lady, and up she got and sailed away majestically.

The eyes of the elderly, stout personage twinkled with malicious fun. "Ah!" he said. "But—pardon me! I have already been introduced to you, madame. However, allow me to renew the formality. I am the Prince of Wales."

The countess fainted into the arms of her footman.

There is a melancholy sequel to this amusing story, for the countess died in her home about six weeks later, and, in the opinion of many of her friends, her death was "superinduced by shock." She never recovered from the blow of having, unintentionally, cut the Prince of Wales.

"Grandpop," he began, turning the leaves of his book, "did your history used to say that the Spaniards settled this country?" "I believe it did, my boy." "Well, the new ones won't say that." "What will they say, Ostend?" "This country settled the Spaniards."

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

The following letter from Mr. John S. Matheson, the new manager of the Sea Beach Hotel, at Santa Cruz, tells its own story. Mr. Matheson is well-known through his former management of Paraiso Springs and Pacific Congress Springs, and, as a liberal and judicious advertiser, his opinion carries weight in the business world.

SANTA CRUZ, Jan. 26, 1900.

PUBLISHER THE TRAVELER:

It was because of such helpful business hints as those contained in your kind letter of the 23d inst., together with the knowledge I had that THE TRAVELER reached the homes of the cultured and wealthy, that years ago commended it to me as a valuable and permanent necessity for hotel men. Perhaps there are few of your patrons better equipped with facts concerning the far-reaching circulation and value of THE TRAVELER than myself. No better illustration, perhaps of this wide circulation could be cited than the letter received by me in September, 1893, from Catanzaro, Italy, where our advertisement in THE TRAVELER had been seen by a subscriber, and I could refer to many others more recent. Altogether, my dealings with THE TRAVELER during the past seven years have been highly satisfactory, and, in assuming the management of the Sea Beach Hotel, I shall continue to pin my faith to THE TRAVELER, believing that its influence will be, as in the past, productive of profitable results.

THE TRAVELER goes to the homes of the refined and appreciative, and upon whom the literary merits and artistic beauty of your journal are not wasted; a patronage most desired by every first-class resort, and for whom the Sea Beach Hotel is now preparing. Very truly yours,

JOHN S. MATHESON,
Manager.

He (bitterly)—You have a heart of adamant.

She (coyly)—A few diamonds might make some impression.

***

"Jack's extravagant career received a sudden check to-day."

"Is that so! He doesn't show it."

"No. It was a check for $500 on his governor."

"At the Foot of Pikes Peak"

The CLIFF HOUSE, Manitou, Colorado, will open for the **24th Season** under **one** Management, March 15, 1900.

Immediately in front of the CELEBRATED MANITOU SODA SPRING.

$45,000 have been expended during the past winter on an addition of 56 rooms en suite with private Parlors and Baths, a remodeling and complete modernizing of the Main Building.

All Points of Interest ARE MOST ACCESSIBLE FROM MANITOU.

Trains on the Branch line of the D. & R. G. Ry. will meet all trains on the main line at Colorado Springs, a 15 minutes' ride only.

E. E. NICHOLS & SON,
Owners and Props.

The Old Government
THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY
MATURED AND BOTTLED IN BOND
PROOF 100
AND
SPECIAL RESERVE
BOTTLED AT DISTILLERY
PROOF 90
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A REFINED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S CAFE AND OYSTER PARLOR

Grand Orchestral Concert every evening from 6 to 7 and 8 to 12. Peter J. Frank, Leader.

Family Entrance, 242 S. Broadway
Gentlemen's Cafe, 243 S. Spring

R. J. STAHMANN, Manager

GLENBROOK,

LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Amusements of all kinds. Be sure to bring your tennis racket.

Beautifully located, nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. Home comforts, home cooking, and in fact an ideal resort for a summer outing.

Main Hotel and Cottages are now lighted with Acetylene Gas throughout.

REMEMBER

If you want to hunt,
If you want to fish,
If you want to recuperate,
If you want the best of recreation,
If you want pure air, sunshine,
If you want to enjoy an exhilarating climate,
You will find all at **Glenbrook.**
Postoffice (money order) and telephone connections everywhere.
For rates, pamphlets,
Address,
O. W. R. Tredway, Proprietor.

Anderson Springs

The best resort for health and pleasure. The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County. Only way to drive the Grippe poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural hot sulphur and iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board $8 to $15 00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections.

How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:40 for lunch; take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare, $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Address all communications to

J. ANDERSON, Proprietor,
Anderson Springs, Middletown, Lake Co., Cal.

MAGNIFICENT STORE

TO LET

to suitable tenant. New Building, just completed, number

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BETWEEN FOURTH AND FIFTH

25 feet on Mission Street, running through to Minna on the South, 160 feet, making two frontages.

Building is light, airy and up-to-date. Suitable for

Wholesale or Retail Business

For further particulars apply to

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(Examiner Building)

Country Home...

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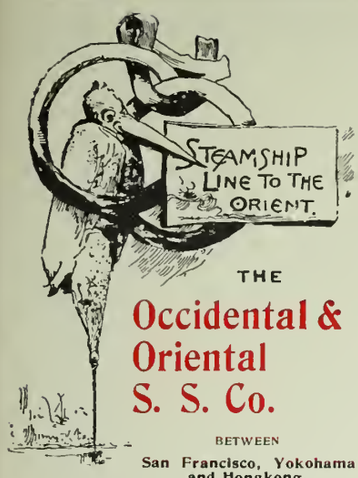

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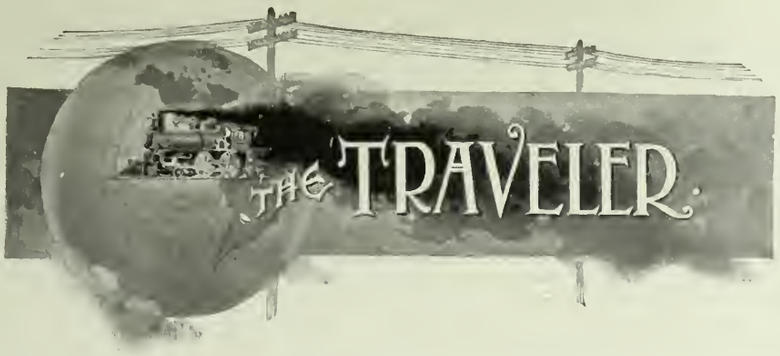

VOLUME XVI. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER, 1900. NUMBER 3.

THE TRAVELER.

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY JOURNAL OF FUN, SPORT, TRAVEL, RECREATION AND THE HOME.

WM. V. BRYAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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INCONSISTENCY.

"He discovered that the law on Sunday beer-drinking was not strictly enforced. * * * But no toleration for Roosevelt. * * * He centered all his energies on the German beer saloons and he closed them up tight."—San Francisco *Examiner*, August 29, 1900.

The foregoing excerpts have been clipped from "An American Paper for the American People" under the above date, and form a section of a tirade against the Republican nominee for Vice-President of the United States.

In commenting upon the same we wish it to be distinctly understood that THE TRAVELER is absolutely independent as far as its political attitude is concerned. It matters not whether its editor is a Republican or a Democrat, for party lines, municipal or national, have never been drawn through this journal. We have tried to assume the position of a conservative commentator on all events current, and have especially directed our attention to the rottenness of local politics, never failing to give credit where credit is due, and to denounce corruption whenever it became manifest.

All legitimate arguments in a political fight are at least received with consideration, but if unaccompanied by the FACTS, and the circumstances which evoked them, they are liable to be taken with a "grain of salt." The mere STATEMENTS of an adversary count for naught unless fortified by the evidence. We say that the *Examiner* is inconsistent, not because the purport of its editorial is to affect the German vote, but because that paper has been one of the most ardent and insistent advocates against the retail liquor trade of the city of San Francisco. In conjunction with Mayor Phelan, it was the strenuous and successful supporter of the "New Charter," an instrument now in operation, for which many a man has cast a ballot, that now regrets it. Its adoption has been followed by increased taxes, public inconvenience through various local ordinances, almost prohibitory licenses for the various branches of trade, and a most unreasonable onslaught by the Board of Police Commissioners against some of the most respectable saloons and restaurants of the city. The *Examiner* has been foremost in the latter movement, and has apparently centered its pseudo-activity against a single institution in particular.

We wish to be distinctly understood that we do not pose as an exponent of illegitimate trade; neither do we condemn decent methods to ameliorate the evils and morals of a great city, but we do believe in consistency in following out this plan. If the *Examiner* could import Colonel Roosevelt to San Francisco, he might materially aid it in its fight against the saloons and gambling houses of the Golden West. He was apparently successful in New York (according to the *Examiner*); why not invoke his aid, influence and tact to close the Cafe Royal and other joints of similar caste? The *Examiner* pretends to be the representative of decency, but it is not consistent in the conduct of its campaign on these lines. It rips up the back an institution that no doubt deserves it, and *per contra*, gives a raft of free advertising to another almost in the same class.

We are told that "Republican Tales of Prosperity are Falsehoods," the headline of one of our morning dailies, and yet in other news items in its same issue are accounts that belie the larger announcement. Sometimes it would appear that some editors believe they "can fool all the people all the time."

Photo by Chase, Eureka, Cal.

TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.

HAWAIIAN COMMERCE.

The people of the United States are likely to be deprived of some much-desired information regarding the commerce of the United States with the Hawaiian Islands. The recent Act of Congress, which extended to these Islands practically all the laws of the United States, according to the Bureau of Statistics, is construed as rendering the commerce between the United States and the Islands "coastwise" in its character. The laws, with reference to the gathering of statistics of our commerce, require importers and exporters to file with the Collectors of Customs at the ports at which their goods enter, or at which they leave the country, a specific statement of the quantity and value of each article imported or exported. The law does not require, however, this detailed information with reference to goods passing from one port of the United States to another port of the United States. Taking advantage of this condition, merchants of San Francisco, who are engaged in the trade with the Hawaiian Islands, are refusing to furnish to the collector at that point, regarding goods sent to or from the Hawaiian Islands, the general class of information which they have for years been furnishing, but from which they claim they are now exempt under the new conditions.

The effect of this will be to deprive the people of the United States, at present at least, of all information regarding the commerce of the Hawaiian Islands. No feature of our import and export trade has attracted so much attention during the past year as that with the Hawaiian Islands. It was one spot where the effect of annexation upon commerce with the territory annexed could be studied, since, in the other territories brought into close relations with the United States, conditions were not in our favor, by reason of the war which had existed previous to, or immediately following the new relationship. In the case of the Hawaiian Islands, no war conditions existed, either previous or subsequent to annexation, and the growth of the commerce with the United States may be attributed, chiefly, if not wholly, to the close relations brought about by annexation and the general business revival which followed that event.

The growth of our commerce with the Hawaiian Islands in the last few years, especially in the years 1899 and 1900, has been phenomenal. This growth is especially interesting in view of the new relationship which has been established with the Islands and the marked increase which accompanied the final determination of that event. In 1890 the exports of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands were $4,711,417 and in 1897 were $4,690,075, showing no growth from 1890 to 1897. In 1890 the imports into the United States from the Hawaiian Islands were $12,312,098 and in 1897, $13,687,799, showing but a slight growth.

The treaty of annexation was signed at Washington, June 16, 1897, so that all the commerce of the fiscal year 1898 felt the effect of that step in the process of annexation. In that year the exports of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands were $5,907,155, an increase of 27 per cent over 1897, when they amounted to $4,690,075. The treaty was ratified July 7, 1898, and sovereignty over the Islands formally transferred to the United States on August 12, 1898, thus bringing practically all of the fiscal year 1899 within the period following the complete annexation.

HOW THE P. P. P.'s INJURE SAN FRANCISCO.

Press, Politics and Professions.—These are the three elements that contribute to retard the growth, beauty and substantial gain of this wonderfully located city by the sea. The Almighty, in His benificence, has lavished His favors so bounteously in the general formation and location of this grand peninsula, bordered by the superb sheet of water, upon whose surface the fleets of the world may ride in safety, so easy of access, and so free from dangers, so broad in its expanse, and freshening in its breezes, that but little was left for man to bring its perfections into economic adaptation to the wants of commerce, its rolling hills, with the salt air zephyrs from the ocean, affording natural drainage, coupled with an atmosphere of purity, insuring a condition of unequaled sanitation not to be found on this broad continent.

With all these natural advantages thrust upon us, the passing of the men of '49 seems to have called a halt in the unanimity of sentiment for the general good, and the broad-gauge energy of those times appears to have lapsed into a channel of petty jealousies that is gradually sapping the best interests of the city.

* * *

The *Press*, so powerful for good or evil, has deemed it wise to spread broadcast each and every occurrence of a sensational character, with exaggerated comments and enormous headlines. Distorted pictures illustrate the simplest event. A slight tremble of the earth is magnified ten fold. An accident on a street railway is raised to the position of flagrant and deliberate crime. Corporations are berated on all sides. Each individual violation of law receives prominent and enlarged notice. The criminal element is favored with broad spaces in its columns. Private character is assailed upon the slightest pretext. Differences between labor and capital are fanned into a condition unfavorable to an amicable settlement. Commerce is injured by continued attacks on the motives of owners of floating property, and restrictions on facilities for economic handling are advocated; fake reports of news, "exclusively published," to be contradicted in the next issue, and an irrepressible purpose to oppose all things published in the columns of another. In fact, the press is largely responsible for the lack of unity in the ranks of the business community. Their pages teem with slaps at their rivals, and a determination to belittle anything advocated by a contemporary. And thus, has this city been advertised to the world as a community of disgruntled jealousies, whose proclivities are always in the direction to pull down, or obstruct progress. We are judged abroad by the attitude of our press, and the timid are often kept from our shores because of what they read in the columns of our great dailies. Capitalists hesitate to invest because new sensations affecting values are constantly given prominence tending to unsettle stable conditions. With this heavy load to work against, the natural position and resources have sustained and strengthened us in our onward march that should have been more rapid but for the so-called educators of the people.

* * *

Politics—noxious influence of every community; it is as rampant with us to-day as it is in all other sections. The art politic, or it should be the art deception, trickery and scheming, is practiced with all the embellishment of what is called advanced thought, inspired by the infusion into government of so-called new blood. The youth of to-day is the man of the hour. His wisdom can discount the sagacity of Solomon, and his effrontry is equaled by his noisome ejaculations of the slang of the period.

The manipulation of party politics has developed into a science of artifice and deceit; a plausible method of blinding the people with pledges in their behalf; an apparent honest intention to correct abuses, and a magnanimous display of self-sacrifice, in the interest of the dear people. This last is emphasized by the spread eagle spouters on the stump, being the jumping-jacks of the fellows behind the screens, who pull the string commanding changes of attitude to suit the occasion, or the trend of public opinion.

A review of the pledges, the promises, solemn assurances, and sworn statements of the numberless officials who, from time immemorial, have violated the people's trust, and shamefully misappropriated the public funds, would startle the citizen at the perfidy in official places. The methods of party managers have been stringent in exacting full obedience from candidates, and woe betide the one who failed. Hence, the chagrin and disappointment at the falling down of men, who in private life had been honest; the polluting influence of politics, as swayed by the "boss," could not be resisted by the would-be candidate, whose ambition led him, (honestly, at first) into the presence of the great dispenser of party patronage.

The man in the rear room of a drinking saloon, or it may be within the shadow of a livery, is the all-powerful distributer of places, and before whom all aspirants must bow and pledge their fealty, or the eager seeker after fame must suffer defeat, even before he has entered the arena. It is this mighty force of the machine in politic, that has shattered the integrity and uprooted the last vestige of honor within the breast of many a heretofore good and upright citizen. The lust for place and power has overshadowed the love of a good name. And within that den of infamy, and before that presence of deep-down political trickery, he sells his soul to perdition in the promises to obey the managing machine, regardless of all rights of the people; to vote and advocate every scheme of this potential "boss;" to appoint to place the henchmen of the man behind the scenes; to wink at the extravagant waste; to accept inferior work and material; to favor employment of four to do the work of two; to aid the schemes of corporations, and friends, as against the public interests; to increase taxation, and hedge the criminal element with protection.

NATURE'S MIRROR.

This has been the work of the politician of the past, and we have not fallen on better times with this, our new regime. The supposed better element from which the present city government was selected, is, to the people of this city, the greatest disappointment in its history. The men who rule were selected because of their scholarly attainments and independent positions in the community, and were supposed to be of unquestioned integrity.

Alas, the noxious vapor of politics still fills the City Hall. The reckless disregard of the people's interests is more in evidence than when the common herd handled the reins. The open defiance to public wishes and multiplication of places still goes on—high salaries the rule, and sinecures increasing. Politics, the governing element, and promises to the "boss," rule supreme at the City Hall.

* * *

Professions.—Two prominent professions are playing havoc with the general prosperity of this commonwealth; the law—with its wide and wierd ramifications, its uncertain results, its favoritism in certain directions, its disregard of justice, its tedious and long delays, its ambiguous rulings, its enormously expensive methods and irritating procedure—all tends to, and does, clog the wheels of prosperous advancement. Simple questions, but of great interest to the people, are held up for months, and oftentimes for years, awaiting the pleasure and will of My Lord, the Court. Long, tedious, and expensive harangues become prominent features of the mode of procedure. The rules of evidence, with the rasping manner of attorneys, invite and encourage perjury, and the suppression of the truth; reversals of lower courts and juries on the most flimsy technical pretext, long after the vital evidence has been spirited away. To redress a trifling wrong the litigant is compelled to wade through expensive delays. Any irresponsible individual may sue, even though he has no cause of action. The shyster can harrass, and the high-toned lawyer can tie up indefinitely any large interest, and generations may pass away before a decision is reached. The estates of dead men or women are immediately pounced upon, and the volume of legal talent who line up the ranks is measured by the amount of money left to heirs, who may grow gray in wrestling for their rights. The Blythe estate, the Fair estate, the Jessup estate, the Barron estate, and now comes the Piper estate, and the Townsend estate—all fair examples of how the law protects the citizen, dead or alive.

We may pass on to the profession of medicine, once respected and deferred to by all good laymen, but since its advent into politics, as unreliable as any other wire-pulling branch of office-seekers. We see the reckless craze for patronage as shown by our reform Board of Health, who commence their labors crying wolf in Chinatown. Their first assault, by the consent of the Mayor, was $7500 worth of politicians authorized to draw on the treasury in the interest of the dear people's health. The second and crowning glory was the loud-sounding alarm of plague. Ah, now we have the key to the city's strong box. Who will dare question our opinion. We have the suffix M. D., and we are of the class of two-year-olds. And great was the movement of these profound medical men who pronounced the existence of plague in Chinatown—and not one of these wise men ever saw a case.

But here was another excellent chance to tap the treasury, and 150 stalwart politicians who were immunes to plague, were centered in the heart of the quarantine district to watch the flight of the deadly germ. The learned M. D.'s flitted about and looked wise, held meetings, and officially declared the existence of Bubonic Plague. They were clumsy in their proceedings, and while they were reckless of the heavy loss they were inflicting on this city, the very rawness of their acts aroused the people, the court listened to the cry for help from these destroyers of the public weal, and they were knocked out in the first round. But their official tongue kept wagging, and the Governor took a hand and exposed their shameful acts. His investigation was conclusive, but the crowning evidence is the unrefuted fact that in all these five months the death rate in Chinatown has been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.

INDIAN BASKETRY AND RELIGION.

HOW I OBTAINED A VALUABLE SPECIMEN.

ALLAN SEYMOUR.

THE Indian basket of the present day has come to be almost solely an article of commerce, made for barter only. Every true collector recognizes the rarity and value of a basket not made for sale alone. Recently I was fortunate enough to acquire such a basket, and under circumstances which were peculiarly interesting.

The origin of the Indian basket was, of course, the desire for a receptacle. It was first a leaf, then several woven together. The weaving became closer, and the material finer and finer, until the baskets became water-tight and were even used for cooking liquids. At the present day you sometimes see them used to hold such liquids as acorn soup and game stew, although the cooking is done in an iron pot. So thorough has been the search for the finely woven water-tight basket of olden times, that the Indians have practically none of them left. On those now made the work is shirked, both on account of haste to get the purchase price, and because it is no longer necessary to make them durable or water-tight for use, cheap tin dishes having taken their place.

When the basket was still in its crude stage, two of the strongest instincts of femininity were brought into play—decoration and display. When weaving a basket it was but little extra work to relieve its monotonous tone by an occasional touch of color, and what more natural than that these spots of color should be given the form of the tribal symbols. This was so fully and prettily written of by Professor James in your issue of August, 1899, that I need not say more of it. The squaw, like her more highly civilized sister, was desirous that her table furniture, if one may call it so, should excel her neighbor's. As a result, the finer baskets show designs both symmetrical and artistic, aside from their symbolic interest.

Some time since, while driving in the mountains of Yolo County, California, I stopped at a rancheria of Digger Indians, and inquired for baskets. The squaws, in their stolid manner, showed me a number of ordinary ones, of which I purchased two. Upon asking for older and better ones, I was told the chief might have some, but was away hunting. We had driven on half a mile, when we saw an Indian sitting under a tree on the hillside, and my driver, who knew him, said it was the chief. Hailing him and telling of my interest in baskets, he agreed, if I would drive back, to show me some. Reaching the camp, he unlocked the medicine lodge or temple, a rough shanty some ten feet square, made of poles and odds and ends of lumber. The floor was of packed dirt and there were no openings except the door, and even that was protected by a vestibule four feet square. In the center was a strong pole draped with various insignia, and about the walls hung the gayly-colored calico costumes worn in their rites. The room is used as a storehouse as well as church, and I was shown a number of baskets, but all alarmingly new and common After some talk, in which I was as affable as possible, the chief finally produced, from a small, locked box, a basket with which I at once fell in love, although told it was not for sale. It was small, only eight inches across, finely woven, water-tight, and perfectly finished on the inside. The photograph utterly fails to show its beauty. The sides are entirely covered with the finest of feathers. The upper, middle and lowest bands are of brightest red from the small spot on the male blackbird's wing, and the two intermediate stripes are of bright, bronze green from the breast of a small, local bird. Scores of birds were necessary to furnish these feathers. About the upper edge are sixty pieces of Indian shell money, and from the thirty-three bead pendants hang fifty-five pieces of abalone-shell money. The actual value of this money is about ten dollars. In the center of the bottom is a thin disk of abalone shell as large as a dollar, with small holes drilled about its outer edge into which the basket is woven.

Having learned the value of indifference and patience in Indian trading, I finally induced him to name a price, which was unreasonable. A little more talking brought a lower price, which I at once snapped up, to his disgust and regret. Saying only, "You fellers wait little," he left us seated upon the floor and went out. Soon three or four of the old men of the camp came in and ranged themselves silently around the walls. Then the chief followed. In his left hand was a small, wooden whistle or "tolkah," with a long, red cord attached. In his right hand he held what looked like a broomstick eighteen inches long. This was a rattle, or "sak-ka-tah," beautifully made of elder, with the pith removed, and the sides split down to the handle. By a slight, rapid movement of the wrist it produces a sound resembling the warning of a rattlesnake.

Facing me, in the center of the room, he placed the whistle to his mouth and for several minutes blew a succession of soft, varying notes, accompanied by a continuous rattle. Then, dropping the whistle, he spent some ten minutes in chanting or intoning, always keeping up the rattle. All of this time his face and eyes were cast upward, with a look of rapt devotion, and an occasional break in his voice almost changing to a sob. I am not able to express the gravity of everyone present. Then he said, "Two times I give you basket, you no take it. Then you take it." Twice, with a long, mournful chant and an extra rattle, he advanced the basket, only to withdraw it. The third time his chant and rattle were particularly long and supplicating, and the basket was placed in my hands, and the priest became a common Indian who said "No more," and the witnesses silently filed out, leaving me to settle the material part of the transfer with the chief who remained.

I fear my reader will accuse me of falsely heading this article, and I really find it impossible to give, in cold black and white, the reasons for the impression I gained, but it was first caused by the solemnity of the ceremony at which I assisted, and strengthened by what I learned at my stopping-place that night.

Some time before, one of the young ladies, while riding near the rancheria, had noticed a gathering of the Indians, apparently celebrating some of their rites. Silently approaching the circle, in which stood the chief and medicine man, she found they were, with much low-toned chanting, passing from hand to hand my basket, filled with some white, powdered substance, of which each partook in turn, after a short petition addressed to the sky. As soon as she was seen the basket was hastily hidden, and no Indian moved or spoke until she had passed. She has since been unable to learn what they were doing, although knowing some of them well.

I have tried to find out from the chief what was the significance or use of the basket, but could only learn that it was an object of reverence with the tribe, and could only be disposed of with the sanction and blessing of the Great Spirit, and in no case could I have obtained it unless he had been convinced from my talk that I was a "strong captain." I must always keep it and it would bring me much fortune, and upon my death, if buried with me, would assure an immediate and auspicious entrance into the Happy Hunting Ground.

It seems to me not improbable that the interrupted ceremony was somewhat analogous to our Christian communion, and the basket similar to our "holy vessel." Like the Alaskan Indians, the Californian Diggers freely answer questions as to their signs and religions, but always give different explanations, and I believe never a correct one. I think that if properly followed up, the study of this subject might lead to interesting information upon the hitherto little understood Indian worship of the Pacific Coast.

The Cowboy and the Automobile.

Even if the automobile were adopted to the rounding up of cattle on the plains of Texas or any other plains, the idea of introducing that vehicle upon the cattle range calls for a vigorous protest. Cattle being rounded up by automobiles, forsooth! It would be far less deplorable if the cowboys should take a notion to wear Scotch kilts, grow Dundreary whiskers and affect British fatigue cap, which are nothing more than tiny cloth disks tied on one side of the head with enormous leather chin straps.

The American people would rather drop their h's or eat garlic, or kiss each other on both cheeks than give up the American cowboy. He has become a national figure. Uncle Sam and George Washington are no more established as symbols of freedom than the cowboy with his sombrero and leather trousers and his bucking bronco and ever ready pistol. He is needed to furnish regiments for Colonel Roosevelt and to make himself useful in the newspapers which are illustrated by Frederic Remington. The cowboy and William Jennings Bryan are the two most famous things in the West, and, of all American institutions the cowboy is the most universally respected by those who do not know him.

The yarn that comes from New York, that a large order of automobiles has been contracted for, by ranchmen in Texas, would be a national calamity if true, and, for this reason, would be a proper subject for legislation to protect the native features of American life from destruction. Fortunately for the preservation of the cowboy, the automobile is poorly adopted to rounding up of cattle. It would be a dangerous experiment to lasso a steer from an electric cab, for the automobile, unable to plant its forefeet in the ground like the cowboy's pony, would certainly be bowled over by the wild struggle of the steer.

As a joke, no doubt, the cowboy would take to the automobile and Scotch whisky. But suppose, also the scheme should work, and, slowly but surely, the cowboy would be displaced by commonplace persons who do not drink red-eye, nor carry pistols, nor wear high-heeled boots? Perish the thought! The extinction of the cowboy cannot even be contemplated. The American people might as well be annexed to Canada and become subjects of the British crown.

HOW THE P. P. P.'s INJURE SAN FRANCISCO.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.

less than that for many years past. One need go no further in his search to convince the most skeptical that there never was a single case of plague within this city's limits. The greatest bacteriologist in the State has so declared in his report to the Governor. But we do not want the opinion of scientists or any other so-called learned men. The health of the district is the *proof that cannot be gainsaid*. So much for this end of the professions, and this last effort to crush the industries of this State and city has opened the eyes of the people to the danger of placing faith in the methods of political medical practitioners. They are as deep in political trickery as any other branch, with the added egotism of professional ethics.

W. J. B.

SIDE LINES

[Under the heading of "Side Lines" THE TRAVELER inaugurates a new department. It is our intention to publish *individual experiences* of either an interesting or humorous character. But we require that they be strictly ORIGINAL, and never before published. We invite our readers to contribute to this department under these rules, and all clever and accepted "storiettes" will be published. They may be brief, but must not exceed 200 words—shorter items preferable.—ED.]

James P. Dockery, the well-known citizen whose erstwhile business it was to terrorize the milkmen of this town, is enthusiastic on the subject of Belgian hares. Everything relating to the industry is interesting to him; and so, when he met an acquaintance of his the other day who buttonholed him with the following announcement, Mr. Dockery was impressed immediately. Said the friend:

"Dockery, I saw something yesterday that lays over anything *you* ever saw in the Belgian line."

"And what was it?" queried Dockery.

"A Belgian hair four feet long."

"Good guns, you don't say so!" exclaimed Dockery. "Where was it?"

"On the head of a Belgian woman."

Of course the drinks were on Dockery. F. M. D.

* * * * *

Here is a hard one on Mayor Phelan:

In that section of the city to the north of the German Hospital and just east of Buena Vista Hill is a patch of ground some two blocks long and half a block wide, belonging to San Francisco and directly within the jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners. From one end to the other the patch has been covered these many months with stacks of broken rock, for use in paving. In fact, the ground has been merely a sort of dumping-place for countless tons of rocky material.

Now the patch is the site of a future park; a baby park which the residents of that locality are naturally very desirous of seeing improved a la Golden Gate Park, but the Commissioners do not share their enthusiasm, and therefore have flatly refused to touch the property unless the owners thereabouts would subscribe $1000 to add to the $5000 which the city says is needed to do the work of beautifying. So the property owners recently dug up the "thou," and held a meeting to discuss the naming of the park baby.

A number of such high-sounding names were suggested as "Washington" park, "Yosemite" park, "Garfield," etc., but each was objected to as being altogether out of proportion to the smallest park in San Francisco. Finally a man arose and proposed the adoption of the name of "Phelan."

Protestations were loud, and the move was not seconded.

"I object," declared one, "to having politics introduced into this meeting."

The Phelan man again rose.

"Gentlemen," he stated, "it is not my desire to bring politics into this body. In fact, I am opposed to such action. But I have heard objections made to every name so far proposed, on the ground that it was too large, too impressive. So I thought I would propose for the smallest park in San Francisco the name of the smallest citizen—and if it ain't Phelan, what is it?"

Then the meeting adjourned *sine die* to the corner grocery. J. M. D.

* * * * *

The conductor chipped in. Said he: "I was a freight brakeman at the time, front man, an' was runnin' between San Francisco an' Sacramento. One night I was called to go out on an extra, an', findin' th' train all made up when I got down to th' yard, I went to th' round-house an' let th' engine out. As she was backin' down to th' train, I ran to th' head car an' fixed th' link an' pin to make th' couplin' an' was just signalin' th' engineer to come slow, when 'swish,' somethin' came past my head. Duckin' down an' lookin' up, I saw by the dim light of my lantern somethin' long an' black wavin' an' writhin' like a big snake just above my head; an' maybe you think I didn't get away from that car, lively.

"Seein' me run, th' engineer stopped, an' I told him what was the matter. He an' the fireman got out with their torches, an' goin' to th' car, we saw that it was an elephant's trunk that had scared me; th' animal was in th' car, reachin' it out through th' little end door. Th' conductor came up just then an' told us that we had a circus train, but that didn't help us to get th' engine coupled on; every time one of us would go near his car, down would come th' elephant's trunk, scarin' us away, an' it looked like we never would get started. At last we found the animal's keeper, an' he made him take his trunk inside the car.

"Couplin' on, we started all right, then, an' jogged along four or five hours, when th' engineer found th' water gettin' mighty low in th' boiler, an' that th' tender was empty. Feelin' sure that th' tender had sprung a leak somewhere, he stopped th' train, an' we were huntin' for th' leak, when 'swish, slap,' came a stream of water from somewhere in th' dark, drenchin' me an' puttin' out th' engineer's torch. It was that fool elephant again; he had found the man-hole in th' tender, an', it bein' a hot night, had drawn out every drop of our water, an' squirted it over himself to get cool, all except th' last trunkful, which I got over me. Besides that, he had taken th' heavy replacin'-frogs an' wreckin'-chains, an' th' fireman's rake an' extra shovel off th' tender, an' thrown them away.

"Th' engine didn't have steam enough to take it to th' nearest tank, so there we were with a dead train on our hands, thirty miles from anywhere, an' breakfast time not far away. Maybe we didn't tell that elephant what we thought of him. When I got through talkin' to him, I walked eight miles to the nearest telegraph office an' reported to th' superintendent, an' in an hour or so another engine came an' took us on into Sacramento." E. B. W.

* * * * *

This is a hard-luck story, and, of course, there's a woman at the bottom of it.

The man in the case is a popular member of local society. He is in love. Hopelessly in love. There's a hoodoo on his wooing, however, and now what might have been an interesting engagement announcement is all off.

He first met the girl who charmed him at a party. The hoodoo got in its deadly work not ten minutes after the introduction. They were waltzing, when, by one of those little accidents common in a crowded ballroom, a rapidly revolving couple, whirling past them, disturbed his balance sufficiently to cause his feet to become entangled in his partner's gown. The result was such a wreck of chiffon and lace that the girl had to call her carriage and be taken home.

The first time he had the pleasure of acting as her escort was when a crowd of society people visited the Chutes. When they shot the chutes she gave him her sealskin cape to take care of, and its silk lining was ruined by the spray when they struck the lake. As upon the previous unlucky occasion the girl smiled sweetly, protested that it didn't matter, and accepted an invitation to see the Henry Miller Company the following week.

They boarded the dummy of a Haight-street car the night they started for the theater, it being a warm evening and the girl having expressed a preference for sitting outside. At the junction the car collided with a milk wagon. The milk wagon was heavily charged with lacteal fluid. In the mix-up that ensued, the milk poured like a waterspout from somersaulting cans, down their necks, utterly drenching them from head to foot. They went to no theater that night. Nor does he dare ask her to go anywhere with him any more.

Thus may a wicked hoodoo blast the romantic happiness of budding love by mean methods all its own. S. G. G.

* * * * *

It takes a woman to swat another woman with neat and deadly sureness—that is, when it comes to honeyed speech that has a drop of gall and wormwood in it.

An incident illustrating female fiendishness in clawing one another up the back occurred recently behind the scenes of the Orpheum.

The occasion was the meeting of two vaudeville "song-birds," the famous Camille d'Arville, who has come west to marry, and Bessie Blitz Paxton, who was obliged to forsake society, and go on the stage to earn a living. The ladies were formally introduced. They eyed one another critically, as stage stars are prone to do.

"Charmed, I am sure," chirped the divinely-voiced d'Arville. "I enjoyed your singing. Really, you have quite a pretty voice."

The Paxton's feathers were, of course, instantly ruffled the wrong way at being thus patronized by a woman so much more renowned than herself. But, being feminine, she immediately had revenge.

"So sweet of you to say so," she twittered amiably. "I can fully return the compliment. You sing as delightfully as you used to when I first heard you, *years* and *years* ago, when I was a very little girl!"

Tableau! F. H.

* * * * *

Since the advent of the Belgian hare, the beast has been the subject of more than one humorous "diatribe." But here is a new one, just come to light, and it is a mooted question whether his hare-ness will feel either disgusted or flattered at its publication:

Mr. Redemeyer, the genial host of Vichy Springs, is a practical joker. One of the Eastern visitors to his resort last month was a lady tenderfoot, who had never been west before. While enjoying the refreshing waters at the spring one day, she noticed a donkey—a young burro of the common variety—munching at some grass a few yards away.

"Oh, what is that?" she enquired interestedly of Mr. Redemeyer.

"A Belgian hare," shamelessly replied that gentleman.

The lady tenderfoot dropped a dipper in her surprise.

"Dear, dear!" she exclaimed, "how large they grow in California!"

W. P.

* * * * *

It would be mean to tell the girl's name, so I will withhold it. Sufficient to say that she is a San Francisco girl who had a pun sprung unexpectedly upon her, and in her endeavor to get even by springing the joke on somebody else, missed the point by a slip of the tongue.

"What is the largest animal in the world?" had been the question asked her.

It seemed an innocent enough query, so she promptly fell into the joker's trap by responding:

"I don't know—do you?"

"Yes—the Oakland mole," was the answer.

"Oh, how clever!" she exclaimed.

That evening, at a party, she was the bright, particular star of attraction. She was in gay spirits for she had made another girl furiously jealous. During a temporary lull in the conversation she remembered the joke. What an excellent opportunity to make an impression as a wit!

"I am asking for information," she said to the assembled company. "What is the largest animal in the world?"

Everybody guessed wrong, of course.

"Well?" they finally interrogated.

The girl smiled triumphantly.

"The largest animal in the world," she replied, "is the Oakland pier."

A dead silence followed.

The joke fell flatter than a boarding-house pancake.

Then, with many confused blushes, she was obliged to explain her mistake of words. And nobody was so pleased over the blunder as the girl who had been jealous of her all the evening. It was *her* turn to gloat. R. H.

SHABBY SALARIES OF OUR PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

ADELBERT H. STEELE, in *Gunton's Magazine.*

TO those who have given attention to this subject it is well known that the salaries now paid to most of our public officers are insufficient to defray their actual living expenses at their posts of duty, leaving nothing for their services. It is also as remarkable as it is surprising that notwithstanding our phenomenal increase in population and wealth there has been but one increase in the salary of the President and the Vice-President since the organization of the Government in 1789, and no increase whatever in the salaries of cabinet officers since 1853, of members of Congress since 1866, of judges of the Supreme Court of the United States since 1873, nor in the diplomatic service since 1856. When we consider the condition of the country in 1789, the state of society, the enormous national debt of $22.50 per capita, the condition of the treasury, and the high purchasing power of *real* money, the salaries then authorized appear liberal when compared with those paid to-day.

For purposes of comparison let us note some of the salaries now paid by England, France, Germany, and Russia, and several of the smaller nations, for the same or similar services:

Executive Salaries.	Cabinet Officers.	Ambassadors to the U. S.	Judges.
ENGLAND: The Queen $1,925,000	$25,000	$32 500	Lord High Chancellor, $50,000; Lord Chief Justice, $40,000.
FRANCE: The President 240,000	12,000	28,000	Court of Cassation, $5000 to $8000 and an allowance for expenses.
GERMANY: The Emp'r 3,852,370	Imperial Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs, $23,000 11,500	23,000	From $2500 to $23,000.
RUSSIA: The Czar 12,000,000	Imperial Minister of Foreign Affairs, $15,288	31,200	Officers called senators constitute highest court in Russia: salaries, $3600 to $6500.
SPAIN: The King 2,000,000			
GREECE: The King 200,000			
MEXICO: The President 50,000	$15,000		
CANADA: The Gov.-Gen. 50,000	7000 to 8000		

Our wealth is nearly equal to the combined wealth of England and Russia, of England and Germany, and exceeds that of France and Russia, or of Germany and Russia, and nearly equals that of Russia, Austria, Italy, and Spain combined. Our annual revenue now exceeds $600,000,000, a greater sum than the entire value of all the property in the country at the organization of the Government. Our net national debt is now a little less than $1,500,000,000; per capita, 1890, $14.63. This indebtedness per capita is less than half of that of England, Germany, or Russia, and less than a quarter that of France. There is no reason, therefore why our public officers of the people should not be paid just and reasonable salaries.

The American people are evidently very fond of chocolate, for there are about twelve million pounds of the commodity consumed in the United States annually. Two-thirds of the chocolate imported into this country is purchased by chocolate manufacturers in Massachusetts and the rest is distributed among the numerous candy firms in New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere. There are three principal grades of chocolate, which are known in the trade as the Caracas, the French and the German. Of these three varieties the Caracas is considered the best. The color of Caracas chocolate is a pale brown.

THE CHINESE MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

One of the most notable and interesting figures at the national capital is Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to America, Spain and Peru. Not only is his "sphere of influence" remarkably wide, but he is himself a man of very varied and unusual attainments. He uses the English language forcibly and accurately, and is known as one of the best after-dinner speakers in Washington. He is a graduate of the University of Oxford; a lawyer, and has held several important posts under the Chinese Government, having been a director of the Chinese Railway, and also of the University of Tien-Tsin. He was appointed to his post at Washington because of his knowledge of the English language and legal system. Before he left China for this country, he was entertained at a great banquet by the merchants of Hongkong, and received from his hosts an address complimenting him on his appointment, and expressing the highest opinion of his talents and knowledge.

He left Hongkong in the steamer *Gaelic*, and touched at Honolulu, but was not allowed to land there, perhaps because President Dole was afraid that

WU TING FANG, CHINESE MINISTER.
From his latest photograph.

he might try to negotiate a treaty with Hawaii, as Wu Ting Fang humorously explained the matter.

He reached San Francisco on Sunday, April 11th, accompanied by the members of the Legation and a suite, numbering, in all, twenty-five persons. His wife, a woman with remarkably small feet, was with him. During his stay in this city he was visited by all the leading Chinamen, and used his influence to bring about a settlement of the feud between the Sam Yups and the See Yups. He was, of course, called on by the ubiquitous reporter, but the ingenuous young men deputed to interview the wily Oriental and accomplished man of the world, discovered that they were quite unequal to the task. They found themselves being interviewed, though it must have puzzled even so brilliant a man as Wu Ting Fang to extract anything of value from them. It is quite certain that he regarded them as impertinent children, who may indeed sometimes ask questions that it is not convenient to answer, but who are easily got rid of by asking them questions in turn. Minister Wu was clever enough to ascertain a few facts about the Stanford University, and to make good use of these during the visit he paid to that institution. He is a great admirer of that consummate old rascal, Li Hung Chang, and is of the opinion that it is not wise on the part of the United States to exclude Chinamen, an interchange of ideas with whom might considerably enlighten the American public man. Altogether, the Chinese minister is a man of striking intelligence, unusual attainments, and wide knowledge of the world, and is far more than a match for the home-bred politicians with whom he chiefly comes in contact at Washington.

CALIFORNIA CONTRASTED CLIMATICALLY.

Meteorology relates to the phenomena of the atmosphere; of its heat, moisture, of clouds, storms or any commotion in our skies. We will dwell briefly upon the condition of these agencies here and elsewhere.

It is quite well known that the climate east of the Rocky Mountains is marked by very strong characteristics that do not exist on the Pacific Slope, and more particularly the South Pacific Slope. The most noticeable difference, especially to persons of weak lungs, is the buoyancy of the air. Such persons breathe easier, except in crossing the higher altitudes, such as at Marshall Pass on the D. & R. G. R. R. and Sherman on the U. P., the former 10,500, the latter 8200 feet. At such elevations many persons suffer from headache, nose bleeding and palpitation of the heart, etc.; the full action of the lungs is impeded. I have crossed the Rocky Mountains on the Colorado Midland R. R., at an elevation of 15,000 feet and not experienced any discomfort, save the inability to draw a long, deep breath.

By the way, the highest inhabited elevation is 15,635 feet, or nearly three miles. This is in Peru.

Have you ever noticed in coming from the East to California in the summer, the marked difference between the temperature in the sun and the shade. You walk along the sunny side of the street, it is hot; on the shady side, it is quite cool. It is not so in the Eastern States. The explanation is a simple one. In this country during the summer there is a very small quantity of moisture in the air; evaporation is very rapid. In the East and South, the air is charged with moisture. This becomes heated and being continually in motion finds its way into the shade as well as the sun; in fact, you can scarcely find a cool place when the temperature is up to 90 degrees, but in California we can put up with 100 degrees without discomfort. The air in one case is full of heated vapor that hangs like a blanket over everything, producing what is called sultry, lazy days; a sort of clammy, fly-paper weather. In the other case, you have a clear, dry, light air that conduces to activity.

Now, another feature worthy of note in our climate is our cool nights. Throughout almost every section of the coast this comfortable condition of things exists, but those of you who have lived East will recollect that many of the summer nights were as uncomfortable as the days.

This is explained as follows: In a dry atmosphere, where evaporation is rapid, radiation is also rapid, that is, the heat that is absorbed by the earth during the day radiates or rises and scatters very rapidly, when the sun is gone. In the East the opposite is the case. The moist, sluggish atmosphere prevents this heat from rising rapidly; hence, the earth and all things upon it retains this heat to a large extent.

Mrs. Byrl—I saw that young Mr. De Liverus last evening and as usual he was drunk.

Mr. Byrl—Never, dearest, say that a man is drunk.

Mrs. Byrl—He was simply and plainly drunk. What else could you say?

Mr. Byrl—In the science of methynology, that is, the noble art of drinking, multiple and divers are the expressions to signify man's capacity and incapacity. A man may be intoxicated, inebriated, tipsy, full, loaded, jagged, tight, topheavy, half-shot, tanked-up, foggy, hazy, dizzy, dopy, paralyzed, stiff, mellow, half-gone, overcome, overtaken, corned, primed, elevated, happy, boozy, or groggy.

"Or, my dear, he may be half seas-over, three sheets in the wind, off his trolley, dead to the world, or weak on his pins.

"Or he may have a jag on, a load on, a skate on, or a load of peaches. Or——" But Mrs. Byrl had fled.

CAT FASHION AND FANCY.

MRS. C. E. MARTLING,
PRESIDENT PACIFIC CAT CLUB.

THERE is now in the City of the Golden Gate; in that State so bountifully endowed by Nature with beauty of mountain, forest and stream; in the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers, other beauties that will be fostered, for the Angora, that most distinguished and magnificent of feline creation, has captivated its citizens, and the Pacific Cat Club, of San Francisco, has become an established fact.

On the seventeenth of July a number of enthusiastic ladies met in the parlors of a down town hotel, and organized the Club, with the following officers: President, Mrs. C. E. Martling; Vice-President, Mrs. A. H. Hoag; Recording Secretary; Mrs. A. H. Brod; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. D. Robinson; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Hildebrand.

Many prominent people of the State have become identified with the work, which promises to rival in importance that of some of its famous prototypes. The policy of the association will be broad and liberal, and its field will embrace the entire far-western section of America. Cat lovers therein will be generally invited to become members and co-workers. It is the purpose of the Club to encourage the breeding and selection of fine stock, to found a Cat Hospital and Refuge, and to bench an annual show on most approved lines.

During the last few years, through direct importations and purchases from well-known Eastern kennels, this coast has become the home of many fine specimens of the *felis domesticus*. Among those owned by members of the Pacific Cat Club is "Fluff," a pure white, blue-eyed Angora, who tips the scales at twenty-five pounds. He is the grandson of "Captain Jinks," valued at $1000. "Fluff" is an amiable fellow, obedient and kind to children, with a strain of sporting blood in his veins, and is owned by Mrs. Allan Abbott.

"Friskerina," "Muggins," and "Trixy," gifts from Mrs. Abbott, formed the nucleus of Mrs. A. H. Hoags' present kennels of twenty-eight cats. In this superb collection of feline aristocrats, are two royal Siamese cats named "Rowdy" and "Sikh." Although of royal lineage, "Sikh" was born in this country, but about "Rowdy" hangs a veil of romance, shadowing visions of Oriental palaces, groves of palms, and of the

"FLUFF," OWNED BY MRS. ABBOTT.

silently flowing rivers of Indo-China. For it is said that "Rowdy" is of the palace breed of royal cats of Siam, and was spirited away from the Bankok Palace.

Another direct importation is "Buster," a pure white male Angora with amber eyes, a splendid youngster of two years, who has already attracted considerable attention in the world of cat fancy.

And "White Muggins," "the Great"—for in size he merits this appellation, being the largest breeding cat in the West, if not in the entire United States; he, also, is white, with amber eyes. Worthy of mention is "Friskerina," a buff and black tiger, with green eyes "Friskerina" is the daughter of "Captain Jinks," of the world-famous Johnson collection, and a sister of Mrs. Abbott's "Fluff." Then comes "Blue Pet," a son of "Blue Tom," directly imported by Prince Poniatowski from prize winning London stock.

Mrs. Hoag is the proud possessor of the "Cattery," the largest and best appointed kennels on the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. A. H. Brod is the owner of "Middy," a white Angora with magnificent amber eyes, descended from "Cinderella" and "Apollo," in turn descended from, the "Duke of Hawthorne," of Chrystal Palace, London, fame. "Middy" is a much pampered kit, the pride of his owner and a wide circle of admirers. He is distinguished by a superb coat of long, silky hair.

Mrs. C. E. Martling's Beach Hill kennels is the home of "Omar," a magnificent, pure white Angora, lithe and low and long of body, with a wealth of silky coat of ruff and plume. Like the great Caliph of Bagdad, from whom he is named, "Omar" constantly strives to render absolute his sway as ruler in his sphere by planning and nimbly executing forays against his neighbors, so that constant warfare has thus far marked his reign. From a fancier's standpoint, "Omar" is a worthy scion of his distinguished father, "Royal," the winner of many prizes, and the purest of his type in the world. "Royal" is the property of Mrs. Leland Norton, of Chicago, and is valued at $2500.

At Beach Hill kennels are large cats and small cats, purring mother cats and tumbling kittens; cats of all colors, among which is "Pansy." Her rich coat is beautiful in varied tints, as the flower from which she

"QUAKER," CHURCHILLA ANGORA. Beach Hill Kennels.

is named; graceful and petite, a delightful little creature in whose pretty ways high birth has left its unmistakable mark. She is of the Spanish tortoise breed, daughter of the noted French-red Angora, "Don Quixotte," first and special prize-winner, and of "Nuna," a black Persian prize-winner. Then there is "Posey," a wriggling wonder in buff and white, and "Sandy," an Angora of that exceptionally rare color, a bright orange.

Pussy has many good qualities. We are taught that it has ever been the fashion to fancy cats. Many fads in pet stock have come and gone, but the cat, from remote antiquity, has been a fireside companion and household pet. But now Pussy has taken to itself added dignity; cat fancy has become the fashion, and Pussy is an inmate of my lady's drawing-room and an object of her tender care.

The club enrolled 42 members at the second meeting one month from date of organization and a long list is in line for election at the next meeting. Articles of incorporation have been filed, a stud book opened and a series of receptions inaugurated, including an exhibition of stock. The first of these took place August 30th at the home of Mrs. A. H. Brod. Many fine specimens were exhibited, including the only Siamese stock on the coast. It is the intention of the club to continue these receptions throughout the coming winter for the benefit of club members and their friends.

There has also been some active work done towards establishing a refuge and hospital, this being the prime object and ambition of the club.

A MOUNTAIN THAT MAGNIFIES.

J. MAYNE BALTIMORE.

The Pacific Northwest abounds in natural wonders. Situated in Spokane County, Washington, is a high and somewhat rugged mountain which possesses a very peculiar feature—that of magnifying objects along its sides and summits.

This elevation is known as "Moran Mountain." In altitude, it is about 1000 feet above the level of the valley, and probably 4000 feet above tide waters. Moran Mountain is not isolated, but is connected with

F. O. Bratton, Photo.

"MIDDY," OWNED BY MRS. A. H. BROD.

another short chain. The western and southern sides of Moran Mountain are comparatively treeless. Only a sparse growth of stunted pines and occasional small clumps of underbrush clothe those sides of the elevation. Around the southern and western base of this peculiar mountain, extend high, rolling, open plains—a sort of elevated plateau.

That the mountain has the remarkable power of magnifying objects seen along the timberless sides, is beyond question. This very peculiar feature has been observed and noted by a great many persons.

Cattle and horses seen at the distance of two or three miles, appear as large as if only a few hundred yards away. When the distance is considered, the effect is startling. Cowboys, when seen galloping along the mountain's side, rounding up the droves, are greatly magnified, and appear unnatural. Another peculiarity of the mountain is that the rocks and declivities on its sides are not magnified at all.

The cause of this remarkable effect is a mystery. The most natural theory advanced is that the magnifying power must be due to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere. Objects appear larger and clearer early in the morning and at twilight if the sky is cloudless.

The electric massage roller is a small roller with a handle attached to a wire connected with an electric battery. The idea is that of a combination of the principles of elecricity and massage. Primarily the purpose of the electric roller is to discourage unwelcome plumpness which it is said to accomplish with great certainty.

With this in view the roller is made in three sizes, the largest to reduce the hips, the medium size to smooth out double chins, or extra plumpness of the face or neck, and the smallest size to apply to the eyelids.

In the latter case the object is, of course, purely to do away with wrinkles, which magic gift is only second in importance to the artificial creation of slenderness.

But for that matter, the women who use the roller declare that it is able to produce plumpness as well as slenderness—that it makes wrinkles and hollows impossible, a loose or flabby skin out of the question, unsymmetrical outlines no longer necessary.

OUR THEATERS.

THE Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. is no advocate of theaters. It would surprise us if he were. It is not expected that Y. M. C. A. officers should aid and abet and in any way encourage the stage. Their business is to boom the churches, not the theaters. But in obeying the commands of his calling, Mr. McCoy, the present Secretary, has seen fit to condemn the sirens of the stage who win out because they go comparatively clothesless before the footlights. He declares that if stage women wore a proper amount of garments the theaters would go out of business.

Perhaps, Mr. McCoy, perhaps.

But no amount of scolding on the part of Y. M. C. A. workers, no amount of condemnation from the pulpit, will make the slightest difference in the case. The world is as we find it—it is not to be reformed this year or next year or within the next hundred years. There will always be very moral people who will be horrified by the actions and preferences of other people not so good as they, in the strictly scriptural sense of the word. The standard of goodness is so different, from different points of view.

What's going to be done about it?

Nothing.

Calm your conscientious, troubled soul, Secretary McCoy. You are a good man and an efficient officer in the Lord's army. But you shouldn't get excited about these matters. Really, it is so useless! Keep your flock together—your flock that wouldn't for the world go to the theater that the rest of us enjoy—and let us amusement-loving sinners, who work so hard all day that we would sometimes go quite to pieces through sheer nervousness if we didn't find welcome relaxation at the theater, please, please let us alone. You can't save us. We don't want to be saved from the theater.

The Orpheum continues to be jammed each night to the doors. This week the new people are Howe, Wall and Walters; Mansfield and Wilbur; Westman and Wren and Frances Keplar. The especially attractive feature of the bill will be the Toscarys, the Orpheum's latest importation from Europe. Holdovers are the Newsky Troupe, Caroline Hull, Arnim and Wagner.

GERTRUDE MANSFIELD

One of the Orpheum's new attractions.

After a revival of "Sapho" at the Alcazar and a duplicate dose at the Grand Opera House the same week, the former house is producing "Frou Frou." The Florence Roberts season is still on, with White Whittlesey the star's support.

The Tivoli's season of grand opera is deservedly successful. "Tannhauser" was given a really fine production last week. Right here I desire to compliment Mr. Hirshfeld upon his splendid work with the score of that opera. It has never been more artistically rendered in San Francisco. Anna Lichter, as the love goddess, gave evidence of unusual dramatic power and feeling.

Perhaps the best thing done by the Miller Company is "The Only Way," a strong melodrama in which "A Tale of Two Cities" has been adapted by Freeman Wills in a powerful play such as we too seldom have the privilege of seeing. A faultless play as to lines and construction, stage setting, costumes and—I do not intentionally place it last—acting. The Henry Miller Company has the best caste as to men that I have yet seen in one theatrical organization.

The path leading locally to the stage has been broadened by the formation of a school of acting to consolidate with the Tivoli. Leo Cooper has the school in charge, and will continue to turn out batches of aspirants for stage honors, with the Tivoli as a business partner. Students of opera will be guaranteed positions at the Tivoli in ensemble or solo work, and recommended to operatic managers.

I am inconsolable because we are to be bereft of the Henry Miller Company. The engagement closes Saturday night, September 1st. It has been a record-breaker in point of attendance. During the ten weeks, nine different plays have been presented. Gottlob, Marx & Co. have given the public as fine an attraction as could be asked of any theatrical managers. Wise G. M. & Co.

The regular combination season at the Columbia will be inaugurated the night of Monday, the 3d, with the Clay Clement-L. R. Stockwell Company in an adaptation of Dickens' and Wilkie Collins' "No Thoroughfare," called "A Great Obstacle."

And here is a horoscope of what is coming to the Columbia later in the season: Frank Daniels in his new opera, "The Ameer;" Alice Neilson in "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune Teller;" Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza;" Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin; Ada Rehan in a series of her best plays; Eddie Foy in his new piece, "A Night in Town," and also Olga Nethersole and James K. Hackett.

ANNA LICHTER

In Prima Donna Roles at the Tivoli.

Minnie Madden Fiske, her press agent informs me, is coming to San Francisco this season, and will appear in "Becky Sharp."

At Fisher's the program is as good as ever. The management contrives to secure the best of vaudeville talent for the entertainment of patrons. And that is by no means an easy thing to accomplish with the Orpheum in full blast near by.

The Azzali Italian Grand Opera Company of forty-five people from the Italian Lyric Theater in Milan, via South and Central America and Mexico, will begin a six weeks' engagement at the California Theater, Saturday night, Sept. 8th. The organization comes with great acclaim, and it is said that many of the voices will prove revelations. The repertoire will include Massenet's "Manon Lescaut," "La Boheme," "La Torza del Destino," and thirty other operas.

THE BOHEMIAN.

PEARL LANDERS — Taber Photo

The Frawley Company's Ingenue, at the Grand Opera House.

Natural sleep cannot be regulated by formula. The body takes what it needs, and the necessary amount varies with the individual. Four hours is the minimum and ten hours the maximum for people in fair health. More or less is a sign that something is out of gear—usually something in the brain.

THE "TRAVELER'S" LONDON LETTER.

LATE DESIGNS IN HORSE HEAD-WEAR. THEATRICAL NOTES. WEDDING OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

LONDON, Aug. 12, 1900.

"DEAR TRAVELER": Whew! but it's hot! Ninety degrees in the sun, and enough to turn you into a broiled something or other. The torrid heat of the last few weeks has brought about several amusing innovations in the manner of living in London. Those who could afford it have left town for the seaside, and all the rest who have had to remain either for business or because they're paid for it have had to put up with a lot of queer things. It is nearly killing to see the horses wearing sun hats! The dear things look for all the world like a lot of gossiping women! And let me tell you the hats are smart, too; most of them have gaudy pompons of red or blue on the top of the pointed, pottle-shaped crown, and great holes in the brims for the ears to go through. There are all varieties, from the coster's donkey, whose hat is confectioned at home from out of the penny rush-hat that bathers in the sea affect, to the smartly-trimmed, stylish, regulation shape, beribboned and pomponned.

There were many hats trimmed with artificial roses —a la Carmen—just under the brims and over the ears, which give the dear faces quite a soubretty look.

And if horses have been humanely provided for in these awful days, the dresses worn by women are also comfortable with an eye to coolness. They are not absolutely low-necked; a compromise has been arranged by Dame Fashion, and dresses are cut low, but transparent laces or muslins are drawn up to the neck, and sleeves are also made of these transparencies. The result is deliciously cool, but there's rather one serious drawback, the neck and arms can't help getting sunburnt, and I've seen the whole of the lace pattern burnt upon the necks of many of the fair creatures—really a delicately executed tattoo!

Most of the thin dresses are beautifully trimmed in lace and insertions, but the plain back still reigns supreme. Even in Paris, Fan and I saw but few plaited backs; the bottoms of all skirts are a mass of ruffles and laces. It not only gives grace to an awkward walker, but makes the English foot much smaller. They all wear frightfully high heels, and as the skirts are all still cut very long, the feet really seem quite passable. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and an old-fashioned under sleeve protrudes from the bell just below the elbow; in fact I can remember a picture of my grandma in which she wore the present fashionable sleeve.

The bolero has never gone out, but is fashioned of all materials and laces so elaborate that they cost a small fortune in themselves.

Now that one of the Queen's sons is dead, our social season is at an end. The court is all in mourning, and but few "outsiders" will think of keeping any previous engagements. Everything is cancelled. Our dear, good managers—nit!—are giving all the companies three weeks' vacation, opening again Monday next or the week later. Only "The Casino Girl" still kicks up her heels at the Shaftsbury, and our dark-eyed Mabel Gilman scored on the very opening night, and is now the talk of the town. Such a clever girl, sweet singer and charming personality, cannot fail to please, and if Edna did air her own private views regarding the Co. and the play to some "darling press fellars," it cut no ice with Mabel, who has knocked Edna, plus her £50,000 of diamonds, into the middle of next week, to lie there until the next opportunity comes along. Mabel is now receiving the same homage and fame that Edna did, and Mrs. Gilman, *la mere*, is as happy as a lark! They are living in the flat formerly occupied by Paderewski.

The Covent Garden season is at an end, and a good thing, too. Ternina, the German Prima, has been the lucky one this season; she may be fat and cock-eyed, but what a glorious voice! She was the backbone of the performances of the "Ring," and has proved herself all thro' the season a singer gifted with emotional dramatic power. Calve came in the early part of the season, and her Carmen was undoubtedly the greatest individual performance this year. Jean de Reszke was altogether out of running order, and never finished even one performance. His greatest misfortune has overtaken him—the loss of his voice—and we may have to count without him in the future. Saleza has already taken his place, and Jean has gone to Paris to open his school of opera.

Grau is about to resign from the directorship, as his American interests will prove a richer draw for him. I can scarcely blame him, for opera at Covent Garden has been a big guessing game these last years. When London lost Sir Augustus Harris, it lost the one impressario who made opera pay, and who also ran it on artistic and musical lines.

When Grau leaves "for good," I have it on good authority that a splendid syndicate in town, which has had certain people under contract for three years or longer, will open Covent Garden again with a repertoire English Grand Opera Co., with English-speaking and English-singing artists under the baton of dear Largo, one of the best Italian conductors Europe possesses. Ah, then the good old days will come again for London, and it will awaken from its sleep as did old Rip.

So much for opera; now for any scandal I may know. The Churchill-Cornwallis-West marriage is now a thing of the past, and Lady Randolph has another son to raise, and he a silly, old fool of a woman to console himself with for the remainder of his days? She's trying her best to say it was a "love" match! Love be blowed! Lady Scratch-Me-Back took me with her to the church, where I had a splendid view of the whole shooting-match. The bride—giddy wretch!—was given away by the dear Duke of Marlborough, who had just returned from South Africa. You bet, she knew *her* business when she selected blue for her bridal color. The gown was pale blue chiffon, the skirt being finely tucked and having a deep flounce of cluny lace falling to the hem. The bodice was trimmed with white tucked tulle, with a bolero of lace, adorned with a bow of pale, blue satin, held in place by a turquoise and diamond brooch; the short sleeves were of lace with cuffs of pale, blue chiffon. She wore a toque of blue chiffon and lace, trimmed with cream roses and a long feather.

There was no reception after the ceremony, several of their separate friends being greatly displeased with the marriage. She now loses her court precedence as the widow of the younger son of a duke, by her second marriage and also the privilege of the *entree* granted her by the Queen as the widow of a Cabinet Minister. The Lord only knows what *he'll* lose by it!

There were a lot of Americans there, and all beautifully dressed; somehow or other our women carry their clothes well, for they have good, straight backs, and shoulders held squarely, and our men are so sweet and big-hearted.

And now, in closing, I'll give you a bird's eye view, as it were, of what I see. Daily papers bordered in black for the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the death of Humbert, attempted assassination of the Shah, war news from almost every nation, and coal advanced £2 a ton for the winter—really, an awful state of affairs! Is the world coming to an end? Yours, ROMA.

"Funniest experience I ever had in the auction business happened a good many years ago," said the old auctioneer with a reminiscent chuckle. "I was hired by an old farmer, who was going West, to auction off his household goods and farming utensils. I took pains to explain to the old man that a second bid on any article would bind the sale, and if he saw any thing going too cheap he had better protect himself by bidding it in.

"The attendance was large and the sale was a success. I cleaned up everything in sight and then asked if he had anything else he wanted to put up.

"'Guess that is all, unless you put up the old woman,' he answered with a grin.

"'The gentleman desires me to end the sale by putting up his wife,' said I. 'How much am I offered?'

"'Ten cents,' said a wag.

"'Fifteen!' shouted another.

"'I am offered 15—do I hear the 20?' I continued, having hard work to keep my face straight.

"'Twenty,' said someone.

"'Twenty-five,' yelled the old man, as he wildly danced about.

"A joker raised the old man, who was fast taking leave of what little sense he ever had, and then by rapid stages the bids ran up until $100 had been offered. This was the old man's bid, and there was no telling where it would have ended had not the old man at this point seized an ax and threatened to break in the head of the next man who dared to bid on his wife.

"The old man shook me by the hand after the sale was over, and thanked me for telling him to bid in anything he thought was going too cheap."

AN ENGLISH ASTORIA.

Cliveden, or Cliefden, as it was formerly called, near Maidenhead, is not only one of the most beautiful houses on the banks of the River Thames, but is further interesting to Americans as being the English home of William Waldorf Astor. The Cliefden estate originally belonged to George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, who built a mansion, and expended large sums of money in laying out the grounds and adorning them with many varieties of trees. Cliefden House was a square structure, three stories high, with a terrace 440 feet long, and with wings joined to the main building by a colonnade. To this house the Duke brought his mistress, the Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband he mortally wounded in a duel. It is said that the Countess, dressed as a page, held the Duke's horse while the duel was being fought. The Duke was so extravagant that he was not able to finish building Cliefden, and after his death, it was sold to pay his debts. Lord George Hamilton, who was afterwards created Earl of Orkney, bought it, completing the house, and adding much to the beauty of the grounds. His eldest daughter inherited it, but let it to Frederick,

CLIVEDEN, A HISTORIC MANSION ON THE THAMES, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

Prince of Wales, who for many years occupied it during the summer. The central portion is somewhat like old Somerset House in London, and harmonizes well with the wings and the terrace.

The mansion stands on an eminence above the Thames, and commands beautiful views of the river, and of the Surrey and Chiltern Hills. Here and there openings have been made through the trees, so as to give a vista of the river, or of some other point of interest. The house is approached by a straight avenue of forest trees, mixed with flowering shrubs and clumps of rhododendrons and azaleas. In summer the river is a never-failing source of interest, alive as it is with gay boating parties, and pleasure crafts of many kinds. The woods surrounding the house reach right down to the water's edge, and the lawns and gardens are of unusual beauty. All these historic associations and natural charms are now the property of an American millionaire, who appears to have forfeited the esteem of his fellow countrymen, without gaining the liking of his new compatriots.

This, That and the Other

By LILLIAN FERGUSON

The advertisements in some of the magazines make more interesting reading than the literary matter. They are nothing if not original and ingenious, not to mention their entertaining variety.

Originality and ingenuity are rare combinations in printed form. And then, these "ads" do offer themselves in the most alluring, persuasive language.

For example, I sometimes read such persuasive paragraphs as this:

"Sandow suspenders the strongest things out. Will stand 500 lbs. weight. Neatest-looking, longest-lived, most economical and satisfactory suspenders ever made. Price, only 50 cents."

Doesn't that make one long to wear suspenders?

Come to think of it, a pair of Sandows wouldn't be at all impractical to include in one's baggage, when going into the country, even though one be a woman. Think how useful they would be in trying to cross a brook with a tree overhead. All you would have to do would be to hang the things over a branch, clutch one in each hand and swing over in perfect safety.

This, of course, providing that you do not weigh more than 500 pounds.

And there's an "ad" which hysterically exclaims in large type:

"Save your old carpets!!"

A rug company then proceeds to make brilliant promises about what can be done with disreputable floor coverings by giving them a new lease of life and beauty in rug form.

Then there is this startling declaration:

"No laundry needed!"

This is supplemented by a description of reversible collars and cuffs that are finished with starch, but not washable, and supposed to be thrown away when too soiled on both sides to wear any longer.

Horrid!

And such bargains in billiard tables!

Absurdly cheap. You can get one of a certain make for only $100—worth $200. Has adjustable top, which converts it into a handsome dining table or a library table. Sold on installment plan, too, with a book showing 100 new billiard shots.

And oh, there's a brand new shaving soap that's a dream. At least, I am sure it must be, if half the ecstatic statements made concerning it are true. It is really surprising how much fine descriptive language can be used up in soapsuds.

Who would waste time reading the usual installment of inane poetry that the magazines offer, when two-thirds of the periodical's contents contain such lively advertisement material?

The publishers of a local monthly, called "Poultry and Pet Stock," declare editorially that the paper's list of paid subscribers is larger than that of any pet stock publication in the immediate vicinity.

Well, it is quite natural that they should crow about it. Quite natural.

I suppose it is only right and natural that I should suffer at the hands of the interviewer. I have made others suffer early and often in that self-same way. It's a sort of turning of the tables that the interviewer should blaze away at me—poor me, cornered and helpless.

It happened the other day in an employment office. I went there to get a housemaid who would not disdain to take a turn at plain cooking.

My interviewer was presented to me by the employment-agency manager. She was large and aggressive, with a face that still haunts me in my dreams.

"What wages do you pay," she first enquired. Then she fired these other questions at me one after another, as though she were a crack shot and I were "it"—namely, the bulls-eye:

"How many Sundays will you give me out?"

"Do you except me to clean windows?"

"You don't look for me to water the garden?"

"Do you think I'd wash clothes?"

"Will you take care of the silver yourself?"

"Can I do the marketing and other errands over the telephone?"

"How many evenings do I get to myself?"

"Have you got a girl to do the upstair's work?"

"Do you——"

But what that dreadful person would have demanded next I shall never know, for I did what none of the helpless victims whom I have interviewed during a stormy newspaper career ever did. I fled the place.

THE LITERARY POT BOILER.

"The magazines," a critic said to me,
"Are filled with rubbish done in empty rhyme;
I think that with me you will quite agree
To read such 'poems' is a waste of time.
Pray, have you ever seen rhymes any worse
Than magazines now print and call them verse?"

I looked that critic bravely in the eye.
"'Tis hard to answer you, oh, sir," I said,
"But truth compels me to confess that I
Worse rubbish e'en than that have often read.
'Impossible,' you say? Nay, sir, 'tis true enough.
I know—I know—because—I write the stuff!"

I think Anna Gould is real mean. She has allowed some, hungry, impatient creditors to seize and sell one of the Count's numerous castles at auction.

Now, this will put a damper on the matrimonial aspirations of foreign noblemen. Surely it will. If they are going to be treated like that by their rich American wives after marriage they won't marry them at all. So there!

Just see what you're doing, Anna, by your neglect of Boni. It is setting a fearfully bad example—you can't deny that. Why, it's enough to make any impecunious nobleman afraid to wed with an American heiress, if she is going to be so heartless and selfish as to let his creditors come in and gobble up the family estates, when a few paltry millions would save them from the disgrace of being sold for debt.

Oh, Anna, Anna, how could you abuse your little Boni so!

Uncle Sam is sending breakfast bacon to his soldiers in China. A quarter of a million pounds is being shipped to them. It is said to be the choicest quality obtainable. Let us hope it is. By all the shades of past army-beef scandals, let us hope that it is!

Here's a queer way of adjusting matrimonial differences and living happily ever after:

"Amos Rusie and his wife, May, who secured a divorce and $2000 alimony from him at Indianapolis in May, confessed Tuesday that they went to Marion, Tuesday, July 31st, and were married. They induced the justice of the peace to keep their union a secret; but Tuesday it was learned from relatives that the wedding was solemnized, as the Rusies later admitted. Rusie went to Indianapolis to close his business affairs there, and will return to Muncie and open a saloon. He said he is out of baseball for good. He and his wife have been living in the house which she built with the alimony awarded her in court last May."

Amos gets the benefit of the alimony by remarrying his wife. That's one way of keeping money in the family.

Are you interested in fly-casting?

If so, did you read the news wired out from Chicago that A. E Lovett, of San Francisco, had won the championship for long-distance fly-casting in the tournament held in Garfield Park?

Mr. Lovett wins the laurels enjoyed for several years by another San Franciscan, Mr. W. D. Mansfield. Never mind, Mr. Mansfield. The credit goes to California just the same. 'Rah for us!

The shirt-waist woman in Syracuse, N.Y., who wears open-work embroidery and diaphanous material in her yokes and sleeves, where opaque covering is essential, has been severely "called down" by a

JUST AS FOUND ON THE STREET.

minister in the pulpit. It seems that Syracuse swarms with yokes that make their wearers appear, at first glance, decollete.

San Francisco, this isn't your "roast." Really, it is refreshing to see another city in hot water over her blunders and her sins. All the offenders against good taste do not live on this ragged edge of the continent—thank goodness! San Francisco's transparencies in the shirt-waist line are happily few and far between.

Chalk down a credit mark for San Francisco, please.

Does education educate?

Not altogether.

This is how it didn't educate a Berkeley girl in matters that mothers of the future race should understand:

She was a co-ed, and she fell in love with a student. Both were considered remarkably bright pupils. After graduation they married.

Now, one would think that when the baby came, that Berkeley girl would know how to take at least ordinary care of it. But when the poor infant was no more than two weeks old she actually tried to feed it on iced strawberries.

You see, there was a small gathering of friends at the house, who had come to visit the baby. They had refreshments. Strawberries were on the list. The fond, young mother, to the amazement of those present, tried to poke a frozen berry down the infant's throat. The infant, very naturally, by a series of facial gymnastics, showed its dislike of that sort of diet, and emphasized matters by a prolonged wail that could have been heard in Oakland.

"For heaven's sake, what are you doing?" exclaimed another matron, of more years and better sense, and baby was spared from further feeding of frozen fruit.

Later on, the mother put baby to bed.

The guests went upstairs to see the sleeping beauty.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated one of them. "That baby has been put to bed with its clothes on!"

"Well, why not?" replied baby's mamma. "They're quite clean—I put them on only this morning."

Then and there an impromptu meeting was held, at which it was unanimously resolved that the young parent should be taken in hand and taught how to care for her offspring. It was arranged that she should spend a fortnight at once with one of the mothers present—a wise little woman, who had raised her own and the neighbors' children successfully, and be thoroughly drilled to a realization of her responsibilities.

And that is why I say that education is not altogether educational.

LOST: A LOVER.

They lingered at the moonlit gate,
"Good-night, good-by," he whispered low;
A night-bird called unto its mate;
A stray breeze wandered to and fro;
A star fell from its high estate
To warn them that the hour was late.
"'Tis sad," he breathed," to part like this;
Will you not give me one sweet kiss?"

She coldy, firmly said him nay
And turned aside her limped eyes,
Although she was a bit passe
And he the season's richest prize.
She watched him as he strode away,
And wept until the dawn of day.
But then, what girl would not have died
Than own she dotes on onions fried?

In the course of my reading I have stumbled across, and tripped up on, some peculiarly confusing words. They make me realize anew how much there is in this world and its dictionaries that I don't know.

Here is one of the words:

Dolichocephalic.

Isn't that a beautiful mixture of the alphabet? And how perfectly meaningless to the ordinary mind!

It has reference, I have learned, to a primary, undeveloped form of the human skull. Which suggests an idea:

Whenever you get real angry at somebody, you needn't use unladylike language at all, to express your wrath. Just signify your contempt by loftily declaring that the object of your displeasure has dolichocephalic characteristics. The remark will wither. It is simply unanswerable.

Or, if the necessity arises, go on to say (this with high-bred contempt, of course, for you must live up to the language you have chosen) that your enemy has brachycephalic tendencies, or a mesocephalic head.

These words are crushers. They would faze a cigar-store Indian.

There is one disadvantage, though, in pronouncing these delightfully unintelligible syllables. The listener might infer that one was merely sneezing.

Marriage now no longer debars women from teaching in the public schools of this city. This is good news for the men. The schoolma'am who can afford to support some man in the style to which he has been accustomed has only to pave the way for him toward a proposal.

AN ADVERTISING STORY.

BY SEVERAL OF THEM.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," as the trite saying goes, but perhaps among all the multifarious forms of legitimate business expenses none is more difficult to show value received than the *advertising account*.

There are three principal reasons why the skeptical man of business is prone to believe that "advertising don't pay."

First: Because sufficient care is not exercised in the *selection* of the various mediums for the character of the business to be advertised. *Circulation* is comparatively a minor consideration—or should be. Is it not wiser to advertise in a journal of say 10,000 circulation that *reaches the people you want*, than in one of 50,000 that is read by those you *don't want?* That is only common sense.

Second: Because many advertisers are not sufficiently particular about their "copy." They forget that the ad itself, its wording, its style, its convincing argument and its tasty type display are the primary requirements for effective *results*. Many an ad has gone begging for replies in papers of unquestioned circulation and influence simply because of the advertiser's indifference in the wording and general style of his announcement. And then the *paper* gets the blame.

Third: Because the average advertiser adopts no system to "check" results, and although his business may be prosperous through printer's ink, he declares that he has never received any *results* from his advertising. Simply because he adopts the inconsistent tactics that each of his guests or customers should come to him and say: "I saw your advertisement in THE TRAVELER, and that is why I am patronizing you." It is rarely that any one will do that, but the shrewd man of business will adopt some plan to ascertain where his patronage comes from. He is then in a position to know just what papers are benefitting him, and those that are not.

A short time ago THE TRAVELER addressed a letter of inquiry to many of its advertisers, in words to this effect:

"Now that the resort season is drawing to a close we want to ask you frankly whether you have been satisfied with your advertisement in THE TRAVELER. Have you had any *results* from your investment with us? Tell us frankly your opinion, favorable or unfavorable."

The following replies tell their own story, and if a more flattering and gratifying batch of testimonials was ever received by a journal, we would be interested in reading them. They prove conclusively the circulation and influence of THE TRAVELER.

HIGHLAND SPRINGS.

LAKE CO., Cal., August 19, 1900.

It gives us much pleasure to say to you that your paper is not only one of the most artistically gotten up, but the most beneficial to those advertising in it, of any publication of its kind in California.

CRAIG & WARNER, Managers.

ANDERSON SPRINGS.

LAKE CO., Cal., July 8, 1900.

Enclosed please find check for our ad. I never paid an ad bill, or in fact any bill, with greater pleasure than this.

J. ANDERSON, Proprietor.

GLENBROOK RESORT.

LAKE CO., Cal., August 19, 1900.

If all the advertising that I have done had given me as good returns as THE TRAVELER I would be well pleased, but am sorry to say they have not. Hoping everything is satisfactory, I remain,

O. W. R. TREDWAY, Proprietor.

SKAGGS HOT SPRINGS.

August 20, 1900.

Judicious advertising is generally recognized by successful men as the most effective promoter of business in all lines. I have found THE TRAVELER to be a first-class medium in reaching the general public, and have obtained most satisfactory results in the use of its columns.

J. F. MULGREW, Proprietor.

TALLAC HOUSE.

LAKE TAHOE, Cal., August 18, 1900.

Complying with yours of the 15th, we are pleased to state that we have noticed direct benefit from our ad in your paper, as well as through the medium of your Information Bureau.

M. LAWRENCE & CO., Lessees and Managers.

DEER PARK INN.

DEERPARK, Cal., August 17, 1900.

We have had better results from our ad in THE TRAVELER, and from your Information Bureau than from *any other source* of our advertising this season.

J. B. SCOTT, Proprietor.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS.

LAKE TAHOE, Cal., August 16, 1900.

Indeed we shall be very glad to have an opportunity to express our appreciation of the ready and practical returns of the good seed sown through THE TRAVELER. I think all the other advertising mediums combined do not equal its practical results, as far as we are personally concerned. Only a few days ago I caught myself thinking: "THE TRAVELER so far exceeds all the other ads we have, that I should be tempted another season to try it alone."

Many of our patrons spoke of the kindly words given out for us at THE TRAVELER'S Bureau, as well as the printed matter which you distributed. I have hoped that some of them felt inclined to tell you on their return that they were glad to have accepted your information, and had found it worthy of acceptance.

GEO. W. PIERCE, Manager.

LAKESIDE HOUSE.

LAKE TAHOE, Cal., August 16, 1900.

We are pleased to acknowledge the benefits derived from our advertising in THE TRAVELER, and through the personal interest displayed by you in the management of your "Bureau of Information." We feel that *we can trace more direct results from the advertisement in* THE TRAVELER *than from any other medium that we have patronized* for a similar length of time.

E. B. SMITH & CO., Proprietors.

INDEPENDENCE LAKE.

August 21, 1900.

I am about to close up my business with you for this year, and before I do so I wish to express to you my thanks for your kindness to me for the past four years. I can say conscientiously THE TRAVELER has done more for me than any other advertising medium that I have had business with, and there is no bill I pay as cheerfully as I do THE TRAVELER'S bill. I almost feel I get more than my money's worth. Thanking you again, I am

MRS. H. M. CLEMONS, Proprietress.

THE PARK HOUSE.

BEN LOMOND, Cal., August 17, 1900.

As the season for outing is advancing to a close, I feel that I should thank you and THE TRAVELER for the benefit I have had from the ad. I can truthfully say that *I have had more benefit from that ad than from all the ads I had combined in the newspapers.* W. M. WARD, Proprietor.

HOTEL DE REDWOOD.

LAUREL, Cal., August 18, 1900.

When I send money to you for our ad, I know that I am getting something for it, which is more than I can say for a good deal of the money paid out for ads.

I ask all strangers who come here, where they heard of this place, and a good many say "through THE TRAVELER," so I thank you very much; *send some more.*

M. A. COX, Proprietor.

Hotel Rowardennan
IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

B. DICKINSON, Lessee
C. C. DOUGLAS, Chief Clerk

BEN LOMOND, CAL. Aug 18th 1900

Mr N. D. Cronyn
Sun Francisco Cal

Dear Sir

Please discontinue my ad in the Traveler send me statement of amount due you & I will send a check for same with the greatest of pleasure as I have derived more benefit from my ad in the Traveler than from all the rest of the advertising done by me this season wishing you every success in the future

I remain
Yours truly
B. Dickinson

SEA BEACH HOTEL.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., August 25, 1900.

I have been making a little test of the value of your paper as an advertising medium for hotel men. As you must know, the Sea Beach Hotel receives, in the course of a season, patrons and guests from all over the United States, and in fact, the world. How to reach this widely-scattered patronage, has been, and still is, a problem to the management. I attempted to solve it partly by the common pamphlet methods, and partly by advertising in a number of publications, including your own and the San Francisco dailies. To test the comparative value of such advertisements, I questioned all the guests with whom I was on semi-intimate terms, as to their reason for choosing the Sea Beach for a summer outing. Of course every hotel has its regular following of old patrons who come year after year; these had no reason except that they always come and were satisfied. But among the new guests, I was surprised to find that a very large proportion answered at once, "Because I saw your advertisement in THE TRAVELER." I wish now that I had kept tabulated lists so as to be able to present exact figures. I did not do that, but from memory I can say that this class of patrons reached very *nearly one-half* of those whom I questioned. Certainly the percentage was out of all proportion to the ratio of cost between my advertisement in your paper and the rest of my advertising for the season.

From these results I feel justified in making the plain, bold statement that THE TRAVELER seems to me to be the best advertising medium on the coast for the hotel trade, and I cheerfully acknowledge that it has been mainly responsible for giving the Sea Beach Hotel a prosperous season. It is all right. Spread it. JOHN S. MATHESON, Proprietor.

HOTEL JEFFRIES.

WRIGHTS, Cal., Aug. 25, 1900.

Enclosed please find $5 for advertisement for the month of September in THE TRAVELER. I take pleasure in paying same as I feel it has done more than any advertisement I have had. R. JEFFRIES, Proprietor.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., August 18, 1900.

It is with great pleasure that I inform you that my ad in THE TRAVELER has proved of great benefit to me. Cheerfully and conscientiously I recommend your paper as an advertising medium. Wishing you success, I remain,

FRED BARSON, Proprietor.

SISSON TAVERN.

SISSON, Cal., August 22, 1900.

Your letter of the 15th at hand, and I wish to say that during all my experience of advertising I find that I get better results from THE TRAVELER than from any other paper. MRS. L. M. SISSON, Proprietor.

HOTEL BAILEY.

CASTELLA, Shasta Co., Cal., August 16, 1900.

The season for tourists is now well advanced but I am happy to say that I have nearly all my rooms filled with guests, and the most of them will be with me until the first of September, and I attribute a great deal to your valuable paper. Wishing you big success in the future, I am, W. BAILEY, Proprietor.

FOWLER'S FALLS.

MCCLOUD RIVER, Cal., August 22, 1900.

You ask us for testimonial of the good it has done us to advertise in your book. I gladly comply. We have had to refuse several for lack of rooms, and the people you have sent us have been very liberal, easier to please, and altogether a better class of people than it has been our good fortune to cater to. T. B. FOWLER, Proprietor.

WALL'S SPRINGS.

HILTON P. O., Sonoma Co., August 25, 1900.

I have been advertising in THE TRAVELER for two years, and like it very much. I have had quite a number of guests that came here after reading my ad in THE TRAVELER. As long as I run Wall's Springs, I will advertise in THE TRAVELER. MRS. H. C. WALL, Proprietress.

HOTEL BENVENUE.

LAKEPORT, Cal., August 26, 1900.

We can conscientiously say that we received more benefit by our advertisement with THE TRAVELER than from all other means we have employed.

FRANK & A. M. SCALES, Proprietors.

BIGELOWS.

MCCLOUD RIVER, Cal., August 23, 1900.

I am very much pleased with THE TRAVELER and its work, and think your method is the best I ever had any experience with. These are my sentiments.

S. L. BIGELOW, Proprietor.

NEW AND OLD GOLD.

MY VALLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRAVELER BY CHARLES ELMER JENNEY.

Blue Alsatians, deep intaglios
Carve upon thy peasant hearts:
Alpine sunsets, fix thy colors
In thy painters' noblest arts:
Let the weary-footed traveler
Bow to Beauty over seas,—
Laud with slavish imitation
Apennines and Pyrenees;
Mine the bold, the blue, the snow-capped
Storm-beloved Sierra Queen
Keeping vigil o'er the sunny
Valley of the San Joaquin,
Where the vine of fabled Muscat
Spreads away across the plain,
And the fig of Smyrna's desert
Shades the roadside and the lane:
Where the apple of Granada
Bursts its ruby-celled heart-room,
And the blood of Zinfandel grows
Ruddier 'neath its purple bloom;
Where oppressed of sad Armenia
And the serf of far Cathay
Mingle with the race of freedom
In the light of fairer day;
With the seal of rugged Boreas
Stamped upon its mountain tops,
And the languorous breath of Austral
Promising voluptuous crops.
Splendid glow its fields in Springtime
With the poppies' cloth of gold,
Fragrance sweet the snow-plumed locust
And the bowered rose unfold:
Through its broad, palm-guarded high-ways,
O'er its arteried vineyard leagues,
Autumn skies smile blue and radiant,
Innocent of storm intrigues.
The enchantment of Arabia
Broods across this vale of smiles,
Filled with all the climes' best offerings
Votive to their favored isles.
While beyond the pleasant vista
Ever roves the eye to where
The encircling, blue Nevadas
Serrate clear against the air.
How the waking day beams o'er them,
Rousing them from misty dreams!
How the mid-day sun their ermines
Melts into life-giving streams!
Fleecy clouds slow wafting over,
Casting shadows on their breast,
Paint upon their foot-hills colors
Tyria never knew nor guessed.
And the level rays of sunset
Carve each chasm, preen each peak,
Gild each pinnacle and rampart
With a beauty bold and bleak,
Softened by the charm of distance
To a vision that may vie
With the fairest God hath painted
On the curtain of the sky.

IF I WERE YOU.

I wouldn't think about distress,
If I were you;
I wouldn't even once confess
To ever feeling blue;
But when the sun is well disposed
To shine upon our friends and foes
I'd be content with even less,
If I were you.

Just let it rain, or snow or shine;
'Twill bring no gain
To blame misfortune, or repine;
The longest lane
Will end some time, and every day
Roses will bloom along the way,
Because of rain.

Then sing your songs; cry if you must,
But keep in view
The healthy soul inspiring trust
That's always due
To them that strive to live above
All earthly things—excepting love;
I'd let all other treasures rust,
If I were you.—*Facts and Fiction.*

WANTED.

A prominent New York coffon goods converting house is in want of a first class salesman to sell the manufacturing, retail and jobbing houses for San Francisco and the Coast trade on commission of 2½%. Only parties of experience need apply. Address: Box 4, TRAVELER Office.

THE COERCION OF MAJOR GUFF.

"This thing of lettin' wimmen vote," said honest Major Guff,
"Is a piece of dang'rus folly, and has gone 'bout far enough.
They've got no head for polytics; their ways is underhand;
There ain't no use of talkin', they're a menace to the land.
Now, when th' sewer tax was sprung, I didn't lose a minute
In lettin' everybody know that I was dead agin it.
'That microbe talk is rot,' sez I; 'jest silly doctors' fuss;
The system that our fathers used is good enough for us.'
But Mary Jane, my wife, y' know, she went and jined a club.
'And 'till y' change yer mind,' says she, 'I'll shet y' off on grub.
I'll make no bread ner pies,' sez she; 'there's naught goes down yer throat
Until y' see things same as me, an' promise us yer vote.'
I tried to argufy with her, and show her how sech tricks
Was crooel and unrecognized in decent polytics;
She jest set still with folded hands, she wouldn't budge an inch;
Dog-gone it all, she must of knowed she had a lead-pipe cinch!
She wouldn't hear no common sense, I simply wasted breath;
I stuck it out fer two whole days, but like to starved to death.
'Fetch on the pottage!' I exclaimed, 'you've learned me how to feel
Fer the late lamented Esau in his noted birthright deal!'
And that is why I'm dead agin all forms of wimmin's rights,
A-leavin' of their proper sphere to mix in men folks' fights,
Fer polytics is somethin' that they cannot understand;
Their ways, as I remarked before, is sly and underhand.
It's well enough to theorize, but fax, my friends, is fax,
As was amply illustrated in the case of sewer tax."

IN THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRAVELER BY LULU SAPPHO CONSTANTINE.

A balmy breeze through magnolia trees,
A stream and a light canoe,
A maiden and man, a palm-leaf fan,
A ride on the rippling blue.
A tender sigh, and a down-cast eye,
Young Cupid snares his prey—
A blushing face and a glad embrace,
At the sunset of the day.
A half-hid cot in a blossomy spot,
Beneath the tropic skies,
An Eden bower—its priceless dower
A love that never dies!

CONTEMPORARY WIT.

Russia continues to say nothing, and lay railroad ties.—*The Washington Star.*

In politics there is a great difference between duty and duties.—*The Detroit News.*

Puerto Rico evidently secured a gold brick when it got us.—*The Chicago Record.*

Teacher: "Willie, where is the capital of the United States?" Willie: "In the trusts."—*The Buffalo News.*

The British have ordered 2500 more mules. What appetites those soldiers have!—*The Baltimore American.*

We always felt that General Buller could get into Ladysmith if the Boers only left him alone.—*The Detroit News.*

Swinburne and Alfred Austin wrote poems last week. Otherwise England more than held her own.—*The Chicago Times-Herald.*

A New Jersey lunatic has had his reason restored by a blow on the head. This ought to suggest a way of curing some of the calamity howlers. — *The Savannah News.*

THAT REMINDS ME.

Mr. Good—Run, run, Maria! A tiger!

Mrs. Good—Oh, you brute! How you frightened me! I thought you were going to say mouse!

***

Brown—It's very difficult to get one's income up to one's expenses, isn't it?

Smith—Yes; but it isn't half so difficult as to get one's expenses down to one's income.

***

From Experience.—Parke: They say a horse has every disease that a human being has. Do you believe it?

Jane: I know it. I bought one from a friend recently.

***

Foster — Do all your employees drop their tools the instant that the whistle blows?

Employer—Oh, no, not all of them. The more orderly ones have their tools put away before that time.

***

A Matter of Course.—"Now," said Mr. Meekton, as he got into his overcoat and pulled on his mittens, "I must go home and explain to Henrietta." "Is she demanding an explanation?" "Certainly." "What about?" "My dear sir, how do I know? I haven't been home yet."

***

"Is it true that you Filipinos are making secret visits to Manila?" "Well," answered the native, "we've got to get into Manila once in a while so as to get the news from the sympathizers in America and find out how the war is getting on."

***

"What is an island?" asked the teacher, addressing her interrogation to the class in geography. "An island, ma'am," replied Johnny Broadhead, a studious lad who had Porto Rico in mind, "is a body of land entirely surrounded by politics."

***

Appropriate Songs—The toper—"Swallow, Happy Swallow."
The sleepyhead—"Let Me Dream Again."
Seasick passengers—"There is a Land."
The football player—"After the Ball."
Actors and singers—"Call Me Back Again."
The bookkeeper—"A Charge to Keep I Have."
The woman in search of a reason—"Because."
The farmer—"What Shall the Harvest Be?"
Unsuccessful theatrical manager—"Tiers, Idle Tiers."
The typesetter—"The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many."

***

A friendly magazine editor was talking in pleasant but critical mood to a contributor. He said: "It seems to me you use a faulty figure of speech when you say 'a brave old hearthstone.' How can a hearthstone be brave?"

"Well sir," said the contributor, "the one I am writing about has been under fire for nearly forty years without flinching."

Why?

Are we having Kodak Films sent to us from all over California?

Because

We develop every exposure separately, if necessary, to get the best possible picture from each one.

AND THEN:—If there is room for improvement we send a personal letter, without charge, locating the trouble, that it may be avoided in future.

DEVELOPING.—3½x3½ and 4x5, 12 ex. rolls, 50c.
PRINTING.—4c. each, squeegeed; 5c. mounted.
Carbon finish 1c. each additional.
All pictures guaranteed permanent.
Send us one roll to try us and we are sure of your future work.

Santa Cruz, Calif. C. P. Photo Supply Co.

Geo. P. Ide & Co. Troy N. Y. Makers

"THE LITTLE RED BOOK"

Is the only reliable railway guide on the coast.

Office: 20 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

THE RAMONA

130 Ellis St., S. F.

A thoroughly first-class house. Quiet and homelike Location very central.
Take Ellis St. cars at 4th and Townsend Sts.
Take Market St. cars at Ferries and transfer to Ellis.

Under Management of MRS. KATE S. HART
Send for Circular

OCEANIC S. S. CO.

Beautiful Honolulu is a charm forever!

Steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company sail bi-monthly

Send for "Beautiful Hawaii" to
J. D. SPRECKELS BROS. CO

Honolulu, Auckland and Sydney. 643 MARKET ST., San Francisco.

Home Comforts

Are rarely to be obtained at a restaurant, but it is just this feature that has made ours popular.

AT "SWAIN'S"

the surroundings are refined, comfortable and attractive. We employ the best of chefs, and our service is neat, tasty and prompt.

213 SUTTER STREET,

NEAR KEARNY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Table d'Hote, $1.00, 5 to 8 p. m.

CALIFORNIA UNDERTAKING CO. A. D. CHESHIRE, Pres. and Mgr.

FINEST FUNERAL PARLORS IN THE CITY

Tel. Main 971. 405 Powell St., near Post

"HORSE SENSE" AND COLLEGE GRADS.

"H'm—yes!" ejaculated the Old Codger, sarcastically, surveying his callow nephew, who had recently graduated from the village academy. "You have come forth from school with a real stylish-lookin' diplomer clinched in your hand, and several long and impressive words stickin' out of your mouth. You have graduated, all right enough, but have you learned anything? You are educated considerable, but have you got any sense?

"You know a smatterin' of Latin and a smear of Greek, but do you know where you are at? You know a little triggernometry and a few logarithms, and a little about the ologies and so on and so on and so forth, but do you know anything at all about *things?* You are acquainted with words, but do you know men? Can you write a letter that the other feller can read every word of and thoroughly understand what you are tryin' to git at? Can you fill out a bank-check properly, and, incidentally, have you got the most remote idea how to fill up a bank account so's the aforesaid check will gain you anything better than the horse-laugh when you present it to the hawk-eyed man behind the counter?

"Have you got it impressed upon you that it never hurts a man to wilt his collar by gittin' a little honest sweat on it, and that the long-green in your pocket-book is a heap-sight better than long hair on your head? Have you found out how to write an ordinary promissory note so that it won't reach out in a day or hour that you wot not and skin your financial pelt off over your head? Can you accurately measure lumber, cider, and your feller-men? In short, briefly and to the point, have you really learned anything but empty forms, words and phrases? I know you have a bulgin' brow on you, but so has a common, everyday, snappin'-turtle, only his is on his back; and I have more than once known a graduate who had less genuine wisdom behind his bulgin' brow than a snappin'-turtle has under his'n. In this day and age there are too many promisin' and too few payin' young men. There are too many comin' men;—what we suffer and yearn for is the got-here-already kind of men. You are educated but have you got?—aw, well, never mind! I guess you'll git along all right, anyhow; people say you take after me."

"TRAVELER'S BUREAU" NOTES.

Among those who have been visiting the various summer resorts are the following from San Francisco: Chas. A. Roesber, Mr. Kelly, Mrs. W. Van Bergen, Thos. Turner and wife, J. V. Ayer, A. J. Bailey, Ella M. Sexton, Mrs. Jno. H. Juaett, Jacob Heyman and wife, Manuel Miller, L. M. Seaton and wife, A. S. Hall, Joe Connors, Dr. Clayton and wife, Mrs. Martin and sister, W. J. Washburn, H. Perez, T. J. Parsons, Miss Belle Tenney, Mrs. T. H. Judd, Miss H. Vanderslice, B. C. Lucy, W. H. Smith, A. Bruman, C. Woodruff.

Resorters living in the interior are as follows: Oakland, Mrs. I. W. Towed: Fruitvale, Mrs. Templeton and niece; Fresno, W. R. Price and wife: Purissima, C. P. Mascani.

THE G. P. A. AND THE G. F. A.

Everyone knows that the G. P. A. and the G. F. A. of any road are individually of the opinion that his department constitutes the backbone of the road. The G. P. A. says: "To the devil with the freight department. I have to do all the advertising, boom his blamed old freight facilities, and every red cent of expense is charged up to us." The G. F. A. responds in kind much like this: "The passenger department? Pshaw! What does it amount to, anyhow? A handful of travelers who have to have palaces on wheels to ride in, porters to dance attendance, ice-water, etc., until you can't rest. And what revenue results? Our clients only require a box car, no ice-water, no nothing, and look at the result in dollars and cents."—New Orleans *States.*

OLD TRUTHS AS GOOD AS NEW.

A prize was offered in Paris for the best code of rules of hygiene, not to exceed ten in number, for the preservation of mental and bodily health. The London *Lancet* publishes the winning set, which are rather "a laconic statement of wholesome truths known and practiced ever since Moses' time," than a rigid decalogue. The trouble is that they are not practiced generally enough. The prize rules are as follows:

1. General Hygiene: Rise early, go to bed early, and in the meantime keep yourself occupied.

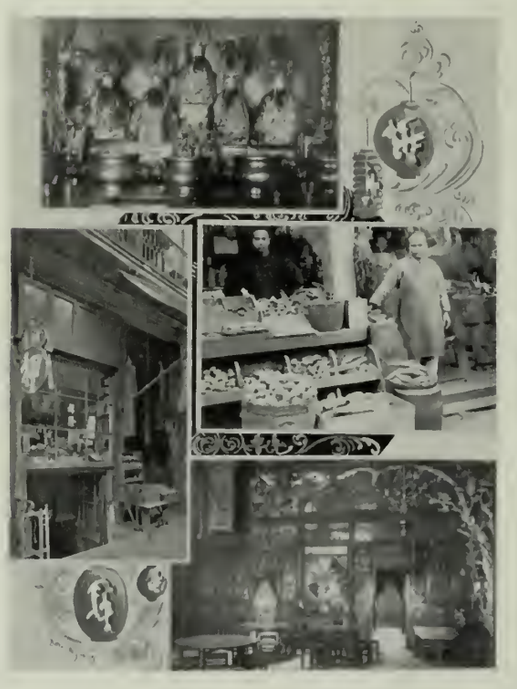
2. Respiratory Hygiene: Water and bread sustain life, but pure air and sunlight are indispensable for health.

3. Gastro-intestinal Hygiene: Frugality and sobriety are the best elixir for a long life.

4. Epidermal Hygiene: Cleanliness preserves from rust; the best-kept machines last longest.

5. Sleep Hygiene: A sufficiency of rest repairs and strengthens; too much rest weakens and makes soft.

6. Clothes Hygiene: He is well clothed who keeps his body sufficiently warm, safeguarding it from all abrupt changes of temperature, while at the same time maintaining perfect freedom of motion.



SCENES IN CHINATOWN.

7. House Hygiene: A house that is clean and cheerful makes a happy home.

8. Moral Hygiene: The mind reposes and resumes its edge by means of relaxation and amusement, but excess opens the door to the passions and these attract the vices.

9. Intellectual Hygiene: Gaiety conduces to love of life, and love of life is the half of health; on the other hand, sadness and gloom help on old age.

10. Professional Hygiene: Is it your brain that feeds you? Don't allow your arms and your legs to become ankylosed. Dig for a livelihood, but don't omit to burnish your intellect and elevate your thoughts.

The average man has plenty of ambition but not the necessary energy for the realization of his aims. By indifferent effort he stays in a rut and just keeps his head above water. He looks with envy upon the man of wealth and power, but would never undertake the work that the latter has had to do to attain his position There is an over-supply of average men. Many of them are useful, of course, in their narrow spheres, but they are not in great demand. He who is fired with indomitable determination to succeed, and is willing to put forth all his force and energy to climb to the top, is the one who is in demand in every line of business.

THE SHREWD CHINESE JUDGE "HEAP SABEED."

The following remarkable incident occurred recently in the province of Honan, in China: Three men appeared before a judge there and each laid claim to the same woman as his wife. Not one of them would retire in favor of the other two, but each insisted that justice should be done to him. Finally the judge, remembering, doubtless, how King Solomon had acted in a somewhat similar emergency, exclaimed: "Well, if you three men cannot come to some agreement, nothing remains for me but to order that the woman shall be killed, as there is no other way in which the matter can be satisfactorily settled." He then called for a large cup of wine, and when it was brought he poured into it some dark powder and compelled the woman to drink it. Excited as she was, the woman speedily began to feel the effects of the strong liquor. She stammered when she tried to speak, and her flushed cheeks were an indication to the observers that the poison was working and that her end was near at hand.

This was the climax for which the judge had waited. When he saw that the woman was apparently dying he called one of the three men who claimed her as wife, and bade him remove her from the court room. This man, however, showed no inclination to do so. and the judge thereupon insisted that he renounce all rights to her. This he willingly did, and so did the second man. Only one claimant was now left, and he agreed to remove the woman and to care for her until she died. Satisfied that he was her real husband, the judge called him and said: "You will not be sorry for acting in this manner. Have no fear for your wife, since she is in no danger of death. The liquor which she drank was ordinary wine, and the powder which I poured into it was nothing but brown sugar."

One evening Sir Arthur Sullivan went to see Rubinstein at his home in London. The Russian composer asked his visitor to step out into the balcony and smoke a cigarette. They sat down, twisted their cigarettes, and puffed the blue clouds into the air. After a long pause, Sullivan observed:

"You are a great admirer of Beethoven, I presume?"

"Yes," answered Rubinstein.

"And Wagner?"

"No," was the reply.

That was all. Not another word was spoken. They rocked themselves in their chairs and smoked away. After a long time Sullivan remarked:

"I think it is time for me to be going."

"Don't say so," said Rubinstein. "Stay a bit longer; it's so nice to talk to you."

Sullivan remained, went on rocking himself and smoking into the small hours, when he at length got up and said:

"I must really be off now; I think we have chatted long enough."

Rubinstein drew out his watch, and shook his head in blank astonishment.

"Half-past two," he said, "Strange how quickly time flies in pleasant company!"

The tamale man is not to be despised in any California community. From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof peace may reign, but when the shades of evening gather and the night is fully clothed in the somber garments of Erebus and silence sits 'neath the stars in all the loveliness of June or December, the circumambient air is disturbed by the melodious cry of the vender: "Tamales! Red-hot tamales! Only two cents apiece, or three for a quarter." With bucket in hand he trudges along the streets as if life depended upon the possession of one of his manufactured specimens of Spanish invention, and cries out: "Tamale, chicken tamale; fresh and hot chicken tamale."

On every train from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and still on to a point where the observation of man runneth not to the contrary, this eloquent and obtrusive vender of the sacred tamale is found at every station during the night.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL AND COTTAGES

Santa Cruz, Cal.

First-class family hotel, near the Beach. Modern conveniences, good table. Bathing, boating, sailing, fishing, croquet, etc.

Terms Moderate.

FREE BUS.

Write for particulars.

Telephone Red 252

FRED BARSON,

Proprietor.

Hotel... El Monte

IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS.

LOS GATOS, CAL.

JOHN NEVILL, Proprietor.

This delightful resort is only 55 miles south of San Francisco, 2 hours, 15 minutes by the picturesque Narrow Gauge Route of the S. P. Co. The Hotel is conducted on the American plan, and is strictly first-class in every respect. It is a delightful home for FAMILIES for a summer outing. Special attention to commercial trade. Commodious sample rooms.

A distributing agent, living at Catskill, N. Y., describes the severe case of a near neighbor who was completely prostrated with God only knows what. "She was just alive," he says, "and had been sick for over a year, and had paid out a great deal of money for doctors and medicines, but could not get any help. The doctors had given her up," he says, and thereupon he induced her to try Ripans Tabules, and after taking them one month she could ride out in a wagon, and after two months she was entirely well.

WANTED.—A case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word R·I·P·A·N·S on the package and accept no substitute. R·I·P·A·N·S 10 for 5 cents or twelve packets for 48 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No 10 Spruce St., New York.

Anderson Springs

The best resort for health and pleasure. The only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County. Only way to drive the Grippe poison from the system and cure permanently.

Natural hot sulphur and iron Baths for the cure of Rheumatism, Dropsy and Hemorrhoids.

Board $8 to $15.00 per week. No extra charge for baths. Telephone connections.

How to reach the Springs: Take Oakland ferry at 7:30 A. M. for Calistoga, distance 73 miles. Arrive at 10:40 for lunch; take stage and arrive at Anderson Springs at 4:00 P. M., distance 21 miles. Fare, $8.00 round trip from San Francisco; $4.50 one way. Livery Stables at Springs.

Address all communications to

J. ANDERSON, Proprietor,

Anderson Springs, Middletown, Lake Co., Cal.

Vichy Springs,

Under New Management.

Three miles from Ukiah, Mendocino Co. Natural electric waters, champagne baths. Only place in the world where this class of water has continuous flow of natural warm water direct from springs to bathtubs . . Lovely grounds, fine fishing and hunting. Apollinaris spring. Accommodations and table first-class. Rates: $2.50 per day, $12 to $14 per week.

J. A. REDEMEYER & CO., Proprietors

INDEPENDENCE LAKE HOTEL,

SIERRA CO., CALIFORNIA.

A delightful Summer resort, only 12 miles from Truckee. Open June 1st. First-class in every respect. Fine fishing and hunting. Fresh milk and butter. Pure mountain air. If you want a complete change and a fine climate, you can find it here.

MRS. H. M. CLEMONS, Prop.

Extensive improvements have been made.

GLENBROOK LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Is where the pleasure-seeker finds enjoyment

Just the place for the well or sick. Water unsurpassed. The best of HUNTING AND FISHING.

Rates only $8 and $10 per week.
Best of beds and home cooking.

O. W. R. TREDWAY,
GLENBROOK, P. O.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Imperial Hall

A REFINED LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S CAFE AND OYSTER PARLOR

Grand Orchestral Concert every evening from 6 to 7 and 8 to 12. Peter J. Frank, Leader.

Family Entrance, 242 S. Broadway
Gentlemen's Cafe, 243 S. Spring

"North Coast Limited"

The Northern Pacific's magnificent electric-lighted train runs to the famous

Yellowstone Park

THE CHEAPEST TRIP IN AMERICA

Tickets on sale to all points in United States and Europe.

T. K. STATELER,
Gen. Agent Nor. Pac. Ry.
638 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Hotel de Redwood,
SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

One of the most romantic and healthful resorts in the mountains. Fine water, with Iron and Sulphur springs. Rates, $8 per week up. Return tickets from San Francisco, $2.50, good for three months. For particulars, address,

M. S. COX,
Laurel Station, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

HERBERT H. FISHER GARDNER A. B. SPENCER

SPENCER & FISHER
REGISTERED AND LICENSED PLUMBERS
PLUMBING, GAS FITTING AND ROOFING
TINSMITHING and GENERAL JOBBING
258 Stevenson St., Bet. 3d and 4th Sts.
Telephone Red 2341 San Francisco

HOTELS AND RESORTS.

Further information and descriptive pamphlets will be furnished without charge by "THE TRAVELER'S" BUREAU, 20 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

The Rate for advertising in this column is fifty cents a month for each line if taken for twelve months.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—HOTEL RAMONA central, first-class, moderate rates, new sanitary plumbing, electric bells.

OROVILLE, CAL.—UNION HOTEL; first-class commercial and tourist hotel, $1.00 to $2.50 per day.

LICK HOUSE; convenient to all car lines. Modern, newly fitted. Headquarters for mining men and tourists. G. W. Kingsbury, Manager.

SANTA MONICA.—THE PAVILION; Eckert, Hopf, Proprietors. Fish dinners a specialty.

FREE TO LADIES

My MONTHLY REGULATOR is the only one that is harmless and cannot fail. Box FREE. MRS. B. ROWAN, B 87, Milwaukee, Wis.

LADIES! A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL HOME, Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES Secret to develop your bust six inches FREE. ZANZEMETTO CO., Sec. 17 Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR A
DELIGHTFUL OCEAN VOYAGE
TAKE THE

O. R. & N. Co's Steamers

For Portland and points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and the East.

Steamers Sail From San Francisco Every Five Days.

E. C. WARD, General Agent,
630 Market Street, San Francisco.

Sisson Tavern

This celebrated resort the keynote of the entire Shasta region. It is situated at the base of Mt. Shasta. Pure mountain air, swimming, hunting, fishing, etc. Terms reasonable.

For particulars address

MRS. L. M. SISSON,
Sisson, Cal.

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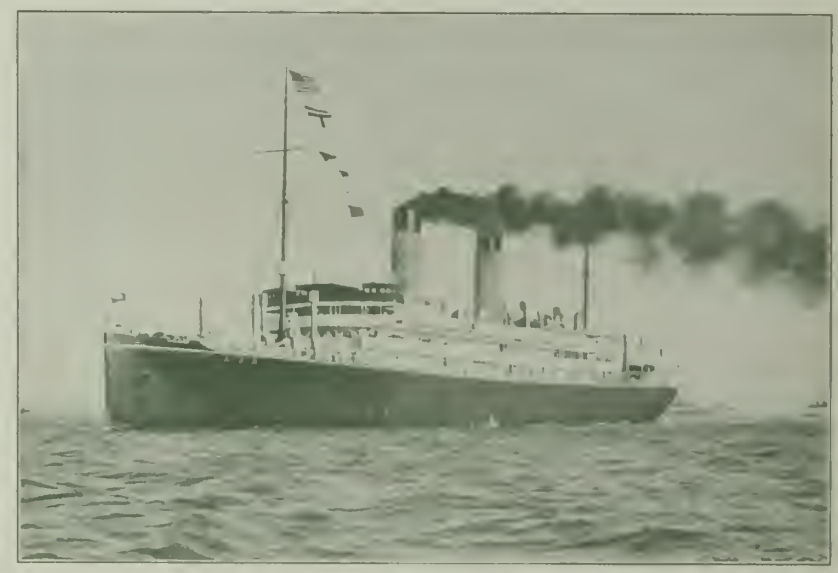

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Traveler

And the Del Monte Weekly

A GUIDE TO THINGS WORTH KNOWING, DOING *and* SEEING *in* CALIFORNIA

Social, Personal and General News of California

SECOND SATURDAY (13) MAY
NINETEEN HUNDRED ELEVEN

The Grizzly Giant, largest tree in the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

THE TRAVELER

A MONTHLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF TRAVELERS IN CALIFORNIA

MAY, 1911 406 CROCKER BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA

The Ideal Summer Resort of the World

Calling Attention to a Fact That Has Not Been Fully Appreciated by Those Who Live Outside This Great Golden State

So much has been said and written of California's marvelous and delightful winter climate that many travelers have come to consider it as a winter watering place only. In one way this is a very natural mistake. The tide of tourist travel which sets in from the Eastern States, each fall as soon as the disagreeable weather begins, is of such a volume as to convince the observer of the potency of its winter charm.

Formerly those who came early in the season planned to remain only during the winter and return to their homes with the coming of spring. Gradually, however, they lengthened their visit as the overwhelming beauty of California springtime was borne in on them. Now it has come to be generally recognized that nowhere else on this continent can such delightful places of summer resort be found as in California. Its domain is so broad that here can be found any climate from torrid to freezing, any altitude from sea level to twelve thousand feet, any kind of surroundings from desert to majestic groves of mighty monarchs that have stood since the dawn of creation.

There are lakes thousands of feet above the sea level, placid bays where the woods come gently down to the seashore, high mountain ranges or gentle hill slopes that invite the traveler at any time of the year.

A SUMMER VACATION IN CALIFORNIA DELIGHTFUL

With such a wide variety of attractions it is small wonder that the resident of this State lives largely an out-door life. For here one can work and play a large part of twelve months of the year in the open. For this reason the vacation spirit is perhaps stronger here than anywhere else. When springtime comes, the busy business man is rarely too busy to steal off for a few days' trout fishing in the brawling mountain streams or off to Monterey Bay to catch the gamey King Salmon.

Again in the fall when the ducks begin to come in you will find him closing his desk on Friday night to be gone over the week-end for a shoot at his favorite club. Between these periods he will make a short excursion into the mountains for deer and perhaps a day or so on the grain fields for doves and quail. Others unable to enjoy these short but frequent rests, choose their holiday in mid-August, when the golf tournament at Del Monte attracts such a crowd and spend their time in competition on those wonderful links. Still others find their pleasure and profit in motoring from one part of the state to the other, enjoying the novel and varied experiences that present themselves each day. The summer visitor to California has still greater pleasures in store for him. For in addition to the delights of doing these things, he has the whole of this mighty state from which to choose the place where he shall do them. There is nearly a thousand miles of coast line, along which may be found thousands of choice spots in which to live in comfort and luxury or simplicity the whole summer through. And here, too, he will find every variation of climate, from the warm and even temperature of San Diego and Santa Barbara to the cool, salubrious breezes that blow gently about the Bay of Monterey, at San Francisco, and up the picturesque and rugged coast past Mendocino and Eureka and on to Del Norte.

Beautiful Bridal Veil Falls in Yosemite Valley.

At most of these places comfortable accommodations can be secured. At some of them, such as on Monterey Bay and at Santa Barbara or Coronado, the traveler will find hotels that are without rival among the great resort hostelries of the world.

MONTEREY BAY THE GREAT SEASIDE SUMMER RESORT CENTER

The region bordering this superb body of water which has been said to rival the famed Bay of Naples in point of scenic beauty, is like a new and different country from the rest of the State. The range of mountains to the East shut out the torrid heat of the great interior valleys and confine, as it were, within the thick forests of pine, cypress and oak the cool breezes that blow in from the Pacific. Thus a land of perpetual summer is assured, warm in the winter months and cool and delightful in the summer.

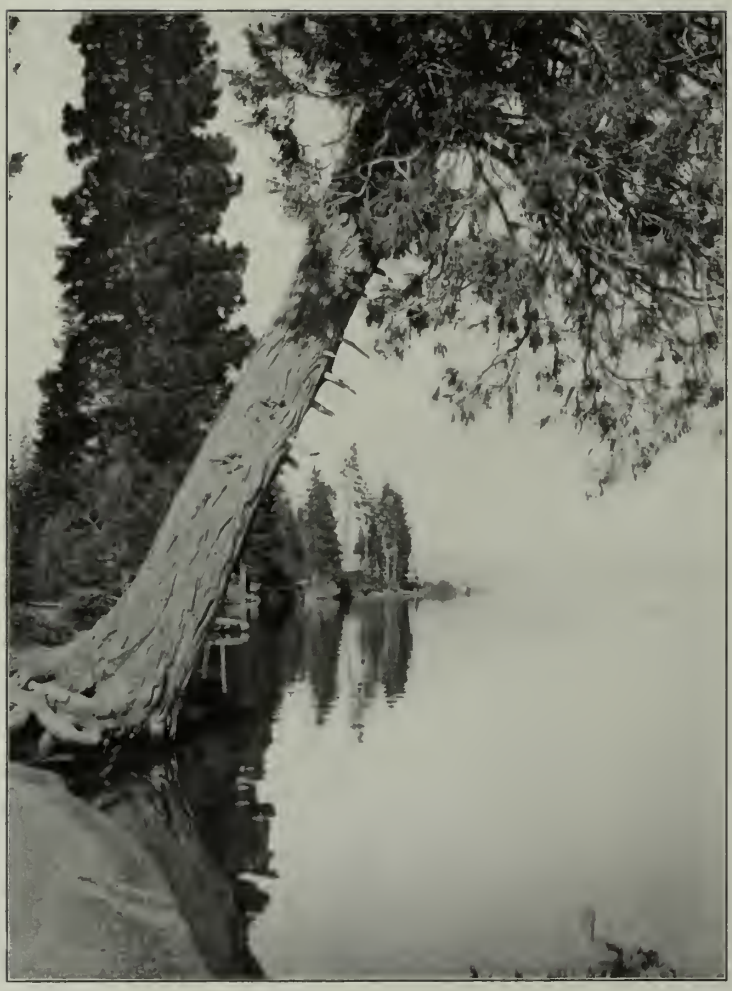
On the Monterey Bay where the splendid Hotel Del Monte and other resorts are located, the climate varies a scant ten degrees the year round. Visitors from the parched plains of Texas and Arizona, the great interior valleys of California, as well as those from the sunburnt states of the Middle West are surprised and delighted to find here a country that is fresh and beautiful the year round, where the salt ozone from the sea mingles with the balsams of the pines, producing an atmosphere of wonderful tonic and health-giving quality—with a summer temperature of from 55 to 65 degrees. They find a great log fire, pleasant enough after the sun has gone down and the early morning crisp and fresh enough to invite to strenuous outdoor life. And even at midday when the heat is at its full strength, it is not oppressive nor unbearable.

MOUNTAIN RESORTS PRESENT DELIGHTFUL VACATION PLACES

Should one prefer the mountains with their greater elevation and forest-clad steeps to the seashore he will find hundreds of delightful places from which to choose. Along the Russian river which is reached over the Northwestern Pacific line are many delightful camps, resorts and hotels. In the high Sierras, along the Southern Pacific lines, are so many others that choice between them is difficult. The Shasta region with its forests and streams is famous the world over. Yosemite is one of the greatest natural wonders of the world. Here the hand of man has made it possible to enjoy the comforts of civilization amid the majestic surroundings of nature's wonderland. At Tahoe is an im-

In the Cypress Grove on the 17-Mile Drive, Monterey County. These trees are said to be a thousand years old and can be found nowhere else on this continent.

4/17/26 EMC



Lake Tahoe is the most beautiful mountain lake in the world.

mense body of fresh water, on the top of the range at an elevation of some six thousand feet, that each summer attracts thousands of those who dwell at the lower altitudes during the rest of the year and who come here for the change and rest.

SAN FRANCISCO A GREAT SUMMER RESORT

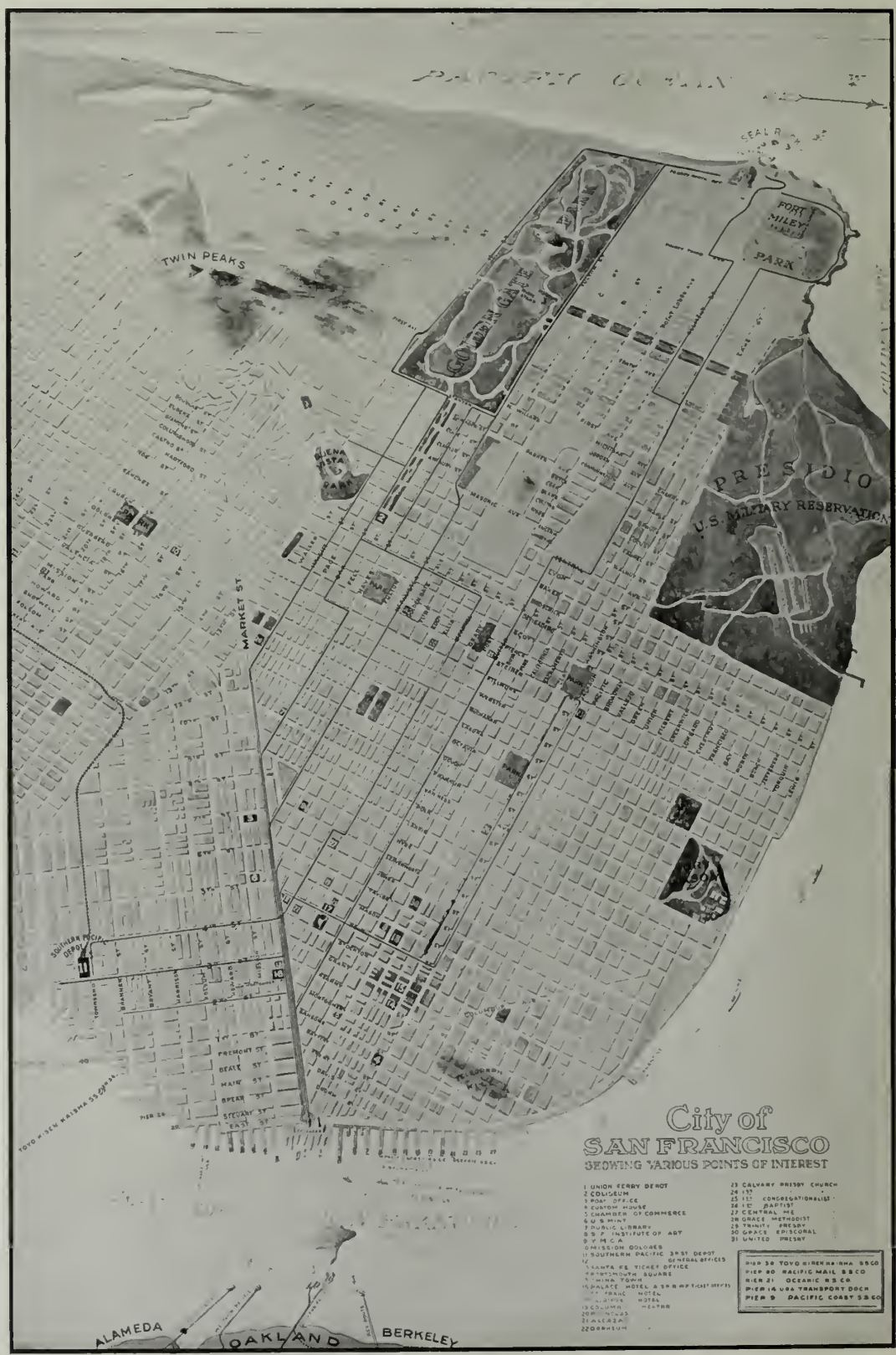
When New York, Chicago and the larger cities of the East are panting under the intense heat of the July and August sun, San Franciscans are wearing light overcoats and wraps and enjoying the finest summer climate in the world. The cool trade winds from the Pacific, cooled by their long journey over the waters and through the fog banks of the far distance, sweep over the city making it surprisingly cool the season through. Visitors from the interior valleys and the neighboring inland states flock to San Francisco during the vacation periods. In addition to this superb summer climate the city offers so many attractions in the shape of excellent hotels, cafes, theaters, parks, etc., as well as numerous side trips and one day jaunts about it that it is the most unique vacation place in the world. A list of these short trips and places of interest is found elsewhere in this issue. Already California with its hundreds of miles of seacoast and its forests, lakes and mountains, has become the vacation land, the summer playground for thousands of those who live in the inland states of Idaho, Montana, Utah,

Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona. The chief hindrance to a larger summer travel from points farther East lies in the long transcontinental journey. This, however, is being overcome through improvement in transportation facilities and it is a safe prediction that when the many advantages of California as a summer climate become known there will be a greater travel from the East to enjoy them during the hot months.

In this connection the following note taken from the San Francisco *Chronicle* of May 11th, is interesting. It shows that the great transportation companies are beginning to realize the value of California as a summer resort and are preparing to develop the traffic to it during the warm months as well as in the winter season:

"* * * * There is another subject that was the occasion of much work on the part of McCormick (vice-president of Southern Pacific System), and that is the obtaining of rate arrangements that will have the effect of attracting to California summer tourists as well as those who make this State their Mecca in the winter. It is the theory of passenger traffic officials, hotel men and others interested in the development of the State that California offers more than any other State when it comes to summer pleasures. This, the interested persons say, has been overlooked to a great extent, and while all the East knows that this is a great winter climate State, much ignorance prevails as to the advantages that it offers for summer vacations."

Scene on Lake Tahoe, the Gem of the Sierras.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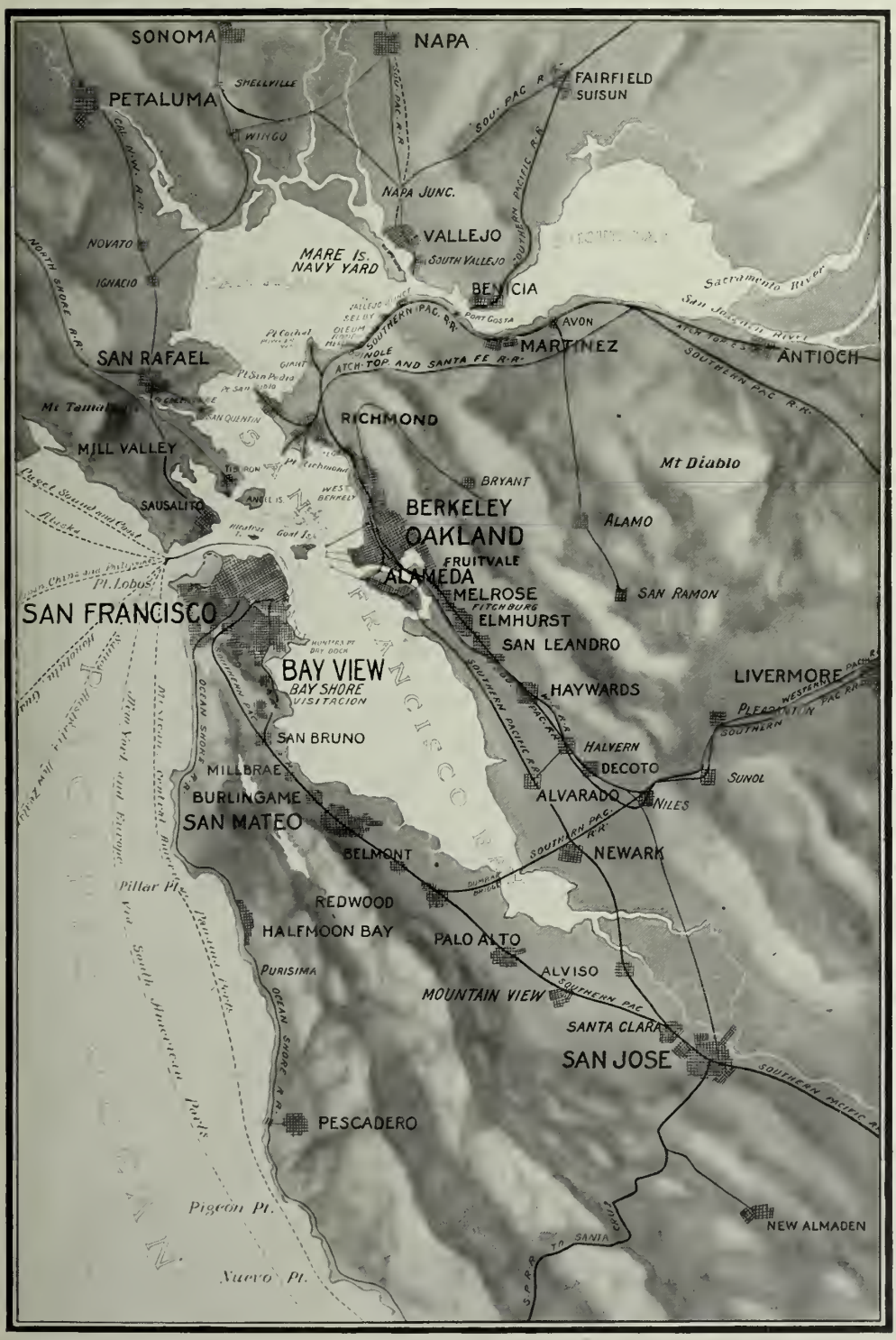


Birdseye View of the San Francisco Peninsula and the Bay Region

The above engraving shows in a most comprehensive way the general geographic conditions in and about San Francisco. The engraving shown on another page gives a complete map of the city itself, showing hotels, steamer docks, railroad stations and ferries, as well as the streets and parks. Travelers will find these maps of great help in familiarizing themselves with the city.

Yosemite Falls—2600 Feet

THE "BARBIZON" OF CALIFORNIA

Monterey as a Sketching Ground for the Artists—Interesting Studios in and Around Monterey.

By Josephine Blanch

Just as the French artists at a certain season of each year leave their studios in the crowded "Quartier Latin" and with easel and paint box, find their way to quaint Barbizon or some other picturesque environment of Paris, so the California artist feels that he must spend a few weeks at least of the year in the historic old town of Monterey—seeking subjects offered by the inexhaustible wealth of beauty existing all around—for truly an inspiration to every beauty-loving soul is this crumbling old adobe town. Like an old and priceless jewel in a modern setting, it lies by its crescent bay.

The grayness of age overspreading its ruins greatly enhances its beauty, in such perfect harmony do they blend with earth, sky and sea, while around them too is wrapped a mystery of romance and tradition that gives wings to the imagination. As the after-glow of a sunset or the aroma of fading flowers do these crumbling adobes appeal to one.

Both in and around Monterey the artist sees on every hand subjects that fascinate him—for Nature here is prodigal of her allurements. The time-seasoned rocks, the wind-tossed cypresses, their gnarled trunks bleached into ghost-like whiteness by the strong salt winds; the sturdy live-oaks breathing vigor and warmth, the restful grain fields with their background of dark pines, the glistening whiteness of the sand-dunes vivid with light and color—all as subjects attract the artist to the place.

About thirty years ago such men as Tavernier, Julian Rix and Joe Strong came with brush and palette to reproduce on canvas its beauties mixing with the pigments of paint their rare appreciation.

About this time came also those of literary ability; here Gertrude Atherton spent some time, and it was here that Robert Louis Stevenson, storm tossed on the ocean of life as he was at that time, ill, a stranger in a strange land, and awaiting a literary fame yet to be won, found comfort and inspiration. His notes of the life in this early Spanish town are among his choicest bits of description. When such notable writers and painters have sought Monterey we can not wonder that so many California artists have pitched their studios in and around the historic town.

In a picturesque adobe over which a rose-bush of enormous size reaches and which is called "The Adobe of the Rose-bush," made historic by a romance of the Spanish regime, Francis McComas, one of the most prominent of the Western painters, had his studio for a number of seasons. In this quaint adobe was painted some of the

Historic Landmarks of Monterey.

pictures that found an admiring public not only in California but in New York and Europe, and have given him an international reputation as a master of water color.

Further over the hills, we come to the most beautifully located studio in or around Monterey, that of Charles Rollo Peters. It is a spacious studio filled with rare and valuable belongings collected by this artist during his sojourn at different times in Europe. It is built "far from the madding crowd" and from its windows one sees the sapphire bay stretching miles below and the sleepy old town nestling in the valley.

Here, surrounded by Nature, undisturbed by sound, save song of birds or whis-

pering of pines, Charles Rollo Peters has lived in his castle of dreams and it is in this studio that he has dreamed on canvas his most notable pictures—those beautiful moonlight effects of crumbling adobes upon which the moonlight falls as gently as the blessing of a nun.

Charles Dickman has a charming studio just outside of Monterey and although he spends most of his time in his San Francisco studio, Monterey has been the inspiration of his most admired canvases.

He seems to delight in sunlight effects found here. His pictures are filled with vibrant light and color, yet so true are his values and such harmony of tone prevails that one convinced of the exquisite refinement that may exist with brilliant color. If this artist paints an adobe wall the sunlight gleams against it making it a mosaic of rare beauty. If the sea, under his brush it becomes a tremulous rainbow full of prismatic changes. If a field of grain, over the yellow slope you see long pulsing waves of heat and color.

Up a creaking flight of steps and around a seemingly never-ending veranda of the old historic adobe hotel, "The Pacific House," in a quaint room made most artistic by hangings of rare old Persian shawls and many interesting antiques we find the studio of Evelyn McCormick. After her return from Paris some years ago, Miss McCormick sought Monterey as a field for work and so conscientiously has she applied herself to the study of Nature as seen here that her work reveals most truthfully the character of this locality. It is full of feeling and vibrates with life and color. Evelyn McCormick ranks with those California artists who paint with intelligence and seriousness.

Wm. Adam, formerly of Scotland and a member of Glasgow Art Club, has a charming studio filled with interesting work. Mr. Adam chose California as his home a number of years ago, though during that time having revisited England, Scotland and France, having brought back with him delightful bits of scenery from these places. You can wander with him in his sketches over Scottish moorelands purple with heather, through quaint English rural scenes and charming French villages. Various subjects are chosen by this artist from the inexhaustible wealth around Monterey, but most often has he chosen the striking con-

Some scenes on the New Boulevards around the Monterey Peninsula.

trast of white glistening sand dunes and the darker moss-draped cypresses as the motif of his pictures—a subject which he depicts most realistically.

Lester D. Borondo, one of the talented and most promising of the younger artists, and whose work has already found a distinct place among the poet painters of California, has chosen his studio amid the seclusion of whispering pines. For the past two years Borondo has painted the scenery around the Peninsula, but his truest inspiration has been the wonderful fleeting atmospheric effects as seen here—early morning, and late afternoon effects—and the poetry of moonlight on sea and forest.

Theo. J. Richardson who paints so realistically the beauty of the frozen North spends a season of each year in his quaint seaside studio in this locality. It is in response to "a call of the wild," and a love for the marvelously beautiful, that Mr. Richardson seeks each year the silence of the vast ice fields of Alaska. After feeling for a time the uplift in beholding the grandeur of illimitable space, the mystery of light playing over mountains of ice, the awful silence, as he describes it, broken only by the ocean's roar or the crash of breaking icebergs, he returns to his quiet studio in Pacific Grove to paint out undisturbed his impressions and to finish up his summer's sketching.

Sarah Parke, who for a number of years past, has had her permanent studio here and painted in and around Monterey, has chosen as her favorite subject the gnarled wind-swept cypresses, o'er hanging rocky cliffs against which the waves break unceasingly. This subject Miss Parke paints with great strength and directness. Her work has a most convincing quality.

These are but a few of the interesting studios dotted here and there on the hillslopes in and around the old town.

In a few years the "old Monterey" will have passed forever—it will live only in art—immortalized by those who have told her story by word or picture.

N. B.—This article is used by permission of the *Overland Monthly*.

JUDGE GAINS MUCH FAME

Sargent Presides in San Francisco—300 Cases in Week—Has a High Standing Among Judiciary of State

Monterey county has a superior court judge it should be proud of. The judiciary of the state has long recognized the high standing of Judge Bradley V. Sargent as a jurist, as is evidenced by the fact that he is being continually called into other counties to preside over the courts.

Last week he presided in Judge Murasky's court in San Francisco, and the record he made while there is an enviable one. In the week that he was there some three hundred cases came before him in various ways. This is an unusually large number to be before a court in a single week, and it is doubtful if the record is seldom equaled.

The cases were of all sorts and kinds, and they were handled so expeditiously by the judge from Monterey county that he won the admiration of the members of the bar who came before him.

One day Judge Sargent presided in the juvenile court. That day sixty-seven cases were before him. In these hearings the future of children ranging in age from 8 to 17 years were at stake. Each of these cases had to be inquired into and the action taken that in the discretion of the judge seemed best. The children were charged with most every crime on the calendar with the exception of murder.

Few other counties in the state have a judge that receives such attention in other courts and are called so frequently to preside away from home. It is a high compliment to the county, and also to the citizens of Monterey county, who by their votes saw fit to so overwhelmingly return the judge at the late state election for another six-year term in office.

It is not generally known, but nevertheless is a fact, that Judge Sargent was one of the jurists who were considered as able, fit and of such integrity as to sit in the trial of the McNamaras, the alleged dynamiters, at Los Angeles, and there is not the least doubt that had the crime been committed in one of the northern counties he would have been the outside judge brought in to conduct a fair and impartial trial.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

E. W. Hopkins and daughter of Menlo, and Miss Goss of London, motored down for the week-end to enjoy the beautiful surroundings and the many pleasures which are afforded at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park arrived Saturday in their large touring car for a short visit.

There are motor visitors every day at Del Monte and about twenty-five happy parties who have arrived from various directions are spending a week, and as the weather is perfect they are out nearly every hour of the beautiful days. From San Francisco and vicinity are Mr. J. A. Marsh, Dr. Max Solomon, T. Alper, D. Euphrat, and B. Sasky; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Michaels, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Perham, I. C. Perham, Mrs. E. C. Keinath and G. S. Perham, Wallace W. Everett, E. C. Ford, C. B. Cornelius, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Monroe and Mrs. J. F. Miller.

Another jolly party in a big machine was that of Edward M. Brewer with his two daughters, Miss Rachel S. and Miss Amy E. Brewer, of San Mateo, and with them a guest, Miss Edith Austin of Boston. The girls are all fond of outdoor sports and were out playing golf on the beautiful links every day. Sunday they motored to the Lodge for an enjoyable luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Laton are expected at Del Monte this week and their many friends will be glad to welcome them "home again." Mr. and Mrs. Laton have been living at Del Monte a great part of the time for the past thirty years. The winter months were spent at the Fairmont.

Mr. H. M. Wallis was called away Monday morning on business. However, Mrs. Wallis and daughter will remain for some time yet. Mrs. Wallis' sister, Mrs. P. S. Fuller, with her two charming daughters, will remain as long as they can—probably until June 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hopkins of Santa Barbara arrived Sunday for an extended visit at Del Monte and their many friends were glad to see them here again—they having spent a month or so here last year.

A lively and charming party from Santa Barbara consisting of Miss Charlotte Bowditch, Miss Sophie F. and Miss Margaret Baylon and Miss Abbie Roberts spent a week at beautiful Del Monte. They went over all the drives on the Peninsula, as well as enjoying other interesting trips.

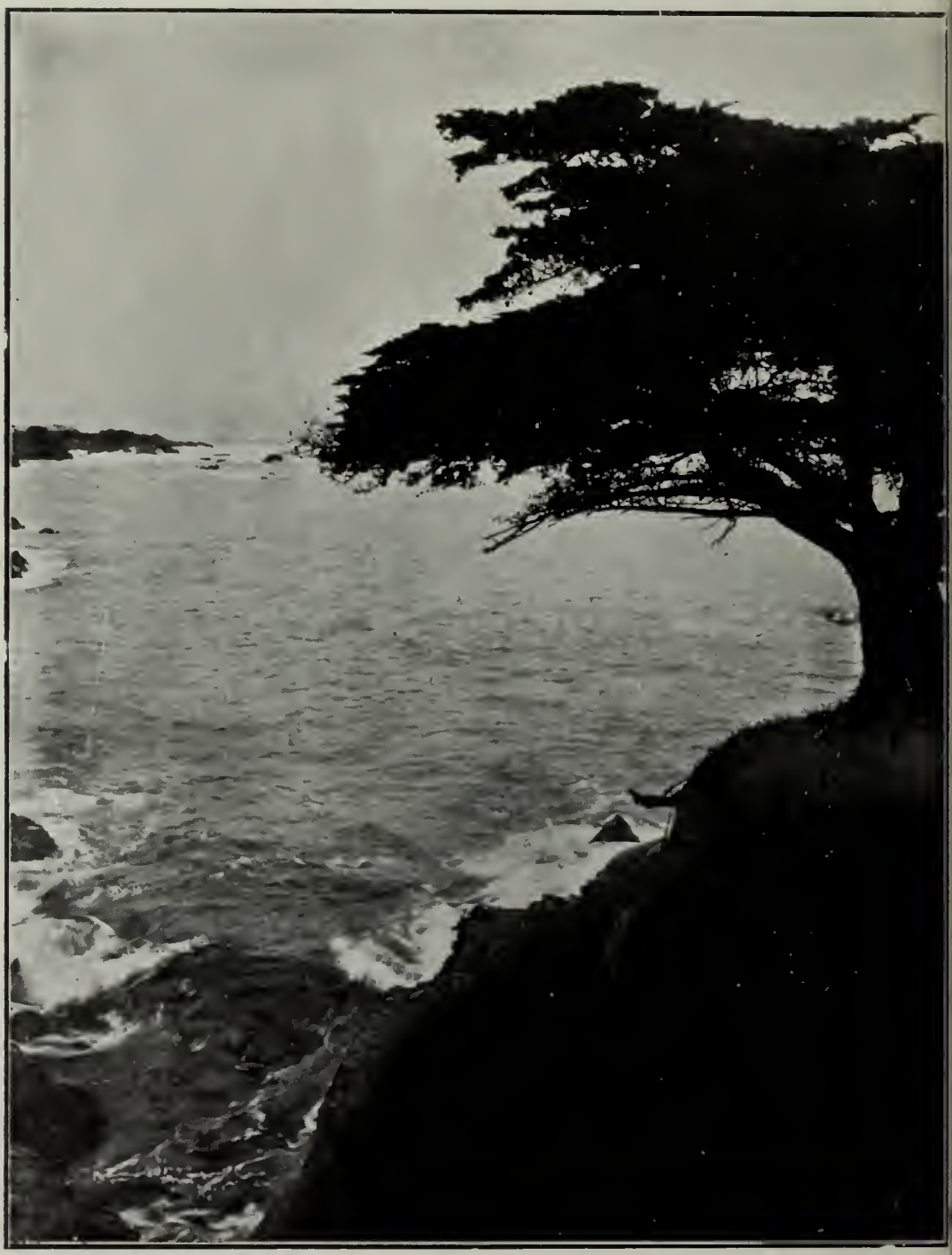
Mr. Frank M. Hutchinson and his mother left Monday morning for their home in Pennsylvania after having a pleasant month at Del Monte.

Miss P. H. Coleman and Miss Anita Meyer of San Francisco were at Del Monte for a few days this week, visiting some of their friends.

A distinguished party from Los Angeles arrived the other day in their two large touring cars—Dr. John R. Haynes, Dr. H. H. Koons, James Slosson, Mrs. Kate F. Vosberg, Mrs. H. L. McNeil and Mrs. J. F. Sartori.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Richardson of San Francisco were down for the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and their daughter, Miss Marion, and their guest, Mrs. A. G. Barker of Toronto, arrived Saturday for a week or ten days. It is their intention to spend the greater part of the summer at Castle Crag ,where they are frequent visitors.



CYPRESS POINT, ON 17-MILE DRIVE, MONTEREY COUNTY.

One of the most picturesque spots of California, which has probably been the subject of more photographs and canvases than any other place in the world.

L. BERRIEN A BENEDICT

Popular Instructor of Golf Weds Miss Street

L. Berrien, the golf instructor at Del Monte, and Miss E. Street, who has been employed as a stenographer at the hotel, were married at Salinas Tuesday.

The wedding was a quiet affair, and the young couple kept their impending marriage a secret. They are now enjoying a honeymoon in the bay cities.

Miss Street came to the hotel from San Francisco about a year ago. She is a most estimable young lady and has made many friends during her stay here. Mr. Berrien succeeded Jim Melville as instructor of golf at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Berrien will reside in Oak Grove.

TREASURED BOOKS BY STEVENSON SOLD

Author's Presents to Monterey Restaurant Man Whom He Immortalized

The books of Robert Louis Stevenson that he sent to his old friend Jules Simoneau at Monterey have been sold—eleven of them—after a spirited bidding indulged in by millionaire book lovers. A. A. Brown of the California-Hawaiian Sugar Company finally secured them, after a bidding duel with John S. Drum of the Savings Union Bank.

The precious volumes are to be encased in a special box of Monterey cypress. Isobel Strong is to write an essay for the set, telling of Stevenson and Simoneau, and Miss Cole, the famous binder of the Knickerbocker Press, is to give each volume a specially appropriate binding.

Tribute to Restaurant

Jules Simoneau was the man of whom the great master of English prose wrote to W. E. Henley in October, 1879: "A most pleasant old boy with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily." And it was of Simoneau's inn that this graceful and typical paragraph was penned:

"Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants—and, I believe it, other things being equal, to be unrivaled—one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging signboard, to many a rusty wine-bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions; but take them for all in all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey."

Age and Poverty Came

Simoneau lost his famous inn, and age and poverty fell heavily upon him. He came down to a can of tamales and Mexic dainties that he peddled between Pacific Grove and Monterey. The collectors came and offered him large sums for the books and letters that Stevenson had sent him. But in haughty poverty he scorned the offers.

"The letters are the letters of Stevenson to Simoneau," said he. "The books are the gifts of one gentleman to another. They are not for sale."

And so Simoneau died, treasuring the letters and books of the weird wanderer whom he had befriended in times of illness and poverty; and now the collectors have his treasures, and the books in which Stevenson had inscribed an appropriate quotation from each or a pleasant rememberance of the good old times have sold for enough to have made the fine, sturdy gentleman inn-keeper easy in his days of stress.

Just read this:

HEAT WAVE IN THE EAST

Washington Hottest Place in U. S. with Thermometer at 94 Degrees

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Washington to-night was the hottest place in the United States, the Weather Bureau recording 94 degrees, with much higher temperature shown by the street thermometers. All over the Middle Atlantic States a hot wave stretched and the weather experts hold out little hope of any material relief.

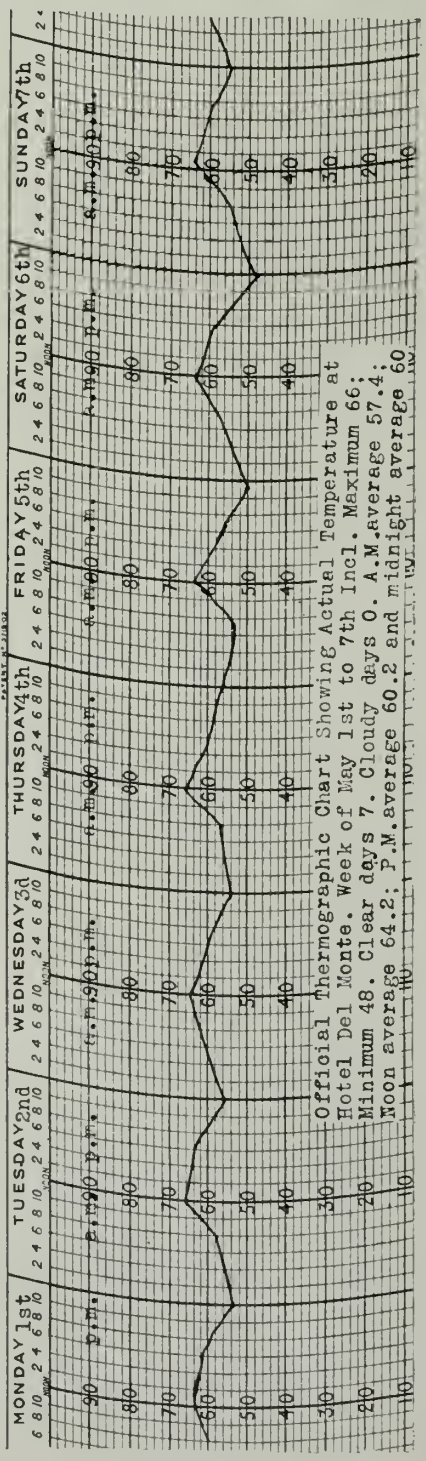
Dogs Driven Mad

NEW YORK, May 11.—Three persons in Brooklyn were bitten to-day by dogs supposed to have been driven mad by the heat. The thermometer reached 80 degrees and the humidity registered at 44, a combination that made the day one of mid-summer discomfort.

Golf Tournament a Success

DEL MONTE, May 11.—The informal golf tournament began to-day under ideal weather conditions. The morning opened fine and cool with the highest temperature of the day reaching 63 degrees. Indications are that some new scores will be made.

THE WEATHER
ON THE MONTEREY PENINSULA



CHICAGO, May 7.—From overcoat to bathing-suit weather was Chicago's record-breaking quick climatic change effected to-day at the close of one week. The weather compounder in the Postoffice building evidently became alarmed at the howls of protest that went up one week ago, when he thought it would be fun to sift one more winter day down on the city, and did so with an accompaniment of snow, wind, ice and frost. There was a rush for woolens and overcoats, and Chicago shivered and its teeth chattered.

To-day a new stock of summer days was opened up, and the very "hottest one of the season" was let down. At 3 o'clock the official thermometer registered 77 in the shade of the postoffice dome.

Overcoats were hustled back to wardrobes, and bathing suits were brought out. At Wilson avenue beach there were a hundred men plunging and swimming in the surf.

The beach was typical of an early summer day. Throngs filled the pavilions and lolled about in the hot, white sand.

In connection with the above the accompanying chart taken from the official thermographic records at Del Monte should prove interesting reading:

Atlanta	49.2
Boston	52.9
Buffalo	42.6
Chicago	54.4
DEL MONTE	60.2
Denver	56.4
Duluth	52.2
Fresno	63.2
Galveston	69.4
Honolulu	80
Jacksonville	64.8
Los Angeles	60.6
New Orleans	67.6
New York	51.4
Pasadena	65
Paso Robles	59
PEBBLE BEACH	58
PACIFIC GROVE	59.2
Pittsburg	48.2
Portland	53
Redlands	63.6
Riverside	63.8
Sacramento	57.6
Santa Barbara	65
San Diego	59.4
San Francisco	56
Spokane	55.6
Washington	54

HOTEL POTTER

SANTA BARBARA

PERSONAL MENTION

The advance guard of the summer motor brigade is arriving daily in Santa Barbara from both the south and the north, and there is every prospect that this year will be a record breaker for auto touring with Santa Barbara as the objective point of the run. The road between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara is reported to be in as good condition as ever before by motorists who have recently made the run, and while there is more trouble in store for drivers between here and San Francisco, the way is traversible, and is getting better each week. One motorist said on his arrival here last week that the Casistas pass is as good as it ever was, and the stories of poor roads are fakes.

Mr. Frank Miller, proprietor of the Glenwood Mission Inn, Riverside, and one of the best known hotel men in the state, with his wife has been making a short stay at the Potter. Like all other hotel men who have been in Santa Barbara recently, Mr. Miller is an optimist over the prospects of a good summer season this year.

Mr. R. A. Rowan, who with his wife and baby is spending the week at the Potter, is one of the most successful real estate operators in Southern California. He is at the head of the R. A. Rowan company, and though a young man, has demonstrated great ability in his chosen business. He is a stockholder in the Alexandria Hotel, which is owned by the Bilicke-Rowan Company, and is identified with numerous other building enterprises in Los Angeles. Mr. Rowan has two brothers who are able assistants and the trio make a combination that is hard to beat.

Mr. John G. Gordon and Miss Annette Gordon of St. Louis, are at the Potter, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Stone of Duluth, permanent guests of the hotel.

Mr. John Newton Russell, Jr., manager of the home office of the Pacific Mutual Life at Los Angeles, is at the Potter for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Watkinson and party of San Francisco arrived at the Potter during the week by auto.

Wm. H. Allen and party of Los Angeles, are at the Potter, having come up by automobile.

Mayo Newhall and family, with a party of friends, have engaged summer apartments at the Potter, which is taken as an indication that a large San Francisco colony may be expected here, as usual, during recent years.

Several motor parties arrived from Los Angeles on Saturday. Mrs. K. Colby of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Mason of Los Angeles and Ralph Mershon of New York are in one party. Another is composed of Mrs. H. L. Macneil, Mrs. R. S. Vosberg, J. S. Sartori, Dr. John P. Haynes and Dr. H. H. Koons, all of Los Angeles. Both parties are at the Potter and will remain for several days.

RECENT ARRIVALS

Our San Francisco arrivals this week include: H. R. Clauson, Mrs. C. J. Perry, J. A. Pierson, P. Kendrick, Roland Grubb, J. L. Negete, Maurice Block, Jack P. Guffin, Ben Jacobs, Zack George, Jas. B. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Watkinson, Miss Pierce, Dr. Beardsley, A. McNalley, W. G. Hartranfe, N. H. Craig, C. C. Eggleston, H. M. McLean, G. J. Schalach, Nestor Gobel, Mrs. E. C. Tainter, etc.

From Los Angeles: Mrs. J. H. Wyeth, Mrs. Myra Small, G. A. Frear, C. D. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bentley, Mrs. Thos. Corbett, E. C. Campbell, George S. Short, J. E. Weaver, A. H. Forbes, Marie Sault, Esther Hammond, Frances Hammond, Gardiner Hammond, Mary Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. MacIntosh, Bertha H. Smith, Kate E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Edson, D. S. Stern, Mr. and Mrs. McPhee and daughter, E. R. Sullivan, Wm. H. Allen and party of six, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Newton, D. A. Worley, E. C. Campbell, L. C. Stott, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hodkinson, C. C. Leigh, etc.

Personal Mention of Well-Known People

Col. E. P. Brewer and Lieutenants V. M. Whiteside and R. C. Caldwell of the Seventh United States Cavalry, en route to the Philippines, are at the Palace.

General N. P. Chipman of Sacramento, presiding justice of the Third District Court of Appeals, is at the Palace.

Marshall Stimson of Los Angeles and Robert Cameron Rogers of Santa Barbara, appointed by Governor Johnson to handle the State's appropriation for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, are registered at the Palace.

Mrs. Robert Pitcairn of Pittsburg, widow of the late steel magnate, arrived from Southern California this week in a private car and is registered at the Palace. In Mrs. Pitcairn's party are Mrs. William Rees, Mrs. V. L. Crabbe, Miss Susan Crabbe, Mrs. M. L. Anmiller and Mrs. H. A. Walters.

H. M. Cake, a well-known Portland attorney, and Mrs. Cake are at the Palace. They are accompanied by Miss M. E. Todd and on their way home from Southern California.

George A. Bartlett, former congressman from Nevada, is at the Palace with Mrs. Bartlett.

L. De Sallier, an oil operator of Los Angeles, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

B. J. Nockin, a brewer of Milwaukee, is staying at the Palace.

Robert MacMillan, a well-known attorney of Vacaville, registered at the Palace. MacMillan formerly practised in this city and is still a member of the most prominent clubs.

H. F. Carmichael, an engineer associated with the Pacific Mail steamship company, arrived here from Hongkong and is at the Palace with Mrs. Carmichael.

W. I. Hollingsworth, a real estate operator of Los Angeles, is at the Palace with Mrs. Hollingsworth.

H. P. Hoey of Klamath Falls, a railroad construction engineer, is at the Palace.

W. H. Brimson, manufacturer of railroad supplies, Cincinnati, and wife are at the Palace.

W. Rees Davies, a barrister of London, is among the recent arrivals at the Palace.

Wesley Austin, a hotel man of Salt Lake City, is at the Palace. He is returning home from a trip to the Orient to accept a position as assistant manager of the Hotel Utah, which will be opened in Salt Lake City, June 1st.

W. H. Brimson, a manufacturer of railroad supplies, is at the Palace with Mrs. Brimson, registered from Cincinnati.

Samuel Schenck of Bakersfield, former amusement promoter and now engaged in the oil business, and Mrs. Schenck are registered at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Burdick, wealthy residents of Pittsburg, who have been making a tour of the coast, are at the Palace.

Morris Thompson, a capitalist of Seattle, is at the Palace, having just returned from Mazatlan, Mexico, where he has valuable interests, including a railroad. Work on the construction of the latter has stopped because of the scarcity of labor, the majority of men engaged in railroad work having joined the insurrectos.

E. E. Hewlett of Oak Knoll, Pasadena, an attorney and prominent society man, is among the late arrivals at the Palace.

W. B. Thurman of Madera, a lumber man, came up to San Francisco yesterday on a business trip. He is registered at the Palace.

R. McConnell of Tacoma, who is engaged in the real estate business there on a large scale, is in San Francisco on a business trip. He is at the Palace.

Dr. F. L. Atkinson and wife of Sacramento are registered at the Palace.

J. C. Yancey of Los Angeles, who, has large oil interests in this State, is among the guests at the Palace. Other oil men registered at the Palace are W. D. Wilson of Los Angeles and S. A. Guiberson of Coalinga.

F. H. Ransom of Portland, Or., and S. H. Guild, prominent business men of that place, are guests at the Palace.

Among this week's arrivals at the Palace were C. T. Moore and C. R. B. Pierce, timber magnates of Seattle.

E. S. Hughes of Los Angeles, manager of the American Bonding Company, and Mrs. Hughes arrived yesterday at the Palace.

Henry Willard and Lester L. Robinson, Los Angeles, real estate men, are at the Palace.

E. J. Gillies, a tea and coffee importer of New York, and Miss Gillies are guests at the Palace.

Lieutenant-Governor A. J. Wallace and Judge J. W. McKinley, both of Los Angeles, are late arrivals at the Palace. Judge McKinley is accompanied by his wife.

M. F. Tarpey, the Fresno capitalist and owner of extensive vineyards in Fresno county, is at the Palace with C. M. Harris, Jr., and De Witt Gray.

E. O. Cornish, Canadian commissioner of insurance, of Vancouver, B. C., is at the Palace.

A. A. Daugherty and L. de Sallier, oil men of Los Angeles, came to San Francisco yesterday on business and are staying at the Palace.

Ellis L. Rower of Troy, N. Y., a manufacturer, and Mrs. Rower are at the Palace.

F. H. Ransom, a wholesale lumber dealer of Portland, Ore., is at the Palace.

W. H. Burnham, a large realty holder at Los Gatos, returned yesterday from a trip abroad with Mrs. Burnham. They are staying at the Palace.

Timothy Spellacy of Los Angeles, recent Democratic gubernatorial candidate and prominently identified with California's oil industry, is at the Palace. Other oilmen from Los Angeles at the same hotel are Thomas A. O'Donnell, A. A. Daugherty and A. B. Balch.

Chester A. Congdon and E. C. Congdon, Duluth capitalists, are at the Palace. C. A. Congdon has just served his second term in the Minnesota Legislature, and is on a combined business and pleasure trip through the West.

PALACE TEA ROOM A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS

Saturday afternoon the attractions at the matinees brings more than the usual number of smartly gowned women to the tea rooms. Mrs. Fletcher Ryer entertained a group of her friends at the Palace, as also did Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, who had friends with her to hear the enchanting music of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, also had a table of friends.

One of the prettiest teas of the week was presided over by Miss Genevieve Mersfelder at the Palace. Beautiful sweet peas adorned the table, and the score of young girls made a particularly pretty picture in the flower setting of their surroundings. Among those present were: Miss Marie Payne, Miss Florence Simkins, Miss Adeline Bogart, Miss Violet Cook, Miss Madeline Cummings, Miss Ruby George, Miss Camille Dorn, Miss Cornelia de Pue, Miss Irene Fallon, Miss Miriam Bryan, Miss Elza Sarthou, Miss Helen Sinclair, Miss Jessie Clyde, Miss Leah Beckett and Mrs. John Beckett.

SCOTTISH KNIGHT ARRIVES

Sir John Murray, K. C. B., F. R. S., L.L.D., Ph.D., Knight of the Prussian Order Pour le Merite, and the possessor of many other titles that he has gained through fame, and Lady Murray and their daughter were among recent arrivals at the Palace. Sir John Murray, although ostensibly here to deliver a lecture, is really making a tour of the world, which will include another year's traveling. Familiarly known as the discoverer of Christmas island, his greatest fame has been earned as the foremost oceanographer of the world. He has headed several scientific explorations in some of the out-of-way parts of the globe and has written a great deal on the life in the ocean's greater depths. From here the titled Britisher and his family go to the Orient.

THE HOTEL ST FRANCIS

SAN FRANCISCO

Society women interested in the rebuilding of the Children's Hospital have flocked to the hotel during the past week to prepare for the Mother's Day Campaign. In an effort to raise the money needed, mite boxes were placed in the leading business houses by the members of the younger set directed by their seniors at the headquarters. Many automobiles were loaned for the work and the private cars formed a smart line-up on Powell street, and bordering Union Square or the other streets.

Miss Virginia Jolliffe, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Eastland at Burlingame, came with her host and hostess for an informal luncheon at which Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Thornwell Mullally, Willard Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop and Mrs. F. McLeod Fenwick were present.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Britton, who spent the winter at the St. Francis entertaining frequently and lavishly, sailed for the Orient.

The number of physicians registered lately has been conspicuous. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodward came from New Orleans. Dr. and Mrs. James R. Rigg of Mt. Pulaski, Ill., arrived with Mrs. George Smith of the same town. From Santa Barbara came Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Miller.

G. A. Magnin, the well known local merchant, has taken permanent apartments.

Samuel Newhouse, richest of Utah's millionaires, arrived for a long stay. He is noted both for the richness of his mining interests and the beautiful buildings he owns in Salt Lake City.

An arrival which received attention from the press was James G. Cannon, vice-president of the Fourth National Bank of New York. He is also chairman of the committee on finance and currency of that city, treasurer of the Chamber of Commerce, trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association as well as director in a dozen institutions.

Charles Pickett was another man of affairs who registered. He is the foreign representative of "Borax King" Smith's interests. Though at one time a clerk in San Francisco he is now the confidant of Smith, and his salary is rated at $20,000 a year.

Rees Davis, attorney-general for the English colony at Hong Kong, arrived from China en route to the coronation to which he has been formally summoned.

G. C. Watkins, a tourist, came from Liverpool.

Captain and Mrs. J. B. Bond with their children are making the St. Francis their home for the present. He is an officer of the United States Army.

Among the guests were tourists from the Hawaiian Islands. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. C. Deering, Mrs. C. M. Cooke, Miss Alice Cooke, Mrs. William Hyde Rice, and Mrs. L. L. Sexton.

A Portland guest was William McMaster, a financial agent.

Florence O'Brien, trustee of the Chico Normal School and recent candidate for secretary of state, is at the St. Francis with his wife.

F. H. Thatcher, a mining man from Nome, was among the guests.

George Eckart and wife registered from Marysville, where he is a broker.

Mrs. Charles Munday, a prominent society woman, registered from Seattle.

Charles Wilson, a real estate man of Dundas, Canada, was among the recent arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sanders were among the guests from New York City. Sanders is a chocolate manufacturer.

Among those to entertain at dinner this week was Rabbi J. Nieto, who reserved both the Blue Rooms and had plates laid for seventeen gentlemen.

There were the usual number of business meetings, among which were the Custom Cutters' Association, the Retail Garment Dealers' Association, the Panama Pacific Restaurant Keepers' Association, and the San Francisco Guild of Arts and Crafts. The hotel is especially popular for such meetings on account of its central location.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. Charles Cooke, who has been ill at the Fairmont, is convalescing.

Stephen Child, Mrs. Child and Miss M. A. Chesley of Boston have apartments at the Fairmont.

George H. Boke and Eliot Boke came up from Carmel yesterday and took apartments at the Fairmont.

H. Johnston, a merchant of New York, is among the recent arrivals at the Fairmont.

Judge William B. Gilbert of the United States Circuit Court of Portland has reservations at the Fairmont. He is expected to arrive soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace C. Winter of Chicago are on a pleasure tour of the West. They are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. James, Miss James and Jean James are a party of tourists who registered at the Fairmont from St. Paul.

Josiah W. Stanford and Miss G. Stanford of Warm Springs came to San Francisco to spend the week-end. They are at the Fairmont.

Thomas Hastings, among the foremost architects of New York City, who, with John M. Carrere, designed New York's Public Library building and other big structures in the Empire metropolis, arrived at the Fairmont this week.

The recent death of his partner, followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, broke down Mr. Hastings' health, and under advice of his physician he came to San Francisco to get as far as possible from his work. He is accompanied on his trip by Oscar Wenderoth of New York.

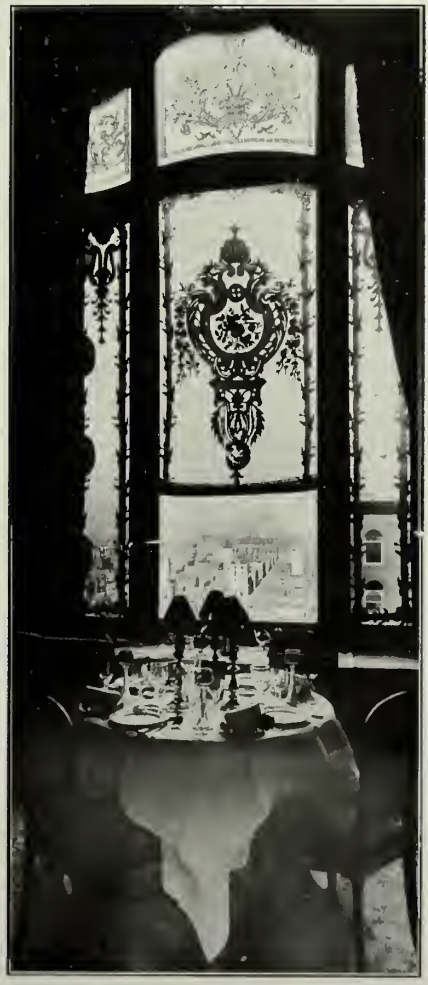
C. E. Porteous, a Montreal real estate man, is among the guests at the Fairmont.

W. H. McKittrick, a Bakersfield oil man, and Mrs. McKittrick are guests at the Fairmont.

C. C. Sibley, a manufacturer of electrical supplies in New York, is at the Fairmont with Mrs. Sibley.

Major E. I. Grumley, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Grumley registered at the Fairmont yesterday from Washington, D. C.

M. B. Cary, the New York banker and financier, is at the Fairmont with his wife. Cary has given some attention to the trade and population development of California, Oregon and Washington. He says that the census of 1910 shows that these three states, which really means the Pacific Coast, had a remarkable development. By 1920 he thinks these states will surprise the entire country on growth of population and in the variety of their business activities. He says the Panama-Pacific Exposition to be held in San Francisco in 1915 will call the attention of the whole world to California and invite capital to the development of its remarkable resources and also to the exploitation of the resources of California's sister states, Oregon and Washington.



A corner in Dining Salon, Fairmont.

HOTEL VAN NUYS
LOS ANGELES

Mr. R. B. Lindsay of San Francisco, was a prominent figure in the lobby of Van Nuys this week.

Mrs. Chas. L. Tutt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Tutt, Jr., child and maid of Colorado Springs, stopped at Van Nuys for several days en route home from Coronado, where they have been for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Steiner of Pittsburg, Pa., have taken a suite of rooms at Van Nuys. They expect to stay several months.

Mrs. I. M. Jordan, child and maid occupied a suite of rooms at Van Nuys for several days en route to Chicago from Coronado, where she has been for some time.

Mr. J. M. Gleason and Miss Nichols of Boston, who have been spending several weeks in Southern California, making the Van Nuys their headquarters, left for Santa Barbara, Del Monte, San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, and later go to Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Poss, representative people both socially and in business in Detroit, spent several weeks at the Van Nuys. They left Monday to continue their trip up the coast.

Ex-Senator Thos. R. Bard, Mrs. Bard, Miss B. Bard and Miss E. Bard of Hueneme, Cal., spent the larger part of the week at the Van Nuys.

San Francisco people at the Van Nuys during the past week: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bartley, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Flanders, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dwyer, J. H. Baker, L. P. Bardman, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Anderson, A. M. Warner, J. C. Cross, A. J. Needer, E. H. Kinney, F. J. Baker, J. B. Knight, E. P. Vandercook, T. Kruisheer, J. A. Talbot, E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Runyon, Willard Chamberlain, A. R. Roughton, H. Haas, R. C. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. T. Watkinson, Miss Pierce, Dr. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bestandig, J. B. Rice, Thos. Mirk, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Banard, Wm. Dibble, R. D. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Jones, M. Fitzgerald, J. J. Foley.

From present indications the summer business at the Van Nuys will be a heavy one. Residents of the hot belt States of New Mexico, Arizona and Western Texas are planning to visit Southern California in even greater numbers than ever before and as usual the Van Nuys will be their headquarters. Many of these families make reservations here for their entire staying, making daily excursions to the beaches and points of interest about Los Angeles.

PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS

Midspring at Paso Robles is one of the most beautiful times of the year. The country all about wears a mantle of green and the great oaks present a beautiful sight.

The great locust trees about the hotel grounds are now in full bloom and the air is heavy with the fragrance. From the windows and the piazza one looks into these masses of bloom contrasting against the blue sky.

W. Mayo Newhall of San Francisco is among the latest arrivals, having taken apartments for several weeks' stay. Mr. Newhall is an enthusiastic horseman and spends a large part of each day in the saddle, riding over the many beautiful trails and roads about Paso Robles. He has his own beautiful saddle horse with him at this time. Mr. Newhall comes frequently to Paso Robles to enjoy the beneficial effects of the baths.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Laymance and daughter are enjoying a two weeks' visit at Paso Robles, having come down from their Oakland home in their big Stearns touring car. Mr. Laymance is one of Oakland's most prominent real estate operators and is enjoying his vacation making short trips in the vicinity of Paso Robles.

Dr. Clemens Biddle, U. S. N., is a guest at Paso Robles for a few days. He registers from Philadelphia, where the Biddle family have been known for years as among the most prominent socially.

Mr. H. H. Taylor, a well known capitalist of San Francisco, is at Paso Robles for the second time this season. This time he is accompanied by his sister, Mrs. F. B. Howard.

Dr. T. P. Tisdale, a well known doctor of Alameda, is at Paso Robles for his annual vacation. He is very fond of this place and comes down whenever opportunity offers.

Paso Robles has had a great many motor parties during the past week. The roads are in excellent condition and the run from either San Francisco or Los Angeles is delightful. Among those arriving from the south were Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Lake of San Jose. Mr. Lake is manager of Hotel Vendome and has been making an extended motor tour in the south. Another car party comprised A. P. Kitching, C. N. Black, and H. C. Thoxter. These gentlemen registered from Redlands.

Another party was that of A. B. Connely of Maricopa, who brought with him W. E. Thomson, W. H. Coanis, B. Barrett, S. R. Johnston, all of the same place.

From the north came another car containing Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robertson of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. James McNeil of Santa Cruz and party.

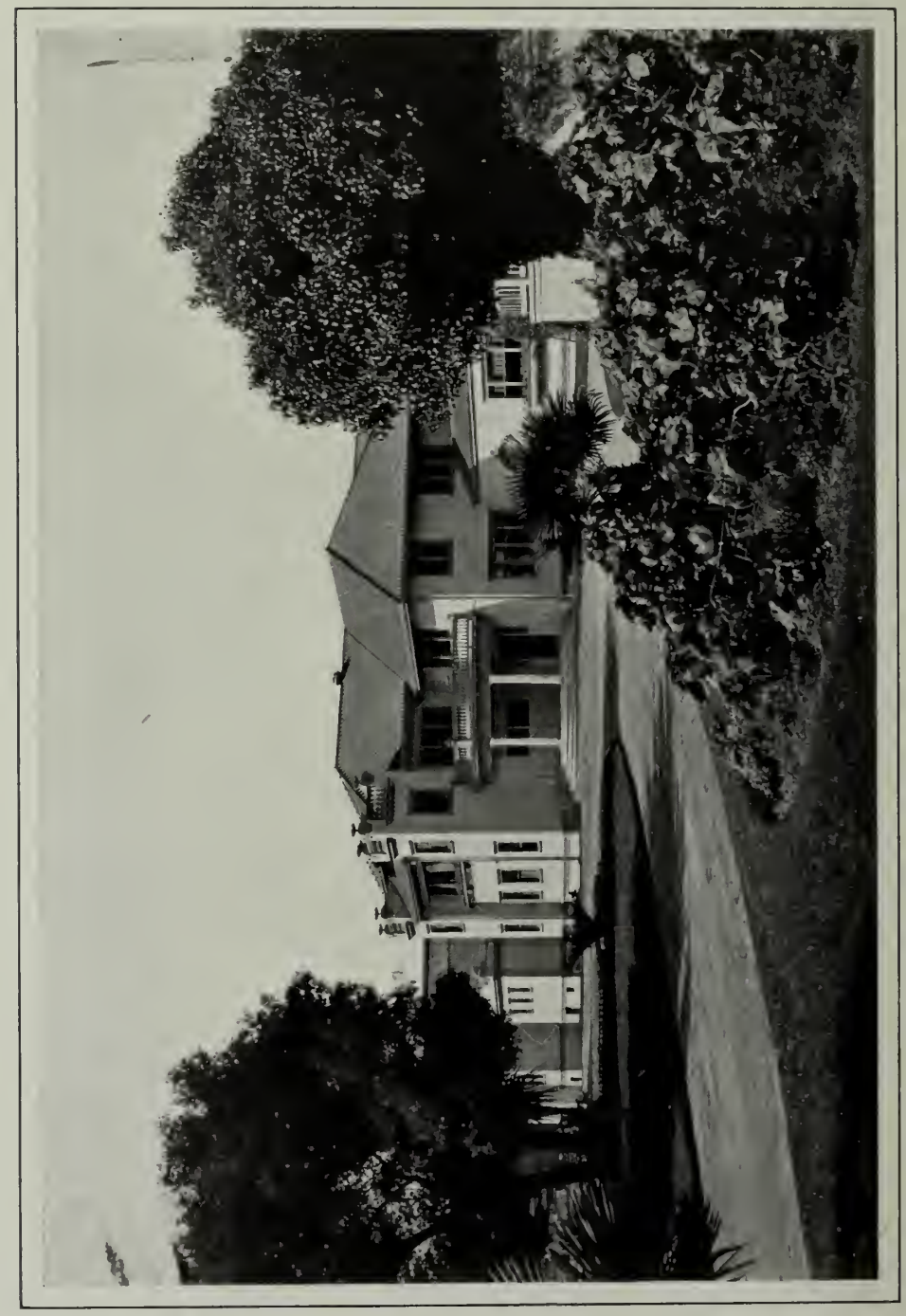
John S. Scott, president of the Dupont Powder Works at Santa Cruz, California, was a guest at Paso Robles for a few days the past week.

Among the Eastern visitors at Paso Robles during the last week were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Keith of Philadelphia, A. F. Ames of New York, E. Holland, a well known banker of New York, Mrs. Rachel M. Brown and Miss Edna Brown of Milton, Mass., who have made reservations for a three months' stay here next winter, Mrs. J. D. Spaulding of Oshkosh, Wis., who has returned after an absence of over two years.

H. M. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds of Mexico City are among the guests now at Paso Robles. Mr. Reynolds is an enthusiastic golfer and has enjoyed daily games on the new links.

The San Francisco colony at Paso Robles has had a number of additions during the past week. Among the recent arrivals are Rear Admiral Farenholt, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Louise Wormser and maid (Mrs. Wormser is one of the oldest patrons of the Springs, having made her first visit here more than twenty-five years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker of San Francisco are here visiting Mr. Fleishacker's mother, who is here for a stay of several months. Mr. Fleishacker is president of the Anglo Paris Bank of the city. Mrs. L. D. Rosenbaum is also visiting Mrs. Fleishacker, who is her sister. She will be at the Springs for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher of San Francisco, who have been with Mrs. Fleishacker for some time, have returned to their city home.



New Bath House, Paso Robles.

BELLEVUE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL NEWS

Mrs. C. Robins of Toronto, Can., accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Sinclair of Buffalo, N. Y., on a tour of California and other Western States, have taken up their temporary residence at the Bellevue.

Mrs. D. K. Deering, a prominent society woman of Philadelphia, is registered at the Bellevue.

Mrs. L. A. Beardslee, wife of Admiral Beardslee, deceased, of Beaufort, S. C., and Miss Lucille E. Lyon of Augusta, Ga., both prominent socially in the South, are temporarily domiciled at the Bellevue. They are touring the Pacific Coast.

Mr. H. L. Hawthorne, member of the American Legation, Tokio, Japan, is a recent arrival at the Bellevue.

Mrs. E. R. Hamilton, who has been making her home at the Bellevue since last August, is making a trip to Long Beach this week to attend the Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Hamilton is accompanied by Mrs. Virginia Lord, Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps and Miss Ethel McLean.

Mr. Geo. B. Isenberg, a prominent business man of Honolulu, who has been stopping at the Bellevue for several weeks, left for Berkeley on the 6th inst., when, it is rumored, he will join the ranks of Benedicts, after which he will return to the Bellevue with his bride.

Miss Algie Clark, the charming and popular young daughter of Mrs. W. R. Clark, has just returned to the Bellevue from a trip to Stockton, her former home.

Mr. J. M. O'Brien and family have gone to San Mateo for the summer. They have been at the Bellevue since last August.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Watson are registered at the Bellevue. Mr. Watson is a member of the firm of Moore, Watson & Co.

Mrs. J. W. Briggs of Kansas City, is registered at the Bellevue and is being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Watson.

Mrs. W. G. Leland of New York City has returned to San Francisco and is again registered at the Bellevue.

Mrs. Edw. F. Barron and her daughters, now of Mayfield, spent part of the past week in the city, registering at the Bellevue.

NUMEROUS RESERVATIONS

The Bellevue is receiving many letters from interior points requesting reservations during the months of June, July and August. A surprisingly large number of residents of the great valleys of the State spend their vacations in San Francisco each year and many of these look upon the Bellevue as their city home when here.

The Golden Galleon Monument erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco.

TAHOE TAVERN

A Palatial Summer Hotel at Lake Tahoe, the Gem of the Sierra

That world-famous body of transparent water in the high Sierra, fifteen miles by rail from Truckee, California, an hour's ride along the banks of the picturesque Truckee River—Lake Tahoe—is conceded to be the most beautiful mountain lake in the world and is visited by thousands of tourists during the summer season—May 15th to October 15th. It is twenty-three miles long by thirteen miles wide and two thousand feet deep. Its elevation—six thousand two hundred and forty feet—insures a complete change of climate from the sea levels. The palatial Tahoe Tavern on the shores of the lake, surrounded by great fir and pine trees, affords every known comfort of a first class hotel.

The trip to Lake Tahoe is full of unique and delightful experiences, not to be had elsewhere. It takes one into the high mountains of the Sierra Nevadas through mighty forests of pine and fir. The air is thus dry and remarkably clear. While the days are always warm and pleasant, the nights are crisp and cool, making it comfortable to sleep under a blanket and insuring perfect rest.

Railroad and Pullman tickets via the Southern Pacific-Ogden Route, permit of ten days stopover at Truckee on either your going or return trip. No time need be lost in visiting Lake Tahoe. Leave San Francisco on the evening train, enjoy a trout breakfast at Tahoe Tavern next morning, make the entire seventy-two mile steamer trip around the lake and return to Truckee in time to connect with overland trains leaving for San Francisco in the morning.

At the Theatres

CALL OF THE NORTH AT THE ALCAZAR

"The Call of the North," adapted by George H. Broadhurst from Stewart Edward White's successful story, "Conjuror's House," will be given its first presentation in San Francisco at the Alcazar, commencing next Monday night. Robert Edson used it as a starring vehicle season before last, and Paul Gilmore heads a touring company now playing it in the East. Many competent critics have pronounced it even more picturesque and interesting than "The Wolf," a play with somewhat similar locale and characterization.

All the scenes are laid at Conjuror's House, a Hudson Bay Company's trading post, which is divided from nearest civilization to the southward by 600 miles of wilderness. Supreme in command of the cast territory is Galen Albret, the company's factor, and he holds iron sway over the sparse population. The story is based on his opposition to "free traders," who, as their title implies, ignore the company's assumed right to monopolize the fur business. One of the means employed by him to punish these daring spirits is to deprive them of arms and provisions and drive them into the wild to perish. This is called "la longue traverse."

Ned Trent, one of the independents, is caught trespassing and taken before Albret for punishment. It is his third offense, but so thorough is his knowledge of the country and so great his value as a woodsman that he is offered freedom and opportunity to work for the factor. He rejects the proposal, intimating personal reasons for hating the company and scoffing at the perils of "la longue traverse." By making love

Continued on page 22

SOTHERN AND MARLOWE AT SAVOY IN SHAKESPEARE ROLES

Blanche Ring, she of the magnetic manner and melodious voice, will make her last appearance in "The Yankee Girl" at the Savoy Theater this Sunday evening and those distinguished Shakespearean stars, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, will come to the McAllister street playhouse for two weeks, commencing Tuesday, May 16th. The repertoire for the first week will be as follows:

Tuesday night, "Macbeth;" Wednesday night, "Taming of the Shrew;" Thursday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday night, "Hamlet;" Friday night, "Twelfth Night;" Saturday matinee, "Macbeth," and Saturday night, "As You Like It."

On Monday night Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will play at the Greek Theater, Berkeley, presenting "Macbeth," and the Savoy will consequently be closed on that occasion.

The new Sothern and Marlowe presentation of "Macbeth" will be the most pretentious Shakespearean production these two eminent artists have yet given to the American drama. For nearly two years they have been steadily elaborating their ideas of the great tragedy, spending ceaseless hours studying all the different authorities and versions, to gain as near absolute accuracy as possible. Scene painters have turned out, under Mr. Sothen's direction, the greatest effects of their skill and experience in the twenty scenes of the play, and last summer Miss Marlowe brought from England, after a ceaseless study of the authentic costumes of the eleventh century, wonderful exemplifications of the costumer's art. In the supporting company are Fred-

Continued on page 22

SAVOY THEATER

Continued

erick Lewis, Sydney Mather, Rowland Buckstone, William Harris, Malcolm Bradley, Albert S. Howson, Eric Blind, John Taylor, Frederick Rowland, Alma Kruger, Lenore Chippendale, Mrs. Woodward, Norah Lamison, and a large auxiliary organization numbering nearly one hundred people. Owing to the elaborate nature of the performance, the curtain at night will rise at 8 o'clock sharp and at 2 o'clock at the matinees.

The repertoire for the second and last week, commencing May 22d, is as follows:

Monday and Tuesday nights, "Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Macbeth;" Thursday matinee, "As You Like It;" Friday night, "Romeo and Juliet;" and Saturday night, "Romeo and Juliet."

ALCAZAR THEATER

Continued

to Virginia, the ingenuous daughter of Albret, he induces her to consent to furnish him with a rifle and ammunition, but the girl's innocence and trustfulness win his affection and make him realize the baseness of his pretense, and he refuses her proffered aid. Then he attempts to escape, but is recaptured, and when he again confronts the factor a stormy scene culminates in the usual happy ending.

Sydney Ayres will have the role of Trent, with Izetta Jewel as the factor's daughter, Viola Leach as a nattractive young widow with two rough Scottish admirers, Will R. Walling as the factor, Charles E. Gunn as his deputy, Louis Bennison and Burt Wesner as the rival Scots and Charles Schad as the post chaplain, with all the other regular Alcazarans in appropriate parts and many extra players as voyageurs, Indians and half-breeds.

There are four acts in "The Call of the North," and each of them calls for an elaborate and picturesque setting. The exterior of the trading post, the heart of the woods and the interior of the post council chamber are shown.

No visit to California is complete – unless it includes DEL MONTE the Paradise of the Pacific

SAVOY THEATER

Home of the Leading Attractions

THIS SUNDAY NIGHT—LAST TIME OF

BLANCHE RING

IN

"The Yankee Girl"

Commencing Tuesday Evening, May 16—For Two Weeks—Combined Stellar Engagement of

MR. E. H. SOTHERN and MISS JULIA MARLOWE

In Shakespearean Repertoire

Arrangement of Plays for First Week: Tuesday, "Macbeth"; Wednesday, "Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Thursday, "Hamlet"; Friday, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday matinee, "Macbeth"; and Saturday night, "As You Like It."

Reserved Seats from 50c to $2.00. Curtain at 8 and 2 sharp.

Alcazar Theater

Sutter and Steiner Sts.

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Owners and Managers

Week Commencing Monday, May 15th

IZETTA JEWEL

SYDNEY AYRES

And the Alcazar Company in

The Call of the North

George H. Broadhurst's Dramatization of Stewart Edward White's Tale of the Canadian Northwest, "Conjuror's House."

Its first presentation in San Francisco

PRICES—Night, 25c to $1; Mat., 25c to 50c

MATINEE SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Seats on Sale at Box Office and Emporium.

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CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

SIGHTS TO SEE IN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco is one of the most beautiful, attractive and cosmopolitan of the great cities of the world, for its interesting features are so many and varied.

SEAL ROCKS.—The Seal Rocks are famous the world over wherever there is a traveler who has visited San Francisco. The Seal Rocks are off the shore from the old Sutro property, are foamy with the splash of white-crested waves of the rolling Pacific, that dash over their gigantic brownness. The Seal Rocks are divided like a group of small islands, with one great mass of irregular solidity for the center. The rocks obtain their name from the seals that are to be found stretched out on the rocks at all times of the day and at all seasons of the year. On warm, sunshiny days the seals are to be seen in large numbers, frisking in the waters about the rocks, basking in the sun, and seemingly running races in swimming. They are neither tame nor captive, but are one of the sights of California.—Clement street car to end of the line.—Take car on Sutter street.

CLIFF HOUSE. — The Cliff House stands out on a great rock projecting over the waters of the Pacific, and directly facing the Seal Rocks some 30 or 50 yards out in the ocean. The original Cliff House was the mansion home of the Sutro family. At the death of the head of the family it was sold, and became one of the leading restaurants of the city. The mansion withstood the ravages of the earthquake and fire of 1906. It was turned into a hospital and refugee home during the terror following the earthquake, only to burn to the ground a year and a half later. The spectacle of the great mansion on its foundation of solid rock, standing out over the sea, the flames leaping from every one of the broad windows and doors and lighting up the storm tossed waters, was a magnificent one. The new Cliff House is built on the stone site of the old Sutro mansion, and maintains the enviable reputation of the old house as a restaurant. Clement street cars to end of the line.

SUTRO HEIGHTS.—Sutro Heights is in reality a series of magnificent gardens, filled with gorgeous flowers; paths circle the park, and at intervals are glistening marble statues, many of which are of the old Florentine

school. The gardens are fully 30 feet above the ocean boulevard below, and are set out on natural hills and heights. They are reached by a series of stone steps. Originally, the garden formed the private park of the Sutro mansion, now the Cliff House. Some years ago the gardens were deeded to the city of San Francisco for a public park, and are still known by the name of the original owner.—Clement or Sutter street cars to end of line.

GOLDEN GATE PARK.—San Francisco is justly proud of Golden Gate Park. It contains 1,140 acres. Tropical plants bloom in the open air the year round. Much of the park is in a wild, semi-primitive condition, which adds to its great attractiveness. At one part of the vast park there is a sunken lake. The finest buffalo in the West, outside of the National herd, is to be found in this park. The buffalo have many acres to themselves, and refuse to be tamed. "Teddy," the largest buffalo, has so magnificent a head and mane, that it is valued at $1,000 dead. There are kangaroo, deer, elk, wild cats, bear and many other animals. The park contains a museum and art gallery, a bandstand, aviary, children's playground, conservatory, tennis court, statuary, and acres of flowers, besides a quaint Japanese tea garden that looks as if it had just been lifted out of the Flowery Kingdom. A visit to the West is incomplete without seeing this famous park. —Geary, Masonic, Ellis and O'Farrell street cars.

THE MISSION DOLORES DE SAN FRANCISCO DE ASIS, corner of Dolores and Sixteenth streets. This beautiful old adobe mission was founded by Padre Paloa, on October 9, 1776. It is well preserved, and is still in use. The ancient burying ground of the Padres surrounds this picturesque church in the heart of a throbbing metropolis. Opposite is a boulevard with a strip of green park running through the center.—Take Valencia street car and transfer to Sixteenth street.

CHINATOWN covers about four blocks, bounded by Montgomery, Stockton, Sacramento and Bush streets. There are many quaint features of interest, brilliant streets, gorgeous Oriental decorations and costumes. A bit of Asia dropped into the Occident. Guides can be obtained at the principal hotels.

(Advertising Section)

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SING CHONG COMPANY

The Sing Chong Company occupies an elaborate four-story building at California and Dupont streets, just across from old St. Mary's Cathedral. It is one of the finest stores in this country, and has an immense variety of Japanese and Chinese goods of every kind. The furniture department is particularly inviting as is that devoted to bronzes, brasses and antique bric-a-brac. Superb specimens of Chinese embroideries, mandarin coats and silk kimonos are to be found here at reasonable prices. An hour's visit to the great establishment will be a revelation to the traveler who will gain new ideas of China and the Chinese. The Sing Chong Company is under the management of Mr. Look Tin Eli, one of the younger and most popular of the Chinese in this city. He is the leader in all that works for the good of Chinatown.

HOTEL Victoria

COR. BUSH and STOCKTON STS.

A residence hotel of the highest order, appealing particularly to those who value comfort and convenience more than mere ostentation and who appreciate excellence of cuisine and service at moderate expense. While just outside the high rent district, the Victoria is close to every downtown center. Rates extremely reasonable.

American plan, from $3.00 per day up.

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U. S. MINT.—Fifth and Mission streets, reached by Market or Mission street cars. Open 9 to 11:30 a. m., except Sundays.

UNION IRON WORKS.—A permit can be obtained at the city office to visit this interesting shipyard, where the famous Oregon was built. Third street car.

FISHERMAN'S WHARF.—Situated on the north side of the city at the foot of Powell street near what is known as North Beach. Here can be seen the Latin population of the city engaged in the work which seems to belong to the people of that race. The boats bring their load daily to this wharf and there is a public market for sale of the fish of all kinds. This is a most interesting place to visit and Kearny street North Beach car runs direct. The boarding station on Meigg's Wharf adjoins Fisherman's Wharf. All ships entering the harbor are required to pass inspection here.

PRESIDIO.—U. S. Army Headquarters for the Department of California. A magnificent domain of 1,542 acres with a shore line of nearly one and one half miles on the bay and about the same on the ocean, a magnificent automobile drive. Well kept grounds with many miles of beautiful walks and drives. The Union street cars from the Ferry go direct to the Presidio and the cable cars from O'Farrell and Market and Polk and Fillmore cross town lines transfer to this line.

U. S. ARMY POSTS.—Troops are stationed at Fort Mason, Fort Scott, Presidio, Fort Miley, Angel Island, Alcatraz Island, Fort Baker, Yerba Buena Naval Training Station. Government boat makes three trips daily from Clay street wharf to all army posts on the bay. Permit required from Headquarters.

GOAT ISLAND.—The most prominent island in the Bay of San Francisco and passed by all ferry boats between San Francisco and points about the Bay. More properly known as Yerba Buena Island and the Naval Training School is located here. Pass can be secured at Clay street wharf, where launches leave each day.

ALCATRAZ ISLAND.—Situated in about the center of the Bay and three miles from the city front. Here is located the U. S. Military Prison.

ANGEL ISLAND.—Fort McDowell is located here, also one of the finest and best equipped quarantine stations in the world. About five miles from the city front.

SHORT TRIPS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

MT. TAMALPAIS.—An easy and enjoyable trip across the bay to Sausalito, thence by electric car to Mill Valley and train up the mountain, 2,900 feet, by the "crookedest railroad in the world," to Tamalpais Tavern on summit. Splendid panorama of ocean, bay and six counties. Six trains each way every day. Round trip, $1.90.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY. — At Palo Alto, 30 miles from San Francisco. Trains nearly every hour from Third and Townsend streets. This magnificent university was founded and endowed by Senator Leland Stanford with $30,000,000. It is splendidly equipped and finely situated; the buildings, in a modified Mission and Moorish architecture, being grouped in quadrangles.

SAN JOSE, MT. HAMILTON, LICK OBSERVATORY.—San Jose is 50 miles south of San Francisco and is called the Garden City on account of its trees, lawns and flowers. Twenty trains a day connect it with San Francisco. It is in the heart of the famous Santa Clara Valley. Mt. Hamilton (4,400 feet) is reached by stage (27 miles) leaving San Jose daily at 11:30 a. m. Lick Observatory, on the summit, is open to visitors daily except Sundays, but visitors can only look through the great telescope on Saturday night. Round trip rail fare, $2.50; stage, $5.00.

MARE ISLAND.—Thirty miles north of San Francisco at the extreme northern end of the Bay of San Francisco. Here is the Naval Headquarters of the Pacific and at any time great war vessels can be seen. The Government has spent many millions of dollars on the island and the plant is one of the most complete in the world. The drydock is capable of holding the largest warship. Reached direct by boat of the Monticello S. S. Co. from Clay street wharf daily at 9:45 a. m. Pass can be secured on arrival at the island by applying at the gate.

SAUSALITO. — Sometimes called the "Sorrento" of America, because of its picturesque situation on the hillsides overlooking the bay. Fare, 25 cents for the round trip.

SAN RAFAEL.—Fifteen miles from San Francisco, a charming residence town. Fare from San Francisco, 50 cents for the round trip.

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Is situated just north of the entrance to the Golden Gate, within a distance of less than two hours' ride from San Francisco. Although but about half a mile in height (2,592 feet), it commands a view of the mountains, bays and ocean, which is unsurpassed from any other mountain peak in the world. The Tavern of Tamalpais near the summit has a first-class restaurant. The trip to Mt. Tamalpais should be taken in preference to any other. Full information regarding time, expense, etc., will be given you at the information bureau. Take the Muir-Wood trip also.

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If you find the straw hat you wore up from the South a little out of appearance up here, or

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If the winds of San Francisco should prove a little too strong for a large hat, and you should want a snug, close-fitting one to wear while you are here, or

If you are on your way East and want an extra smart suit to wear while traveling, or

If you just happen to have a craving for dressy, new things to wear merely because they are new and most up to date—

There are a thousand other circumstances in which a store like this can be of use to you, and on every occasion this house, with all its resources and conveniences is at your disposal. The location is convenient, not far from this hotel in which you are stopping, so a visit to our establishment is an easy matter. If you would rather be served in your hotel, a call for Douglas 1060 will connect you with our telephone service, and will give you any information you may desire regarding merchandise and prices.

Railroad and Steamship Offices in San Francisco

RAILROAD OFFICES

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.—Office 673 Market St., phone Kearny 4980. H. K. Gregory, Assistant General Passenger Agent. James B. Duffy, General Agent.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—Office 203 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 2138. H. C. Pleulell, Pacific Coast Agent.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad—795 Market St., phone Kearny 3669. W. D. Sanborn, General Agent.

Colorado & Southern Railway—795 Market St., phone Kearny 3669. W. D. Sanborn, General Agent.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway—Office 882 Market St., phone Kearny 4378. F. W. Thompson, General Western Agent.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Office 22 Powell St., phone Kearny 2086. Charles H. Miles, District Passenger Agent.

Canadian Pacific Railway—Office 645 Market St., phone Kearny 725. G. M. Jackson, General Agent, Passenger Department.

Chicago, Great Western Railway—Office 201 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 2589. J. H. Lyman, General Agent.

Chicago & Northwestern Railway—878 Market St., phone Kearny 3735. R. R. Ritchie, General Agent Pacific Coast.

Thomas Cook & Son (Cook's Tours)—Office 689 Market St., phone Kearny 3512. Chas. A. Stokes, Agent.

Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co.—Office Balboa Bldg., phone Douglas 3464. H. A. Jarman, General Agent.

Denver & Rio Grande System—Office 655 Market St., phone Sutter 1651. W. H. Davenport, General Agent.

El Paso & Southwestern Railway—Office 301 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 626. F. B. Winship, General Agent.

Erie Railroad Co.—Office 26 Powell St., phone Kearny 2686. C. W. Colby, General Pacific Coast Agent.

Grand Trunk Railway System—Office 399 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 1603. Frank H. Lord, Agent.

Great Northern Railway—655 Market St., phone Kearny 2148. George W. Colby, General Agent.

Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway—Office 874 Market St. and Ferry Building, phone Douglas 4407.

Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway—Office 15 Central Arcade, Flood Bldg., phone Kearny 5913. Joseph McIlroy, General Agent.

Missouri Pacific Railway—Office 36 Powell St., phone Kearny 2481. Wm. F. Schmidt, General Western Agent.

New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad (Nickel Plate Road)—Office 15 Central Arcade, Flood Bldg., phone Kearny 5913. Jay W. Adams, Pacific Coast Agent.

Northwestern Pacific Railway—Office 874 Market St., phone Douglas 4407. J. J. Geary, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

National Railways of Mexico—Office 303 Monadnock Bldg., Phone Kearny 5836. H. J. Snyder, General Agent.

New York Central Lines—Office 689 Market St., phone Kearny 3240. Carlton C. Crane, General Agent—Passenger Department.

Northern Pacific Railway—Office 685 Market St., phone Kearny 1873. T. K. Stateler, General Agent—Passenger Department.

Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Co.—Office 42 Powell St., phone Kearny 1161. S. F. Booth, General Agent.

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Pennsylvania Railroad System — Office 40 Powell St., phone Kearny 301. H. A. Buck, General Agent—Passenger Department.

Raymond & Whitcomb Tours—Office 397 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 3269. Carroll Hutchins, Pacific Coast Agent.

Southern Pacific Co.—Offices Market and Powell Sts., Flood Bldg. A. S. Mann, District Passenger Agent, Market and New Montgomery Sts.--Palace Hotel. Fred Shoup, Agent. Phone Kearny 3160.

San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad (Salt Lake Route)—Office 680 Market St., phone Douglas 3614. L. A. Bell, District Passenger Agent.

Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway—Office 795 Market St., phone Kearny 3669. W. D. Sanborn, General Agent, 655 Market St., phone Kearny 2148. George W. Colby, General Agent, 685 Market St., phone Kearny 1873. T. K. Stateler, General Agent.

Sunset Route—Office General Agent Passenger Department, 32 Powell St., phone Sutter 980. Phil. K. Gordon, General Agent.

Union Pacific Railroad—Office 42 Powell St., phone Kearny 1161. S. F. Booth, General Agent.

Wabash Railroad—Office 241 Monadnock Bldg., phone Kearny 645. Z. T. George, General Agent.

Western Pacific Railway—Office 655 Market St., phone Sutter 1651. J. H. Pearman, District Passenger Agent.

Washington Sunset Route—Office 874 Market St., phone Kearny 2507. J. N. Harrison, Pacific Coast Agent.

STEAMSHIP OFFICES

Alaska-Pacific Steamship Co., and Alaska Coast Co.—Ticket Office 648 Market St., phone Kearny 5040. R. J. Ringwood, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Merchant's Exchange Bldg.

California Transportation Co. (Steamers to Sacramento and Stockton)—Office Jackson St. Pier, phone Douglas 766.

Hamburg-American Line—Office 160 Powell St., phone Kearny 2946. H. F. Dorgeloh, General Agent.

North German Lloyd Steamship Co.—Office 250 Powell St., phone Kearny 4794. Robert Capelle, General Agent Pacific Coast.

Northern Navigation Co.—Office 310 Sansome St., phone Kearny 3690. W. W. Kincaid, General Passenger Agent.

Oceanic Steamship Co.—673 Market St., phone Sutter 648. L. F. Cockroft, General Passenger Agent.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.—Office 653 Market St., and General Office 112 Market St., 16 Market St., phone Kearny 492. C. D. Dunann, General Passenger Agent.

Pacific Mail Steamship Co.—Office 384 Flood Bldg., phone Kearny 3620. A. G. D. Kerrell, General Passenger Agent.

Pacific Navigation Co.—Office 678 Market St., phone Sutter 310.

Southern Pacific Atlantic Steamship Lines—Sunset Route—32 Powell St., phone Sutter 980. P. K. Gordon, General Agent.

San Francisco & Portland Steamship Co.—Office 384 Flood Bldg., phone Kearny 3620. A. G. D. Kerrell, General Passenger Agent.

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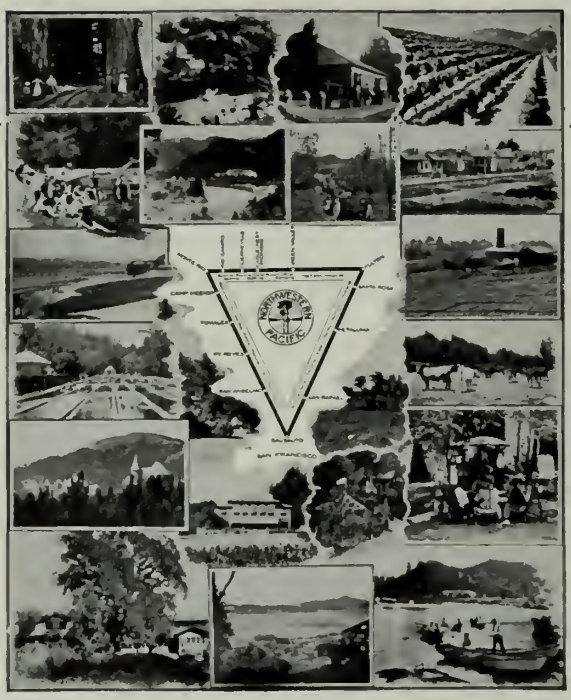

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